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THE NURSERY RHYMES OF ENGLAND.

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SPECIMENS
LYRIC POETRY,

COMPOSED IN ENGLAND IN THE REIGN OF
EDWARD THE FIRST.

EDITED FROM MS. HARL. 2258, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BY
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OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

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MDCCCXII.

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PREFACE.

THE manuscript from which the following pieces are edited (MS. Harl. No. 2253), is well known to the amateurs of early English poetry. Its date is fixed by the hand-writing and by the contents to the beginning of the reign of Edward II. It contains political songs relating to different events in the reigns of Henry III and Edward I. The two latest are those on the Traillebastons (A.D. 1305) and the death of Edward I (A.D. 1307). It is probable that the manuscript was written in, or very soon after, the latter year. Several of the political songs in this manuscript belong, as I have just stated, to the reign of Henry III: it is impossible to fix any exact date from internal evidence to the following miscellaneous lyric pieces, but it is most probable that they were all of them current during the reign of Edward I, and had been collected by the writer of the manuscript.

It is fortunate that we have means of ascertaining with tolerable accuracy the place, as well as the date, at which this manuscript was written. In my "Political Songs" (p. 383), I have shown that the song on the Traillebastons must have

been composed in some of the western counties of England (under which head I include Herefordshire, Shropshire, and Worcestershire, particularly specified in the document there quoted). Among the other poetry, the local allusions are of little force, as they only show where the songs were originally composed, and there is nothing about these which should make them more popular in one part of the kingdom than in another: yet in one of them there is an allusion to the river Wye (p. 26 of the present volume), which renders it probable that that song was written in Herefordshire. There are, however, three pieces in the volume which have a peculiarly local character (and they are the only local pieces in it, except the song on the Traillebastons and that in which the Wye is mentioned): at fol. 53, *ro*, we have a Latin life of St. Ethelbert; at fol. 132, *ro*, we find the Latin legend of St. Edfrid, who founded the abbey of Leominster, *Incipit legenda de Sancto Etfrido presbitero de Leonminstria*; and at fol. 140, *vo*, we have another Mercian legend in Latin, *De Martyrio Sancti Wistani*. These three legends could hardly have been collected together by any one who was not residing in, and interested in the monastic establishments of, Herefordshire; and the only question that remains appears to be whether the writer resided at Hereford or

at Leominster. Every one knows that St. Ethelbert was buried at Hereford, and that he was the patron saint of that city, and therefore of the diocese; his legend therefore was interesting in every part of the county. On the contrary, that of Edfrid was peculiar to Leominster, and is far more uncommon in manuscripts. It is more probable that the legend of Ethelbert would be written at Leominster, than that that of Edfrid would be written at Hereford or elsewhere. It must be remembered also that Leominster and its immediate vicinity was the head residence of the Mercian monarchs in the times of their highest power and glory, and was peculiarly connected with the Mercian religious legends. From these considerations, I feel inclined to conclude, that the Harleian manuscript from which these pieces of lyric poetry are printed, was written by some secular clerk connected with the priory of Leominster. Perhaps he was himself a poet, and was the author of the song containing the allusion to the river Wye. It is not improbable that the Earl of Oxford obtained the manuscript in Herefordshire.

In the present volume I have included all the lyric poetry in this manuscript, except those which have been given in the "Political Songs." They are curious as illustrating the language of the period; but some of them are obscure, on

account of the difficult grammatical constructions and uncommon words with which they abound. I at first proposed to give a glossary ; but other occupations have so far taken up my leisure, that I have preferred giving to the members of the Percy Society bare texts than nothing at all. I am also rather opposed to the multiplication of small and imperfect separate glossaries ; and I would suggest that, after the publication of a few more collections of poetry of the fourteenth century, the Society should print a general glossary of the language for the use of its members.

I must add that a few of these songs have been printed in Warton and Ritson, though not always accurately. Many pieces from the same manuscript will be found printed in the "Political Songs," the Appendix to Walter Mapes, the "Reliquiæ Antiquæ," and the second volume of M. Jubinal's Collection of Fabliaux. The "Romance of Horn" was printed from this manuscript in Ritson's "Collection of Metrical Romances."

T. W.

London, February 1842.

■

SPECIMENS
OF
LYRIC POETRY.

I.

[Fol. 49, ro.]

Quy à la dame de parays
deyvent foy e leauté,
Ore entendent à mes dis,
e je lur dirroy verité.
Si nul y soit que eit mespris
vers femme par mavesté,
De corteysie soit forbanys,
ou hastivement soit redressé
à dreyt ;
Quar il pert sa noretur,
certes, que femme deceit.

Dieu m'avaunce par charité,
auxi come j'ay mestier,
Je froi à femmes un a, b, c,
à l'escole si eles vueillent aler ;

Celes que sunt lettrée
 as autres purront recorder,
 Coment eles sunt honorée
 en dreyture sauntz fauser
 de nulle ;
 Où va femme, là vet joie,
 ele ne va pas soule.

Amour de femme moun cuer entame,
 de fere un poy enveysure,
 Pur sauver femme de tote blame,
 chescun devereit mettre cure ;
 Pur l'amour de une dame,
 que tot le mound en terre honure,
 Que femme esclaundre e met en fame
 ne vint unqe de bone nature ;
 à veyr dyre,
 Qui de femme dit vileynie,
 certes sa bouche empyre.

Beauté de femme passe rose,
 qi le voderà bien juger,
 En mounde n'i a si douce chose,
 en leauté pur bien amer.
 Mès je certes bien dire le ose,
 e si mestier soit prover,
 Qe mayesté que en faus repose,
 fet sovent femme des oïls lerner,
 à tort ;
 Qy femme dampne par tresoun,
 certes sa noreturte dort.

Chescun honme endreit de sey
 deit de femmes tot bien dyre ;
 E si vus dirroi bien pur quei,
 pur une qu'est de tous mals myre,
 De qui nasquy le haut rey
 qe de tot le mound est syre ;
 Beneit soit cel arbre à fey,
 qe tiel fruit porte que jà n'enpyre
 Pur rien !
 Quar ele porta le noble enfaunt,
 Repleni de tot bien.

Myamaund ne autre pierre
 ne sount si fyn en lur vertu,
 Come sunt femmes en lur manere,
 d'amour joindre portent le glu,
 E sount pleysauntz e debonere,
 de un dart d'amour me ount feru ;
 Qe femme mespreyse en nulle manere,
 il corouce la mere Jhesu,
 e pecche ;
 Qy à ce s'acostume,
 porte vyleyne tecche.

Ceux ont le corps de bel entayle,
 en tous poyntz tresbien assis ;
 Um ne vaudreit une mayle,
 si femme ne fust, ce m'est avys.
 Donque dussum nus sauntz fayle
 de tiele chose tenir grant pris ;

Quar il n'y a rien que à femme vayle,
 desouz la joie de parays,
 en terre ;
 Yl n'y a nulle terrene,
 que purra à tous plere.

Femmes portent les oylys veyrs,
 e regardent come faucoun ;
 Mout doit estre en bon espeyr
 cely qe gist en lor prisoun ;
 Quar al matyn ne à seyr
 rien n'y avera si joye noun ;
 De totes bountés sunt yl heyr,
 fraunches e beles par resoun
 come rose ;
 Quy de eux dit si bien noun,
 sa vyleynie desclose.

Genterise en cuer de femme floryst,
 e espanit come fet la flur ;
 Bené soit qui là le myst
 en lu de si grant honor ;
 Qy vileynie de femme dist,
 mout pust il estre ensur,
 D'aver hounte sauntz respist,
 en un lu molt obscur,
 e peyne.
 Pus que Dieu de femme nasquist,
 n'out unque nulle vyleyne.

Harpe, n'autre menestrausie,
 ne oysel que chaunt u boys,
 Ne sount si noble melodie,
 come de femme oyr la vois.
 Mout purrad mener sure vie,
 que de femme puet aver choys ;
 Quar à tous biens femme plye,
 come fet la coudre que porte noys
 e foyl ;
 Qui bealté plaunta en femme,
 molt chosy noble soyl.

Il n'y out unqe honme née
 pus le temps Adam e Eve,
 Qe sout de femmes la bounté
 où comence ne où acheve ;
 A demostrer tiel segré,
 à moy serreit donqe chose greve ;
 Mès pus qe je l'ay comencée,
 avant dirroi ou parole sweve
 e fyne,
 Femmes dussoms tous honorer,
 pur l'amour d'une meschyne.

Morteysie en femme git,
 en lu où ad bel desport ;
 E cely en fenme char prist,
 qe d'enfern nus dona resort ;
 E de femme cil nasquist,
 qe pur nus pus suffry la mort.
 Qui à femme fet despit,

il me semble que il ad tort,
 En taunt ;
 Quar en femme descendist,
 Jhesu le tot pussaunt.

L'amour du mound en femme habite,
 en un lu molt aimable ;
 Yl n'ad pas choysy lu petite,
 mès large, grant, e delitable.
 Yl ne trovera que ly desheryte,
 là puet il meyndre tot dis estable ;
 Son ostel est de tous maus quite,
 pur veyr le dy, sauntz mot de fable,
 dedenz,
 Que mavesté quert en femme,
 certes il pert son tenz.

Mariae, que portastes le salveour,
 vostre grace vus requer,
 Me seiez ayde e socour,
 pur l'onour de femme sauver,
 Qe portent fruyt de bel colour,
 noble, douce, ne mie amer ;
 Gentz que sount de grant valour,
 qe le mound government enter,
 par sen,
 Bené soit tiel arbre
 que tiel fruit porte ! Amen.

Note de la russinole
 je tienk pur nient en temps de May,

LYRIC POETRY.

E de chescun oysel que vole,
 encountre une que nomé ay.
 Quar ele chaunte de bone escole,
 e tient le cuer de honme en gay,
 Il porte le bek douce et mole ;
 si mestier soit, nomer le say
 par noun ;
 Quant diensist femme compaigne à honme,
 molt lur dona bel doun.

¶ Ou femmes est honour enjoynt,
 de bountés sunt racyne ;
 Pur chescun mal qu'en honme poynt,
 femme porte medicine..
 Quant eles ount le mal enoynt,
 languisse va e tost fyne ;
 L'amour de cele Dieu nous doint,
 à cui le mound enclyne !
 e prie,
 Al jour de le graunt jugement,
 que ele nous seit aye !

¶ Parvenke de pris e sauntz pier,
 sount femmes sur tote autre rien ;
 Quar nul ne savera devyser
 la bounté de femmes, ce savoms bien.
 Femmes portent le vis cler,
 * * *

Dieu me doint à joie aver
 la bele douce qu'est le myen
 demeyne ;

Unque ne trovay en ly
fors bounté e cuer certeygne.

Quoyntement s'en vont armée
de grant bealté, que pert dehors,
E dedenz de tot bounté
en ount repleny tot le cors ;
Mout serroit donque grant pieté,
si tous tieles fuissent mors,
Que pur nus ount grevement plorée,
e ce à molt grauntz tortz,
sovent ;
Nul ne savera devyser
la joye que de eux descent.

Rose, qu'est de bel colour,
e d'esté porte l'enseygne,
Ne gitte poynt si fyn odour
come est de femme la douce aleync.
Qui porreit donque nuit e jour
aver une en son demeyne,
Mout purreit vivre à grant honour,
e en joie sauntz nulle peyne
u mounde ;
Nul ne savera deviser
la joie que de femme habounde.

Si tous l'espieces en tenz de pees,
que de tous terres venent par mer,
Tuissent lyés en un fees,
e um les devereit bien juger,

Il n'y a nul de tel relees,
 come de femme un douz bayser,
 Ce su je prest prover adès,
 qui me vodra countrepleyder
 en dyt ;
 Car femme est la plus graciouse
 chose que unqe Dieu fyt.

Tryacle, tresbien tryée,
 n'est poynt si fyn en sa termyne,
 Come est le lycour alosée
 quy femme porte en sa peytrine.
 Bien doit tiele chose estre amée,
 que porte si noble medicine !
 Meint foyz est anguissée
 par nous fenme en gysyne,
 sanz bobance ;
 Nul ne savera deviser
 come sunt pur nus en grevaunce.

Volables ne sunt point de corage,
 quar eles se tienent en une assiso ;
 A eux ne serra dit hountage,
 quar il sount de bone aprise ;
 Come plus est venu de haut parage,
 meinz s'en orguile en tote guyse.
 Chescun qu'est de bon estage
 femmes honourt par soun devyse
 tot dis ;
 Honour en bone femme
 ne puet estre mesassis.

Xpc le fitz Marie,
 le tresnoble enfaunt,
 Defent qe vyleynye
 ne soit desorenavant
 Dit par nulle folye
 à nulle femme vivant !
 Mès chescun ayme s'ameye,
 come Dieu nus est amaunt
 en terre,
 Que sa douce face
 en ciel pussoms vere.

Psople, fenoil, columbyn,
 Flur de lyls alosée,
 Rose que porte colour fyn,
 gyngivre racynée,
 Deveroit crestre u chemyn,
 où femme marche soun pée ;
 Certes cely ad bon matyn
 que de femme est amée,
 saunz feyntyse ;
 Quar unqe femme ne fust,
 si noun de bon aprise.

Zabulon, come je vus counte,
 c'est un propre noun,
 Cely que bone femme afrounte,
 jà n'eit s'alme pardoun !
 Fuisse-je roy ou grant counte,
 ou de terre noble baroun,

Quy à femme ferreit hounte,
 tost le mettroi en prisoun
 sanz tort ;
 Si il ne se vodra amender,
 jà n'avereit resort.

Douce amie, sciez certeigne,
 que de Dieu serra maldit,
 Qe de male parole e veyne
 dient à femme hounte ou despyt ;
 Quar Dieu meismes sauntz nulle peyne
 de une femme en terre nasquyt,
 La quele en ciel sa joye demeyne ;
 de ly servyr ay grant delyt
 à grée ;
 Quar ele est de joie fonteyne.
 source de amistée.

P'lace là ou femme siet,
 en sale ou banc countre mur,
 Totes vileynyas het,
 tant come porte fruit si pur,
 De totes arbres dount fueille chet,
 si est femme sovereyn flur,
 Chescun honme à mieux qu'il puet,
 saüve lur cors e lur honur
 de hounte,
 Quar totes choses avenautes,
 bone femme sourmoute.

Cruellement s'en vont lyé,
 par la grace de ly puissaunt ;
 Si ne fust sa grant humilité,
 qe mostre à femme vertu grant ;
 Jamès femme de mere née
 ne fust delyvrés de un enfant,
 Mount seofrent pur nostre amisté,
 e meintefoiz vont suspirant
 pur amour ;
 Molt sovent lur nateresse
 lur torne à grant dolour.

Ave Maria devons dire
 pur totes femmes qe grosses sount,
 Lur colour pur nus empire.
 de sale en chaunbre quant eles vont ;
 Prioms Jhesum, nostre sire,
 que en sa joie siet là à mount,
 Que si ly plect lur veile myre
 les anguisses que pur nus ount,
 molt sovent ;
 Dieu sauve l'onour de femmes,
 e quant qe à eux apent !

Amen devons trestous dire,
 benet seit le tresdouz mort
 Que pur nus soffrir nostre sire,
 que d'enfern nus dona resort,
 E en terre soffry grant martyre,
 sauntz desert à graunt tort,

Saunz rancour e sanz ire,
 pur nus soffry peyne fort,
 en croys,
 La joie de ciel nus ad graunté,
 meismes de sa voys.

II.

[Fol. 55, ro.]

QUANT voy la revenue
 d'yver, qe si me argue
 qe ly temps se remue,
 lors aym buche fendue,
 charboun clykant,
 tysoun flambaunt,
 feu de souche meis ne de joie chaunt ;
 quar je l'eym tant,
 tot le cors me tressue.
 Quaunt vient acochier,
 certes molt me agrée
 fagot en fournil secche sauntz fumeé,
 qe tost esprent
 e brese rent ;
 e je me degrat molt sovent
 le pys e l'eschyne,
 quar la char bien pue,
 e de draps mal vestue ;

ayme molt la journé,
quar quaut pur chalour se sue
taunt, qe fors soit issue
la freydour e alée,
çeo est moun delit,
de aver beau lit
de dras braunchys,
fleyre la buée.
La tenue couverture
c'est ma desconfiture,
lange sauntz foreure,
de celi n'ai-je cure,
quar il n'est preuz ;
mieux aym les feus
quant je voy la refroidure,
à ly m'en von mieux,
aym son jou que dous dées detorsure.
Quaut l'yver s'esteynt par la matynée,
certes molt me grevée
la noyf e la gelée ;
mès en verglaz
atourner faz
menues hastes en bruaz
de pourcel madle ostée,
pris en bone pasture,
la loygne sauntz arsüre,
en la broche botée ;
quar c'est ma norture.
Tout ay ma tenure
en bon morsel donée,
en bon claré

en fort raspée,
 q'eym mieux d'assez
 que cervoyse enfumée.
 Taverne ay mult amée,
 n'est pas droit que la hée,
 tout ay m'amour donée
 en savour destempré,
 en ganigrant,
 en cetewant,
 mys en chandée peneré,
 ne fit pas mal
 entour noal
 mostarde oue char salée.

Qués e madlarz, plongons e blaryes,
 chapouns, chavenans, gelynes rosties,
 cygnes, pouns,
 groues, heyrouns,
 terceles, jauntes e morillons,
 e purcel en farcie,
 la loygne entrelardé de cele ay molt amée,
 venesoun ne has mie,
 ne char de cerf ven e,
 ne deym ne porck ne lée,
 une pome flestrye.

Jamboun de fresche salesoun
 m'i ad rendu la vie ;
 quant je su leez la toune,
 e yl ploît e yl tonne,

tout adées ma foysoyne,
vyn de haute persone,
levre en cive, conin lardée,
molt est fous qe saonne,
formage rées quaunt rostie ay,
e je le faz coroune,
e pur grosoiller nuilles e oblées,
royssolées e guaffrés,
e tostiz dorrez,
perdryz, plovers,
coloms, croysers,
le wydecoks est bon mangiers,
e andoilles lardés
je tienke pur fol qe doune
son aver enprisonée,
pur tripes enfumés ;
quar grant revient a noune.
My hoste m'aresoune,
si dit qu'il ad trovée
countre la nuyt un chaudon,
quit à chasteyne parée.

En quaresme à l'entré,
lors eym perche parée,
la tenche en versé,
e en souz botée ;
harang, plays,
e peschoun, freshe e alosée
en pastée,
gastieu rostiz, menu brayz,
e flaunche salée.

Dars ne heez je mie
 fenduz de quonie ;
 anguille de gors de sa pieu vendie,
 conger, estorgoun,
 luz, salmoun,
 vendoise, brene, ne gerdon,
 ne morue ou l'aille, ne creinte pellié,
 ne roches, ne lampré,
 ne raye refreidié,
 ly makerel freshe e novel,
 e tot cist autre bon morsel
 mout la bourse veydée.

Quant la pasche repeire,*
 je m'y last tayre,
 tart e flaon faz fere,
 pur la sesoun retrere ;
 molt aym motoun à gras reynoun,
 e l'aiguel faz fors trere,
 de pelicoun,
 m'entencioun
 met au poyvre defere.
 Droyz est qe l'en eyt motoun
 en porrée pucynz,
 en verynz,
 oue en franke garde,
 atant novel
 jus de tuel,
 la teste en rost après lowel,
 e gras cheveryl larde,

ne me doit pas despleyre,
 pur le manger retrere,
 pée de porcke en socie,
 à froit celer,
 e haut soler,
 herbe mugier,
 menuement poudré,
 e je m'ennoyz donks dormyr.

III.

[Fol. 61 vº.]

CYL qe vodra oyr mes chauns,
 en soun cuer se remyre ;
 Si il en fet, ou en semblauns,
 rien touche à la matire ;
 De un chaunçon en Romauns
 ou la en orrez descrire,
 La lessoun à leals amantz
 vus y comencez à lyre.

Meint honme quide aver ami
 conquis en sa richesse,
 Q'assez tost le avera gerpi,
 si il veit pus sa destresse ;
 E primes le avera escharni
 pur sa tresgrant largesse,
 Si nul vus ad de ce servi,
 ne creez mès sa promesse.

Si toun ami as esprové,
ne ly devés pas offendre ;
Mez seiez de une volenté,
grant bien en purrez prendre ;
Ne seiez pas de ly grevé
quei qe um vus face entendre ;
Quar meint um quide aver trové,
qe puis ly estuit rendre.

Si te avient qe ciez mester
de counsail ou de aye,
Ne le devez pas à tous mostrer,
tant ad le siecle envie.
A toun ami n'estuit celer
ton consail ne ta vie ;
Quar si il te puet de ren valer,
il ne vus faudra mie.

E vostre bon ami tenez,
ne devez pas retrere,
E lealment li consilez ;
com leals amis doit fere.
Vostre counsail à ly mostrez,
à ly ne devez tere,
Si lealment vus entreamez,
le un puet l'autre crere.

Si vostre ami velt mesaler,
la main le devez tendre ;

Ne ly soffrez pas soun voler,
si vus le poez defendre.
Mès bel ly devez chastier,
e entre vus reprendre ;
E come vus meismes en le ester,
sauntz nulle rien offendre.

Si vus oiez de vostre ami
parler par aventure,
Ne devez mettre en obly
de preisir sa porture.
Les bienz diez derere ly,
devant ly à mesure ;
Quar losenger e leal ami
diversent par nature.

Entre amis seit oweleté,
senz, e corteysie,
Amour e debonereté,
e tele compaignie,
Que tant me volez de bounté,
de solas, e de aye,
Come vodrez qe feisse-je,
si je usse grant mestrie.

Uncore y a en fyn amour
chose qe molt me agréee,
Parount si pasent ly plusour,
dount jà n'est regardée ;

Si vostre ami est en dolour,
 en play, ou en mellée,
 Ne le guerpez à deshonneur,
 pur coup ne pur colée.

Vostre ami chersissez,
 si me volez crere ;
 De nulle rien ly priez,
 si il ne le pust bien fere.
 Quar si il ne le fet, vus ly grevez,
 quant il ne le peut parfere ;
 E si il mesfet, vus meserrez,
 car ce fet pur vus plere.

Uncore y a en la lessoun
 un petit plus à fere,
 La privité ton compaignoun
 ne devez pas retrere ;
 Soun consail te est confessioun,
 assez en devez tere ;
 Si en tant ly feissez tresoun,
 à envis vus dust um crere.

Si vostre ami est en pecchié,
 qei qe nul autre en die,
 Tot sachez vus la verité,
 ne le descoverez mie.
 Car meint um fust plus avilée,
 si l'em sust sa folie,
 E meint um pecche en privité,
 e pus prent bone vie.

Ore ai mostré un poi de pas
 où amour est foundé ;
 En ce vers trover purras
 si tu les as bien gardé ;
 A toun ami ne diez pas
 quanque son cuer agrée,
 Mès ce qe à soun honour verras,
 si en crt amour payé.

Ore pri à tous lais e clers,
 si ne me chant qe loye,
 Qe nul ne prenge le travers,
 de fyn amour verroie ;
 Car leal cuer n'est pas divers,
 eynz ayme droite voie ;
 Ly *tu autem* est en ce vers,
 ly respounz soit de joye. AMEN.

IV.

[Fol. 62 v^o.]

MIDDEL-ERD for mon wes mad,
 un-mihti aren is meste mede ;
 This hedy hath on honde y-had,
 that hevene hem is hest to hede :
 Icherde a blisse budel us bad,
 the dreri domes-dai to drede,

Of sunful sauhting sone be sad,
that derne doth this derne dede ;
thah he ben derne done,
This wrakeful werkes under wede
in soule soteleth sone.

Sone is sotel, as ich ou sai,
this sake al thah hit seme suete,
That itelle a povre play,
that furst is feir ant seththe un-sete ;
This wilde wille went a-wai,
with mone and mournyng muchel un-mete,
That livith in likyng out of lay,
his hap he deth ful harde on hete,
azeynz he howeth henne ;
Alle is thrivene thewes threte,
that thenketh nout on thenne.

Azeynes thenne us threteth thre,
3ef he beth thryven ant thowen in theode,
Ur soule bone so broerh be,
as berne best that bale for-beode ;
That wole wihtstonden streynthe of theo,
is rest is reved with the reode,
Fyth of other ne darth he fleo,
that fleishshes faunyng furst for-eode,
that falsist is of fyve ;
3ef we leveth eny leode,
werryng is worst of wyve.

Wyves wille were ded wo,
 3ef he is wicked forte welde,
 That burst shal bete for hem bo,
 he shal him burewen thah he hire bel
 By body ant soule y sugge al so,
 that some beoth founden under felde,
 That hath to fere is meste fo,
 of gomenes he mai gon al gelde,
 ant sore ben fered on folde,
 Lest he to harmes helde,
 ant happes hente un-holde.

Hom un-holdest her is on,
 with-uten helle, ase ich hit holde,
 So fele bueth founden monnes fon,
 the furst of hem biforen y tolde,
 Ther after-ward this worldes won,
 with muchel un-wynne us woren wolde ;
 Sone beth this gomenes gon,
 that maketh us so brag ant bolde,
 ant biddeth us ben blythe ;
 An ende he casteth ous fol colde,
 in sunne ant sorewe sythe.

In sunne ant sorewe y am seint,
 that siweth me so fully sore ;
 My murthe is al with mourning meind,
 ne may ich mythen hit namore ;
 When we beth with this world for-wleynt,
 that we ne lustneth lyves lore,

The fend in fyht us fynt so feynt,
 we falleth so flour when hit is fiore,
 for folkes fader al fleme ;
 Wo him wes y-warpe zore,
 that Crist nul nowyht queme !

To queme Crist we weren y-core,
 ant kend ys craftes forte knowe ;
 Leve we nout we buen for-lore,
 in lustes thah we lyggen lowe ;
 We shule aryse ur fader byfore,
 thah fon us fallen umbe throwe,
 To borewen us alle he wes y-bore,
 this bounyng when him bemes blowe,
 he byt us buen of hyse ;
 Ant on ys ryht hond hente rowe,
 wyth ryhtwyse men to aryse.

V.

[Fol. 63, r^o.]

Ichot a burde in a bour ase beryl so bryht,
 Ase saphyr in selver semly on syht,
 Ase jaspe the gentil that lemeth with lyht,
 Ase gernet in golde, ant ruby wel ryht,
 Ase onycle he ys on y-holden on hyht,
 Ase diamaunde the dore in day when he is dyht,
 He is coraly coud with caysse ant knyht,

Ase emeraude a-morewen this may haveth myht.
The myht of the margarite haveth this may mere,
For charbocle ich hire ches bi chyn ant by chere.

Hire rode is ase rose that red is on rys,
With lilye-white leres lossun he is,
The primerole he passeth, the parvenke of pris,
With alisaundre thare-to, ache ant anys,
Coynte ase columbine, such hire cunde ys,
Glad under gore in gro ant in grys,
He is blosme opon bleo brihtest under bis,
With celydoyne ant sauge, ase thou thi self sys.
That syht upon that semly, to blis he is brolit,
He is solsecle, to sanne ys for-soht.

He is papejai in pyn that beteth me my bale,
To trewe tortle in a tour, y telle the mi tale,
He is thrustle thryven in thro that singeth in sale,
The wilde laveroc ant wole ant the wodewale,
He is faucoun in friht derneest in dale,
Ant with everuch a gome gladest in gale,
From Weye he is wisist into Wyrhale,
Hire nome is in a note of the nyhtegale.
In annote is hire nome, nempneth hit non,
Whose ryht redeth ronne to Johon.

Muge he is ant mondrake, thowh miht of the mone,
Trewe triacle y-told with tonges in trone,
Such licoris mai leche from lyve to lone,
Such sucre mon secheth that saveth men sone,

Blithe y-blessed of Crist that bayeth me mi bone,
 When derne dede is in dayne derne are done,
 Ase gromyl in grene grene is the grone,
 Ase quibibe ant comyn cud is in crone.

Cud comyn in court, canel in cofre,
 With gyngyvve ant sedewale ant the gylofre.

He is Medierne of miht, mercie of mede,
 Rekene ase Regnas resoun to rede,
 Trewe ase Tegen in tour, ase Wyrwein in wede,
 Baldore then Byrne that of the bor bede,
 Ase Wylcadoun he is wys, dohty of dede,
 Feyrore then Floyres folkes to fede,
 Cud ase Cradoc in court carf the brede,
 Hendorre then Hilde that haveth me to hede.

He haveth me to hede this hendy a-non,
 Gentil ase Jonas, he joyeth with Jon.

VI.

[Fol. 63, v^o.]

BYTUENE Mershe ant Averil
 when spray biginneth to springe,
 The lutel foul hath hire wyl
 on hyre lud to synge;
 Ich libbe in love-longinge
 For semlokest of alle thynges,
 He may me blisse bringe,
 icham in hire baundoun.

An hendy hap ichabbe y-hent,
Ichot from hevene it is me sent,
From alle wymmen mi love is lent
ant lyht on Alysoun.

On heu hire her is fayr y-noh,
hire browe broune, hire eze blake ;
With lossum chere he on me loh ;
with middel smal ant wel y-make ;
Bote he me wolle to hire take,
Forte buen hire owen make,
Longe to lyven ichulle forsake,
ant feye fallen a-doun.
An hendy hap, etc.

Nihtes when y wende ant wake,
for-thi myn wonges waxeth won ;
Levedi, al for thine sake
longinge is y-lent me on.
In world nis non so wyter-mon
That al hire bounté telle con ;
Hire swyre is whittore then the swon,
ant feyrest may in toun.
An hendy, etc.

Icham for wowyng al for-wake,
wery so water in wore ;
Lest eny reve me my make,
ychabbe y-3yrned 3ore.
Betere is tholien whyle sore,

Then mournen evermore.
 Geynest under gore,
 herkne to my roun.
 An hendi, etc.

VII.

[Fol. 63, vo.]

With longyng y am lad,
 On molde y waxe mad,
 a maide marreth me ;
 Y grede, y grone, un-glad,
 For selden y am sad
 that semly forte se ;
 levedi, thou rewe me,
 To routhe thou havest me rad ;
 Be bote of that y bad,
 My lyf is long on the.

Levedy, of alle londe
 Les me out of bonde,
 broht icham in wo,
 Have resting on honde,
 Ant sent thou me thi sonde,
 sone, er thou me slo ;
 my reste is with the ro :
 Thah men to me han onde,
 To love nuly noht wunde,
 ne late for non of tho.

Levedi, with al my miht
 My love is on the liht,
 to menske when y may ;
 Thou rew ant red me ryht,
 To dethe thou havest me dilt,
 y deȝe longe er my day ;
 thou leve upon mi lay.
 Treuthe ichave the plyht,
 To don that ich have hyht,
 whil mi lif leste may.

Lylie-whyt hue is,
 Hire rode so rose on rys,
 that reveth me mi rest.
 Wymmon war ant wys,
 Of prude hue bereth the pris,
 burde on of the best ;
 this wommon woneth by west,
 Brihtest under bys,
 Hevene y tolde al his
 That o nyht were hire gest.

VIII.

[Fol. 66, ro.]

WEPING haveth myn wonges wet,
 for wikked werk ant wone of wyt ;
 Unblithe y be til y ha bet,
 bruches broken ase bok byt.

Of levedis love that y ha let,
 that lemeth al with luefly lyt,
 Ofte in song y have hem set,
 that is unsemly ther hit syt;
 Hit syt ant semeth noht,
 ther hit ys seid in song,
 That y have of hem wroht,
 y-wis hit is al wrong.

Al wrong y wrohte for a wyf,
 that made us wo in world ful wyde;
 Heo rafte us alle richesse ryf,
 that durthe us nout in reynes ryde.
 A stythye stunte hire sturne stryf,
 that ys in heovene hert in hyde;
 In hire lyht on ledeth lyf,
 ant shon thourh hire semly syde;
 Thourh hyre side he shon,
 ase sonne doth thourh the glas;
 Wommon nes wicked now,
 seththe he y-bore was.

Wycked nis non that y wot,
 that durste for werk hire wonges wete;
 Alle heo lyven from last of lot,
 ant are al hende ase hake in chete.
 For-thi on molde y waxe mot,
 that y sawes have seid un-sete;
 My fykel fleishe, mi falsly blod,
 on feld hem feole y falle to fete.

To fet y falle hem feole,
for falsleke fifti folde;
Of alle untrewes on tele,
with tonge ase y her told.

Thah told beon tales untoun in toun,
such tiding mei tide y nul nout teme,
Of brudes bryht with browes broune,
or blisse heo beyen this briddes breme;
In rude were roo with hem rounne,
that he mihte henten ase him were heme;
Nys kyng, cayser, ne clerk with croune,
this semly serven that me ne may seme.
Semen him may on sonde,
this semly serven so,
Bothe with fet ant honde,
for on that us warp from wo.

Nou wo in world ys went a-way,
ant weole is come ase we wolde,
Thourh a mihti methful mai,
that ous hath cast from cares colde.
Ever wymmen ich herie ay,
ant ever in hyrd with hem ich holde;
Ant ever at neode y nycke nay,
that y ner nemnede that heo nolde.
Y nolde ant nullyt noht,
for nothyng nou a nede;
Soth is that y of hem ha wroht,
as Richard erst con rede.

Richard, rote of resoun ryht,
 rykening of rym ant ron,
 Of maidnes meke thou hast myht,
 on molde y holde the murgest mon,
 Cunde comely ase a knyht,
 clerk y-cud that craftes con,
 In uch an hyrd thyn athel ys hyht,
 ant uch an athel thin hap is on.
 Hap that hathel hath hent,
 with hende let in halle,
 Selthe be hem sent
 in londe of levedis alle.

IX.

[Fol. 66, v^o.]

Mostri ryden by Rybbesdale,
 Wilde wymmen forte wale,
 ant welde wuch ich wolde;
 Founde were the feyrest on
 That ever wes mad of blod ant bon
 in boure best with bolde.
 Ase sonne-bem hire bleo ys briht,
 In uche londe heo leometh liht,
 thourh tale'as mon me tolde.
 The lylie lossum is ant long,
 With riche rose ant rode among,
 a fyld or fax to folde.

SPECIMENS OF

Hire hed when ich biholde apon,
The sonne-beem aboute noon
 me thohte that y seze ;
Hyre eyzen aren grete ant gray y-noh,
Th[at] lussum when heo on me loh,
 y-bend wax eyther breze.
The mone with hire muchele maht,
Ne leveth non such lyht a naht,
 that is in heovene heze,
Ase hire forhed doth in day ;
For wham thus muchel y mourne may,
 for deth to deth y dreyze.

Heo hath browes bend an heh,
Whyt bytuene, ant nout to neh,
 lussum lyf heo ledes ;
Hire neose ys set as hit wel semeth ;
Y deze for deth that me demeth,
 hire speche as spices spredeth.
Hire lockes lefly aren ant longe,
For sone he mihte hire murthes monge
 with blisse when hit bredes.
Hire chyn ys chosen, ant eyther cheke
Whit y-noh ant rode on eke
 ase rosen when hit redes.

Heo hath a mury mouht to mele,
With lefly rede lippes lele,
 Romaunz forte rede.
Hire teht aren white ase bon of whal,

Evene set ant atled al,
 ase hende mowe taken hede.
 Swannes swyre swythe wel y-sette,
 A sponne lengore then y-mette,
 that freoly ys to fede.
 Me were levere kepe hire come,
 Then beon pope ant ryde in Rome
 stythes upon stede.

When y byholde upon hire hond,
 The lylie-white lef in lond
 best heo myhte beo ;
 Eyther arm an elne long,
 Baloynge meugeth al by-mong,
 ase baum ys hire bleo.
 Fyngres heo hath feir to folde ;
 Myhte ich hire have ant holde,
 in world wel were me.
 Hyre tyttes aren an under bis
 As apples tuo of parays,
 ou self 3e mowen seo.

Hire gurdel of bete gold is al,
 Umben hire middel smal,
 that trikethe to the to ;
 Al whith rubies on a rowe,
 With-inne corven craft to knowe,
 ant emeraudes mo.
 The bocle is al of whalles bon,
 Ther with-inne stont a ston,
 that warneth men from wo ;

The water that it wetes yn,
Y-wis hit wortheth al to wyn,
that seȝen seyden so.

Heo hath a mete myddel smal,
Body ant brest wel mad al,
ase feynes with-oute fere ;
Eyther side soft ase sylk,
Whittore then the moren mylk,
with leofly lit on lere.
Al that ich ou nempne noht,
Hit is wonder wele y-wroht,
ant elles wonder were.
He myhte sayen that Crist hym seȝe,
That myhte nyhtes neh hyre leȝe,
hevene he hevede here.

X.

[Fol. 66, vo.]

IN a fryht as y con fare fremede,
y founde a wel feyr fenge to fere ;
Heo glystnede ase gold when hit glemede,
nes ner gome so gladly on gere.
Y wolde wyte in world who hire kenede,
this burde bryht, ȝef hire wil were ;
Heo me bed go my gates, lest hire gremede,
ne kepte heo non henying here.

LYRIC POETRY.

“ Y-here thou me nou, hendest in helde,
navy the none harmes to hethe ;
Casten y wol the from cares ant kelde,
comeliche y wol the nou clethe.”

“ Clothes y have forte caste,
such as y may weore with wyne ;
Betere is were thunne bout laste,
then syde robes ant synke into synne.
Have 3e or wyl, 3e waxeth unwraste,
afterward or thonke be thynne ;
Betre is make forewardes faste,
then afterward to mene ant mynne.”

“ Of munnyng ne munt thou namore,
of menske thou were wurthe by my myht ;
Y take an hond to holde that y hore,
of al that y the have byhyht.
Why ys the loth to leven on my lore,
lengore then my love were on the lyht ;
Another myhte 3ern the so 3ore,
that nolde the noht rede so ryht.”

“ Such reed me myhte spaclyche reowe,
when al my ro were me at-raht ;
Sone tho waldest vachen an newe,
ant take an other with-inne nyze naht.
Thenne mihti hengren on heowe,
in uch an hyrd ben hated ant for-haht ;
Ant ben y-cayred from alle that y kneowe,
ant bede clenyen ther y hade claht.”

"Betere is taken a comeliche y-clothe,
 in armes to cusse ant to cluppe,
 Then a wrecche y-wedded so wrothe,
 thah he me slowe, ne myhti him asluppe.
 The beste red that y con to us bothe,
 that thou me take ant y the toward huppe;
 Thah y swore by treuthe ant othe,
 that God hath shaped me y-nou at luppe."

"Mid shupping ne mey hit me ashunche,
 nes y never wycche ne wyle;
 Ych am a maide, that me of thunche,
 luef me were gome boutte gyle."

XI.

[Fol. 67, ro.]

A WAYLE whyt as whalles bon,
 A grein in golde that godly shon,
 A tortle that min herte is on,
 in tounes trewe;
 Hire gladshipe nes never gon,
 whil y may glewe.

When heo is glad,
 Of al this world namore y bad
 Then beo with hire myn one bistad.
 with-oute strif;

The care that icham yn y-brad,
y wyte a wyf.

A wyf nis non so worly wroht,
When heo ys blythe to bedde y-broht,
Wel were him that wiste hire thoht,
that thryven ant thro,
Wel y wot heo nul me noht,
myn herte is wo.

Hou shal that lefly syng,
That thus is marred in mournyng?
Heo me wol to dethe bryng,
longe er my day.
Gret hire wel, that swete thyng,
with eȝenen gray.

Hyre heȝe haveth wounded me y wisse;
Hire bende browen that bringeth blisse.
Hire comely mouth that mihte cusse,
in mucche murthe he were;
Y wolde chaunge myn for his,
'that is here fere.

Wolde hyre fere beo so freo,
Ant wurthes were that so myhte beo,
Al for on y wolde ȝeve threo,
with-out e chep,
From helle to hevene ant sonne to see
nys non so ȝeep,

ne half so freo,
Whose wole of love be trewe,
do lystne me.

Herkneth me, y ou telle,
In such wondryng for wo y welle,
Nys no fur so hot in helle,
al to mon,
That loveth derne ant darnout telle
whet him ys on.

Ich unne hire wel ant heo me wo ;
Ycham hire frend ant heo my fo ;
Me thuncheth min herte wol breke a two,
for sorewe ant syke !
In Godes greting mote heo go,
that wayle whyte.

Ich wold ich were a threstelcok.
A bountyng other a lavercock,
swete bryd !
Bituene hire curtel ant hire smok
y wolde ben hyd.

XII.

[Fol. 70, v^o.]

Of a non Matheu thohte,
 Tho he the wynzord whrohte,
 ant wrot hit on ys boc;
 In marewe men he sohte,
 At under mo he brohte,
 ant nom and non forsoc.
 At mydday ant at non
 He sende hem thider fol son,
 to helpen hem with hoc;
 Huere foreward wes to fon,
 So the furmest hevede y-don,
 ase the erst undertoc.

At evesong even neh,
 Ydel men ȝet he seh,
 lomen hadde an honde;
 To hem he sayde an heh,
 That suythe he wes undreh,
 so ydel forte stonde.
 So hit wes bistad,
 That nomon hem ne bad,
 huere lomes to fonde;
 Anon he was by-rad,
 To werk that he hem lad,
 for nyht nolde he nout wonde.

Huere hure a nyht hue nome,
 He that furst ant last come,
 a peny brod ant bryht ;
 This other swore alle ant some,
 That er were come with lome,
 that so nes hit nout ryht ;
 Ant swore somme unsaht,
 That hem wes werk by-taht,
 longe er hit were lyht ;
 For ryht were that me raht,
 The mon that al day wraht,
 the more mede a nyht.

Thenne seith he y-wis,
 “ Why, nath nout uch mon his ?
 holdeth nou or pees ;
 A-way, thou art unwis
 Tak al that thin ys.
 ant fare ase foreward wees.
 3ef y may betere beode,
 To mi latere leode,
 to leve nam y nout lees,
 To alle that ever hider eode,
 To do to day my neode,
 ichulle be wraththe-lees.”

This world me wurcheth wo,
 Roo-les ase the roo,
 y sike for un-sete ;
 Ant mourne ase men doh mo,

For doute of foule fo,
 hou y my sunne may bete.
 This mon that Matheu 3ef
 A peny that wes so bref,
 this frely folk unfete;
 3et he 3yrnden more,
 Ant saide he come wel 3ore,
 ant gonne is love for-lete.

XIII.

[Fol. 71, vº.]

LENTEN ys come with love to toune,
 With blosmen ant with briddes rounne,
 that al this blisse bryngeth;
 Dayes-eyes in this dales,
 Notes suete of nyhtegales,
 uch foul song singeth.
 The threstelcoc him threteth oo,
 A-way is huere wynter wo,
 when woderove springeth;
 This foules singeth ferly fele,
 Ant wlyteth on huere wynter wele,
 that al the wode ryngeth.

The rose rayleth hire rode,
 The leues on the lyhte wode
 waxen al with wille;

The mone mandeth hire bleo,
The lilie is lossom to seo,
 the fenyl ant the fille ;
Wowes this wilde drakes,
Miles murgeth huere makes,
 ase strem that striketh stille ;
Mody meneth, so doh mo,
Ichot ycham on of tho,
 for love that likes ille.

The mone mandeth hire lyht,
So doth the semly sonne bryht,
 when briddes singeth breme ;
Deowes donketh the dounes,
Deores with huere derne rounes,
 domes forte deme ;
Wormes woweth under cloude,
Wymmen waxeth wounder proude,
 so wel hit wol hem seme.
3ef me shal wonte wille of on,
This wunne weole y wole for-gon,
 ant wyht in wode be fleme.

XIV.

[Fol. 71, v^o.]

IN May hit murgeth when hit dawes,
In dounes with this dueres plawes,
 ant lef is lyht on lynde ;
Blosmes bredeth on the bowes,
Al this wylde wyhtes woves,
 so wel ych under-fynde.
Y not non so freoli flour,
Ase ledies that beth bryht in boure,
 with love who mihte hem bynde ;
So worly wymmen are by west ;
One of hem ich herie best,
 Fom Irlond in to Ynde.

Wymmen were the beste thing,
That shup oure heze hevene kyng,
 3ef feole false nere ;
Heo beoth to rad upon huere red,
To love ther me hem lastes bed,
 when heo shule fenge fere ;
Lut in londe are to leve,
Thah me hem trewe trouthe 3eve,
 for tricherie to 3ere ;
When trichour hath is trouthe y-plyht,
By-swyken he hath that suete wyht,
 thah he hire othes swere.

Wymmon, war the with the swyke,
That feir ant freoly ys to fyke,
ys fare is o to founde ;
So wyde in world ys huere won,
In uch a toune untrewe is on,
from Leycestre to Lounde.
Of treuthe nis the trichour noht,
Bote he habbe is wille y-wroht,
at stevenyng umbe stounde ;
Ah feyre levedis be on-war,
To late cometh the 3eyn char,
when love ou hath y-bounde.

Wymmen bueth so feyr on hewe,
Ne trowy none that nere trewe,
3ef trichour hem ne tahte ;
Ah feyre thinges freoly bore,
When me on woweth, beth war bifore,
whuch is worldes ahte.
Al to late is send a3eyn,
When the ledy liht by leyn,
ant lyveth by that he labte ;
Ah wolde lylie leor in lyn
Y-here lovely lores myn,
with selthe we weren sahte.

XV.

[Fol. 72, r^o.]

HEȝE loverd, thou here my bone,
That madest middel-ert ant mone,
 ant mon of murthes munne,
Trusti kyng ant trewe in trone,
That thou be with me sahte sone,
 asoyle me of sunne.
Fol ich wes in folies fayn,
In luthere lastes y am layn,
 that maketh myn thryftes thunne ;
That semly sawes wes woned to-seyn,
Nou is marred al my meyn,
 a-way is al my wunne.

Un-wunne haveth myn wonges wet,
 that maketh me routhes rede ;
Ne semy nout ther y am set,
Ther me calleth me fulle flet,
 ant waynoun wayte glede.

Whil ich wes in wille wolde,
In uch a bour among the bolde
 y holde with the heste ;
Nou y may no fynger folde,
Lutel loved ant lasse y-tolde,
 y-leved with the leste.

A goute me hath y-greythed so,
Ant other eveles monye mo,
 y not whet bote is beste ;
Thar er wes wilde ase the ro,
Nou y swyke, y mei nout so,
 hit siweth me so faste.

Faste y wes on horse heh,
 ant werede worly wede ;
Nou is faren al my feh,
With serewe that ich hit ever seh,
 a staf is nou my stede.

When y se steden stythe in stalle,
Ant y go haltinde in the halle,
 myn huerte gynneth to helde ;
That er wes wildest in with walle,
Nou is under fote y-falle,
 ant mey no fynger felde.
Ther ich wes luef, icham ful loht,
Ant alle myn godes me at-golht,
 myn gomenes waxeth gelde ;
That feyre founden me mete ant cloht,
Hue wrieth a-wey as hue were wroht,
 such is evel ant elde.

Evel ant elde, ant other wo,
 foleweth me so faste,

Me thunketh myn herte breketh a tuo ;
 Suete God, whi shal hit swo ?
 hou mai hit lengore laste ?

Whil mi lif wes luther ant lees,
 Glotonie mi glemon wes,
 with me he wonede a while ;
 Prude wes my plowe fere,
 Lecherie my lavendere,
 with hem is gabbe ant gyle.
 Coveytise myn keyes bere,
 Nithe ant onde were mi fere,
 that bueth folkes fyle ;
 Lyare wes mi latymer,
 Sleuthe ant slep mi bedyner,
 that weneth me unbe-while.

Umbe-while y am to whene,
 when y shal murthes meten ;
 Monne mest y am to mene ;
 Lord, that hast me lyf to-lene,
 such lotes lef me leten !

Such lyf ich have lad fol zore,
 Merci, loverd ! y nul namore,
 bowen ichulle to bete ;
 Syker hit siweth me ful sore,
 Gabbes les ant luthere lore,
 sunnes bueth un-sete.

Godes heste ne huld y noht,
Bote ever aȝeyn is wille y wroht ;
 mon lereth me to lete :
Such serewe hath myn sides thurh-soht,
That al y weolewe a-way to noht,
 when y shal murthes mete.

To mete murthes ich wes wel fous,
 ant comely mon ta calle ;
Y sugge by other ase bi ous,
Else ys hirmon halt in hous,
 ase heved hount in halle.

Dredful deth, why wolt thou dare,
Bryng this body that is so bare,
 ant yn bale y-bounde ?
Careful mon, y-cast in care,
Y falewe as flour y-let forth-fare,
 ychabbe myn dethes wounde.
Murthes helpeth me no more ;
Help me, Lord, er then ich hore,
 ant stunt my lyf a stounde !
That ȝokkyn hath y-ȝyrned ȝore,
Nou hit sereweth him ful sore,
 ant bringeth him to grounde.

To grounde hit haveth him y-broht :
 whet ys the beste bote ?

Bote heryen him that haht us boht,
 Ure Lord that al this world hath wroht,
 ant fallen him to fote.

Nou icham to dethe y-dyht,
 y-don is al my dede;
 God us lene of ys lyht,
 That we of sontes habben syht
 ant hevene to mede! AMEN.

XVI.

[Fol. 72, vº.]

BLOW, northerne wynd,
 Sent thou me my suetyng.
 Blow, northerne wynd, blou, blou, blou!

Ichot a burde in boure bryht,
 That fully semly is on syht,
 Menskful maiden of myht,
 feir ant fre to fonde;
 In al this wurhliche won,
 A burde of blod ant of bon
 Never zete y nuste non
 lussomore in londe. Blou, etc.

With lokkes lefliche ant longe,
 With frount ant face feir to fonde,

With murthes monie mote heo monge,
that brid so breme in boure ;
With lossom eye, grete ant gode,
With browen blysfol under hode,
He that reste him on the rode
that leflich lyf honoure ! Blou, etc.

Hire lure lumes liht,
Ase a launterne a nyht,
Hire bleo blykyeth so bryht,
so feyr heo is ant fyn ;
A suetly suyre heo hath to holde,
With armes, shuldre, ase mon wolde,
Ant fyngres feyre forte folde ;
God wolde hue were myn !

Middel heo hath menskful smal ;
Hire loveliche chere as cristal ;
Theȝes, legges, fet, ant al,
y-wraht wes of the beste.
A lussum ledy lasteles
That sweting is ant ever wes ;
A betere burde never nes
y-heryed with the heste.

Heo is dereworthe in day,
Graciouse, stout, ant gay,
Gentil, jolyf so the jay,
worhliche when heo waketh ;
Maiden murgest of mouth,

Bi est, bi west, by north ant south ;
 Ther nis fiele ne crouth
 that such murthes maketh.

Heo is coral of godnesse,
 Heo is rubie of ryhtfulnesse,
 Heo is cristal of clannesse,
 ant baner of bealté ;
 Heo is lilie of largesse,
 Heo is parvenke of prouesse,
 Heo is solsecle of suetnesse,
 ant ledy of lealté.

To love that leflich is in londe,
 Y tolde him as ych understonde,
 Hou this hende hath hent in honde
 on huerte that myn wes ;
 Ant hire knyhtes me han so soht,
 Sykyng, sorewyng, ant thoht,
 Tho thre me han in bale broht,
 ageyn the poer of pees.

To love y putte pleyntes mo,
 Hou sykyng me hath siwed so,
 Ant eke thoht me thrat to slo,
 with maistry ȝef he myhte ;
 Ant serewe sore in balful bende,
 That he wolde for this hende
 Me lede to my lyves ende,
 unlahfulliche in lyte.

Hire love me lustnede uch word,
Ant beh him to me over bord,
Ant bed me hente that hord,
 of myne huerte hele ;
Ant bisecheth that swete ant swote,
Er then thou falle ase fen of fote,
That heo with the wolfe of bote
 dereworthliche dele.

For hire love y carke ant care,
For hire love y droupne ant dare,
For hire love my blisse is bare,
 ant al ich waxe won ;
For hire love in slep y slake,
For hire love al nyht ich wake,
For hire love mournyng y make
 more then eny mon.

XVII.

[Fol. 75, r^o.]

MARIE, pur toun enfaunt,
 Qe est roi tot puissaunt,
 e tot le mounde guye,
Nus seiez de la mort garaunt,
 Qe li maufé mescreaunt
 nus ne eit en baylie !

Ma douce dame, en vus me fy ;
Car ta docour me hardy
 de aver en vus fiaunce ;
Pur ce, dame, vus cri merci,
Ne soffrez qe soi maubaily,
 pur ta seinte puissaunce.

Par la joie e le doucour,
Que vus aviez icel jour
 quant le angle dit, “ Marie,
Virgine seiez sauntz nul retour,
Si come te envoit ton creatour,
 mar serrez esbaye.”

Pur la joie, uncore vus pri,
Qe aviez quant il nasqui
 e virgine remeytes ;
Vus noristes, je le vus dy,
Le fitz Dieu Jhesu, par qui
 en joie vus en estes.

Uncore vus pri, pur cel confort
Qe aviez, quant il de mort
 releva en vie,
E enfern brusa, com ly fort,
E remena à soun deport
 sa douce compagnie.

Marie, mere Jhesu Crist,
Pur la joie que il vus fist,
 quant il en ciel mounta,

E la char qe de vus prist,
A la destre son pere assist,
hautement la corona.

Pur la joie, mere Marie,
Qu'il vus fist en ceste vie,
file Joachyn ;
Ore estes en sa compagnie,
Des aungles haltement servye,
e serrez sauntz fyn.

Pur celes joies qe je vus chaunt,
De moi qe su repentant,
glorieuse mere,
Eyez merci, quar en mon vivant,
Serroi vostre lige serjaunt,
en ma povre manere.

Marie, mere Dée,
Pur la tue seinte pieté
e pur ta grant fraunchise,
Escu me seiez vers le malfé
Que par tey seye salvé,
e ma alme en ciel myse !

XVIII.

[Fol. 75, ro.]

SUETE Jhesu, king of blysse,
Myn huerte love, min huerte lisse,
Thou art suete myd y-wisse,
Wo is him that the shal misse !

Suete Jhesu, min huerte lyht,
Thou art day with-oute nyht,
Thou geve me streinthe ant eke myht,
Forte lovien the a-ryht.

Suete Jhesu, min huerte bote,
In myn huerte thou sete a rote
Of thi love, that is so swote,
Ant lene that hit springe mote.

Suete Jhesu, min huerte gleem,
Bryhtore then the sonne beem,
Y-bore thou were in Bedleheem,
Thou make me here thi suete dreem.

Suete Jhesu, thi love is suete,
Wo is him that the shall lete !
Tharefore me shulden ofte the grete,
With salte teres ant ege wepe.

Suete Jhesu, kyng of londe,
Thou make me fer understonde,

That min herte mote fonde,
Hou suete bueth thi love bonde.

Swete Jhesu, loverd myn,
My lyf, myn huerte, al is thin,
Undo myn herte ant liht ther-yn,
Ant wite me from fendes engyn.

Suete Jhesu, my soule fode,
Thin werkes bueth bo suete ant gode,
Thou bohtest me upon the rode,
For me thou sheddest thi blode.

Suete Jhesu, me reoweth sore,
Gultes that y ha wroght zore ;
Tharefore y bidde thin mylse ant ore,
Merci, lord, ynul na more !

Suete Jhesu, loverd God,
Thou me bohtest with thi blod,
Out of thin huerte orn the flod,
Thi moder hit seh that the by stod.

Suete Jhesu, bryht ant shene,
Y preye the thou here my bene,
Thourh ernding of the hevene quene,
That my bone be nou sene.

Suete Jhesu, berne best,
With ich hope habbe rest,

Whether y be south other west,
The help of the be me nest !

Suete Jhesu, wel may him be,
That the may in blisse se !
After mi soule let aungles te,
For me ne gladieth gome ne gle.

Suete Jhesu, hevene kyng,
Feir ant best of alle thyng,
Thou bring me of this longyng,
Ant come to the at myn endyng.

Suete Jhesu, al folkes reed,
Graunte ous er we buen ded
The under-fonge in fourme of bred,
Ant seththe to hevene thou us led ?

XIX.

[Fol. 75, vº.]

JESU CRIST, hevene kyng,
3ef us alle god endyng,
that bone biddeth the ;
At the biginnyng of mi song,
Jhesu, y the preye among,
in stude al wher y be ;
For thou art kyng of alle,
To the y clepie ant calle,
thou have merci of me.

This ender day in o morewenyng,
 With dreri herte ant gret mournyng,
 on mi folie y thohte ;
 One that is so suete a thing,
 That ber Jesse the hevene kyng,
 merci y besohte ;
 Jhesu, for thi muchele myht,
 Thou graunte us alle hevene lyht,
 that us so duere bohtes ;
 For thi merci, Jhesu suete,
 Thin hondy werk nult thou lete,
 that thou wel 3erne sohtest.

Wel ichot, ant soth hit ys,
 That in this world nys no blys,
 bote care, serewe, ant pyne ;
 Tharefore ich rede we wurchen so,
 That we mowe come to
 the joye withoute fyne !

XX.

[Fol. 75, v^o.]

WYNTER wakeneth al my care,
 Nou this leves waxeth bare,
 Ofte y sike ant mourne sare,
 When hit cometh in my thoht
 Of this worldes joie, hou hit goth al to noht.

Now hit is, ant now hit nys,
 Also hit ner nere y-wys,
 That moni mon seith soth hit ys,
 Al goth bote Godes wille,
 Alle we shule deye, thath us like ylle.

Al that gren me graueth grene,
 Nou hit faleweth al by-dene ;
 Jhesu, help that hit be sene,
 Ant shild us from helle,
 For y not whider y shal, ne hou longe her duelle.

XXI.

[Fol. 76, r^o.]

When y se blosmes springe,
 ant here soules song ;
 A suete love-longynge
 myn herte thourh out stong,
 Al for a love newe,
 That is so suete ant trewe,
 that gladieth al my song ;
 Ich wot al myd i-wisse
 My joie ant eke my blisse
 on him is al y-long.

When y mi selve stonde,
 ant with myn egen seo,

Thurled fot ant honde
with grete nayles threo ;
Blody wes ys heved,
On him nes nout bileved
that wes of peynes freo ;
Wel, wel ohte myn herte
For his love to swerte,
ant sike ant sory beo.

Jesu milde ant softe,
3ef me streynthe ant myht,
Longen sore ant ofte
to lovye the a-ryht,
Pyne to tholie ant dreze,
For the sone, Marye,
thou art so fre ant bryht,
Mayden ant moder mylde,
For love of thine childe,
ernde us hevene lyht.

Alas ! that y ne couthe turne
to him my thoht,
Ant cheosen him to lemmon,
so duere he us hath y-boht,
With woundes deope ant stronge,
With peynes sore ant longe,
of love ne conne we noht ;
His blod that feol to grounde,
Of hise suete wounde,
of peyne us hath y-boht.

Jesu milde ant suete,
 y synge the mi song,
 Ofte y the grete,
 ant preye the among,
 Let me sunnes lete,
 Ant in this lyve bete
 that ich have do wrong ;
 At oure lyves ende,
 When whe shule wende,
 Jesu us under fong ! AMEN.

XXII.

[Fol. 76, ro.]

FERROY chaunsoun que bien doit estre oye,
 De ma amie chaunterai qe m'ad deguerpie.
 Bien le sai, e bien le voi,
 qe ele ne me ayme mye ;
 E ele ayme un autre plus de moi,
 E si ad perdu la foy
 que ele me out plevye.
 Je pri à Dieu e seint Thomas,
 Qe il la pardoigne le trespas !
 E je si verroient le fas,
 si ele merci me crye.

Il n'y a guere passé,
 Que je ne la amay sauntz fauoceté,
 e tot sauntz trycherye.

Pur ce me tient ele fol,
e tot pleyn de folye.
En verité le vus dy,
Si ma amie me ust garny,
je usse pris amye.
Je pri à Dieu, etc.

Certes uncore la ameray,
quei que l'em me dye;
E par taunt asayerai
si amour soit folie.
Par cest chaunsoun portez salutz à ma tresdouce amye;
Quar ne vueil autre message, quei que je me afye.
Si ele die rien de moi,
Que me ayme en bone foy,
Jà aylours ne ameroi,
taunt come su en vie.
Je pri à Dieu, etc.

XXIII.

[Fol. 76, ro.]

Dum ludis floribus velut lacinia,
Le dieu d'amour moi tient en tiel *angustia*,
Merour me tient de duel e de *miseria*,
Si je ne la ay *quam amo super omnia*.

Ejus amor tantum me facit fervere ;
 Qe je ne soi *quid possum inde facere ;*
 Pur ly covent *hoc sæculum relinquere.*
 Si je ne pus l'amour de li *perquirere.*

Ele est si bele e gente dame *egregia,*
 Cum cle fust *imperatoris filia,*
 De beal semblant *et pulcra continencia,*
 Ele est la flur *in omni regis curia.*

Quant je la vey, je su *in tali gloria,*
 Come est la lune *cæli inter sidera ;*
 Dieu la moi doint *sua misericordia*
 Beyser e fere *quæ secuntur alia !*

Scripsi hæc carmina in tabulis !
 Mon ostel est en mi la vile de Paris :
 May y sugge namore, so wel me is ;
 3ef hi de3e for love of hire, duel hit ys.

XXIV.

[Fol. 77, vº.]

MARIE, mere al Salveour,
 De totes femines estes flour ;
 Vus estes pleÿne de grant docour,
 Vus estes refu al peccheour.

Dame, vus estes virgine e mere,
Espouse à le haltisme piere ;
Vus estes pleyne de bounté,
Vus estes dame de pieté.

Toun fitz, dame, est vostre pere,
E vus file e sa mere,
Tresbele, tresnoble, e treschere,
A tous peccheours estes lumere.

De totes femmes estes la flour,
De pureté e de douz odour ;
Mestresse estes de lel amour,
Marie, mere al Salveour.

Digne ne sui de estre oye,
Pur mon desert e ma folie,
Mès par vus, qe estes douz e pie,
Espier je bien aver la vie.

Marie, pleyne de bounté,
Marie, pleyne de charité,
Douce est vostre amysté,
De moi cheitif eiez pieté.

Ton fitz, dame, me ad cher achaté,
E grant amour à moi mostré ;
Alas ! trop poi le ay pensée,
Qe molt ay ver ly meserré.

Quant je regard mes pecchiez,
 Bien quide certes estre dampnez ;
 Mès quant regard-je vos grant bountez,
 Grant espoir ay de salvetez.

Dame, pur nus devynt enfaunt
 Ly douz Jesu, roi puissaunt ;
 Pur vus, dame, nus ama taunt,
 Dame, seiez nostre garaunt.

E nus par vus averum la vie ;
 Quar vus li estes si chere amye,
 Qe nule rien à vus desdie ;
 Pensez de nus, douce Marie.

Ave, de totes la plus digne ;
 Ave, de totes la plus benigne ;
 Ave, de totes graces signe ;
 Pur moi priez que su indigne.

Mostrez, dame, qe tu es mere
 A toun fitz e à toun pere ;
 A ly portez ma priere,
 Qe je pus vere sa chere,
 Tresdouce dame debonere.

Dame, moi donez vostre enfaunt,
 Qe de vus si fust l'estaunt,
 Par vostre douceour fetez taunt,
 Autre chose ne vous demaunt.

XXV.

[Fol. 77, v^o.]

DULCIS JHESU MEMORIA.

JESU, suete is the love of the,
Nothing so suete may be ;
Al that may with e3en se,
Haveth no suetnesse a3eynes the.

Jhesu, nothing may be suettere,
Ne noht on eorthe blysfulere,
Noht may be feled lykerusere,
Then thou so suete alumere.

Jhesu, thi love wes ous so fre,
That we from hevene brohten the ;
For love thou deore bohtest me,
For love thou hong on rode tre.

Jhesu, for love thou tholedest wrong,
Woundes sore ant pine strong ;
Thine peynes rykene hit were long,
Ne may hem tellen spel ne song.

Jhesu, for love thou dre3edest wo,
Blody stremes ronne the fro,
That thi bodi wes blak ant blo,
For oure sunnes hit wes so.

Jhesu, for love thou stehe on rode,
 For love thou seze thin heorte blode ;
 Love thou madest oure soule fode,
 Thi love us brohte to alle gode.

Jhesu, mi lemman, thou art so fre
 That thou degedest for love of me ;
 Whet shal y tharefore zelde the ?
 Thar nys noht bote hit love be.

Jhesu, my God, Jhesu, my kyng,
 Thou ne asked me non other thing,
 Bote trewe love ant eke servyng,
 Ant leve teres with suete mournyng.

Jhesu, my lyf, Jhesu, my lyht,
 Ich love the, ant that is ryht ;
 Do me love the with al mi myht,
 Ant for the mournen day ant nyht

Jhesu, do me so serven the,
 That ever mi thoht upon the be,
 With thine suete eȝen loke towart me,
 Ant myldeliche myne y preie al that thou se.

Jhesu, thi love be al mi thoht,
 Of other thing ne recche y noht ;
 Y ȝyrne to have thi wille y-wroht,
 For thou me havest wel deore y-boht.

Jhesu, thah ich sunful be,
Wel longe thou havest y-spared me,
The more oh ich to lovie the,
That thou me havest ben so fre,
Thy bac of thornes, thy nayles thre,
The sharpe spere that thourh-stong the.

Jesu, of love soth tocknynge,
Thin armes spreadeth to mankynde,
Thin heved doun boweth to suete cussinge,
Thin side al openeth to love-longynge.

Jhesu, when ich thenke on the,
Ant loke upon the rode tre,
Thi suete body to-toren y se,
Hit maketh heorte to smerte me.

Jhesu, the quene that by the stod,
Of love teres he weop a flod ;
Thin woundes ant thin holy blod
Made hire huerte of dreori mod.

Jhesu, suete love the dude gredyn,
Love the made blod to sueten ;
For love thou were sore y-beten ;
Love the dude thi lyf to-leten.

Jhesu, fyf woundes ich fynde in the,
Thy love sprenges tacheth me,
Of blod ant water the streemes be,
Us to whosshe from oure fon thre.

Jhesu, my saule drah the to,
 Min heorte opene ant wyde un-do ;
 This hure of love to drynke so,
 That fleysshliche lust be al for-do.

Jhesu Crist, do me love the so,
 That wher y be ant what so y do,
 Lyf ne deth, weole ne wo,
 Ne do myn huerte the turne fro.

Marie, suete mayde fre,
 For Jhesu Crist byseche y the,
 Thi suete sone do lovie me,
 Ant make me worthi that y so be.

Jhesu, do me that for thi name
 Me liketh to dreze pyne ant shame,
 That is thy soule note ant frame,
 Ant make myn herte milde ant tame.

Jhesu, al that is fayr to se,
 Al that to fleyhs mai likyng be,
 Al worldes blisse to leten, me
 Graunte for the love of the.

Jhesu, in the be al my thoht,
 Of other blisse ne recchy noht,
 When ich of the mai felen oht,
 Thenne is my soule wel y-wroht.

Jhesu, 3ef thou for-letest me,
What may mi lykyng of that y-se,
Mai no god blisse with me be,
Or that thou come a3eyn to me.

Jesu, 3ef thou bist 3eorne bysoht,
When thou comest ant elles noht,
No fleishliche lust ne wicked thoht
In to myn heorte ne be y-broht.

Jesu, mi soule is spoused to the,
Ofte ych habbe mis-don a3eynes the,
Jhesu, thi merci is wel fre,
Jhesu, merci y crie to the.

Jhesu, with herte thi love y cràve,|
Hit bihoveth nede that ich hit havè ;
The deu of grace upon me lave,
Ant from alle harmes thou me save.

Jesu, from me be al that thyng,
That me may be to mislikyng ;
Al that is nede thou me bryng ;
To have thi love is my 3yrnyng.

Jhesu, mi lif of milde mod,
Mi soule hath gret neode of thi god,
Tak hire trenfole ant tholemod,
Ant ful hire of thi love blod

Jesu, my soule bidde y the,
 Everemore wel us be ;
 Jesu, al myhtful hevene kyng,
 Thi love is a wel derne thing.

Jesu, wel mai myn herte se,
 That milde ant meoke he mot be,
 Alle unthewes ant lustes fle,
 That felen wole the blisse of the.

Jesu, thah ich be unworthi
 To love the, loverd almyhti,
 Thi love me maketh to ben hardy,
 Ant don me al in thin merci.

Jesu, thi mildenesse froreth me,
 For no mon mai so sunful be,
 3ef he let sunne ant to the fle,
 That ne fynd socour at the.

For sunful folk, suete Jesus,
 Thou lihtest from the heze hous,
 Pore ant loze thou were for ous.
 Thin heorte love thou sendest ous.

Jesu, for-thi byseche y the,
 Thi suete love thou graunte me,
 That ich thareto worthi be,
 Make me worthi that art so fre.

Jesu, thou art so god a mon,
Thi love y 3yrne also y con ;
Tharefore ne lette me nomon,
Thah ich for love be blac ant won.

Jesu, al suete, Jesu, al god,
Thi love drynketh myn heorte blod,
Thi love maketh me so swythe wod,
That y ne drede for no flod.

Jesu, thi love is suete ant strong
Mi lif is al on the y-long,
Tech me, Jhesu, thi love song,
With suete teres ever among.

Jesu, do me to serven the,
Wher in londe so y be ;
When ich the fynde, wel ys me,
3ef thou ne woldest a-vey fle.

Jesu, 3ef thou from me go,
Mi soule is fol of serewe ant wo ;
Whet may I sugge, bote wolawo !
When mi lif is me at-go ?

Jesu, thin ore thou rewe of me ;
For whenne shal ich come to the ;
Jesu, thi lore biddeth me,
With al myn herte lovie the.

Jesu, mi lif, Jhesu, my kyng,
My soule haveth to the 3yrnyng ;
When thi wille is, to the hire bryng,
Thou art suetest of alle thyng.

Jesu, that deore bostest me,
Make me worthi come to the,
Alle mi sunnes for-3ef thou me,
That ich with blisse the mowe se.

Jesu, so feir, Jhesu, so briht,
That I biseche with al my myht,
Bring mi soule into the lyht,
Ther is day withoute nyht.

Jesu, thin help at myn endyng,
Ant ine that dredful out wendyng,
Send mi soule god weryyng,
That y ne drede non eovel thing.

Jesu, thi grace that is so fre
In siker hope do thou me,
At-scapien peyne ant come to the,
To the blisse that ay shal be.

Jesu, Jesu, ful wel ben he
That yne thi blisse mowen be,
Ant fulliche hadde the love of the !
Suede Jesu, thou graunte it me !

Jesu, thy love haveth non endyng,
 Ther nis no screwe ne no wepyng,
 Bote joie ant blisse ant lykyng ;
 Suete Jesu, hare-to us bryng ! AMEN.

XXVI.

[Fol. 78, v^o].

Une petite parole, seigneurs, escotez,
 De ce que je vus counterai ne me blamerez
 Mès moltz des biens apre[n]dre,
 Si vus volez entendre,
 Trestous vous poez.
 Adam fust premerement
 Le premer fet de tote gent,
 Après Dieu meismes fust fourmé,
 Come en Escrit nus est mostré ;
 E Eve de soun un côté,
 Come Dieu voleit, fust taillé,
 La quele primes fist pecchié,
 Dount nus fumes touz dampné.
 Ce vist Jhesu le Salveour,
 De tot le mound creatour,
 Que en li fust nostre socour,
 Nostre eyde e nostre honour ;
 Homme devynt e enfaunt,
 E pur nus soffry peyne graunt ;

Molt nus fust verroi amaunt,
Ne se feyna taunt ne quaunt,
En la croiz si fu mounté,
E soun cuer par mi percé.
Alas ! qe tant serroit pené,
Cil qe unque ne fist pecchié !
Des espines fust coronée,
E d'escourges flaelé,
Fel à boyvre ly fust doné.
Molt devons aver grant pieté
De sa benigne humilité ;
Ne fust orgoil en ly trové,
Que pout tendre à nul pecchié ;
Pur ce vus pri remenez
Quei il soffry pur nos pecchiez,
E de ly sovent pensez,
Quant vus estes rien tempez,
De pecchié fere ou folie,
De averice ou envie,
De hayne ou de lecherie,
De coveytise ou glotonie,
Ou de orgoil ensement,
Qe est racyne verroiement
De tous mals ou de tous pecchiez :
Pur Dieu ! de ly vus Dieu gardez !
Quar Lucifer par cel pecchié,
Que fust de Dieu molt bien amé,
E en ciel molt halt mounté,
En enfern chiet tot parfound,
Là où touz remeyndrout

Que en orguil sunt pris,
Yleque serrount il tot dis ;
E pur ce si vus seiez
En grant honour enhauncez,
E de grant saver aournez,
Ou de grant force on bealtez,
De ce ne vus enorguyllez,
Pensez de vus meismes salver,
E quant temps est à Dieu servyr,
Ne pas tous jours à gayner ;
Ne facez pas come les uns fount,
Que de Dieu rien ne pensount,
Mès tot ount doné lur cuer
Nuit e jour à lur gaigner,
Des queux il fet à merviler,
De Dieu ne pensent, ne de sa mort,
Mès si il puissent rien à tort
Gaygner par nulle faucine,
Ou par robberie ou par ravynce,
De averice sunt englywé,
Q'est un mortel pecchié,
Jamès ne quident assez aver ;
Mès come la terre lur dust failer ;
De quele gent fet à doter,
Si il ne se vueillent amender.
Pur ce vus pri-je bonement
Qe vus donez entendement,
E ce qe vus oiez counter,
Afforcez-vus de ce tener,
E après cel trestouz overyr.

Ne coveitez pas autrui bienz
A tort aver pur nulle rienz ;
Mès qe dount vivre assez eyez,
Lealmentz travilez ;
E si rien eiez à tort,
Purpensez-vus devant la mort
Yce rendre, si vus poez,
A ly de qui vus le avyez :
Si il seit mort qe vus quidez,
Pur sa alme le donez,
Issi qe en peril ne seiez,
Pur ce qe devant Jesu
De respoundre sumes tenu
De quanqe nus avoms rescu ;
Molt serra estroit acounte,
Molt en averunt il grant hounte
Que lors serrunt accusez,
E de lur pecchiez reprovez :
Touz nos faitz e touz nos ditz,
Que en pecchié nus ount mys,
Serrount en nos frountz escritz ;
Yl n'y avera nul pleder,
Jour de amour, ne acorder,
Ne nul qe purra acounter
Pur argent ne pur or gaygner.
Alas ! que froms nus ycel jour,
Quant Jesu vendra, le Salveour,
Trestot come il fust crucifié,
E come il fust des Gyws pené,
E come il fust al cuer naufré,

Piés e meyns par mi piercé ?
 Riant ne serra nul trové,
 Que ly averount regard ;
 Molt serra hidous quant jugera ;
 N'y avera nul qe noise fra ;
 Chescun serra rewerdoné
 Come il avera deservy gré.
 En grant joie les bons irrount,
 E là sauntz fyn remeindrount,
 Oû totes maneres de joies sunt.
 Pur ce vus vueil-je or garnyr,
 Que vus pensez à Dieu servyr,
 E la joie graunde aver
 Que nulle lange puet counter.
 Ycel nus doint ly Salveour,
 De cel e terre empereour !
 Amen, amen, pur sa doucour !

XXVII.

[Fol. 79, ro.]

“ STOND wel, moder, under rode,
 By-holt thy sone with glade mode ;
 blythe, moder, myht thou be.”
 “ Sone, hou shulde y blithe stonde ?
 Y se thin fet, y se thin honde,
 nayled to the harde tre.”

“ Moder, do wey thy wepinge :
Y thole deth for mankynde,
for my gult thole y non.”
“ Sone, y fele the dede stounde,
The suert is at myn herte grounde,
that me byhet Symeon.”

“ Moder, merci, let me deye,
For Adam out of helle beye,
ant his kun that is for-lore.”
“ Sone, what shal me to rede ?
My peyne pyneth me to dede,
lat me de3e the by-fore !”

“ Moder, thou rewe al of thi bern,
Thou wosshe a-wai the bloody tern,
hit doth me worse then my ded.”
“ Sone, hou may y teres werne ?
Y se the bloody stremes erne
from thin herte to my fet.”

“ Moder, nou y may the seye,
Betere is that ich one deye,
then al monkunde to helle go.”
“ Sone, y se thi bodi byswngen,
Fet ant honden thourh-out stongen,
no wonder thah me be wo.”

“ Moder, now y shal the telle,
3ef y ne de3e, thou gost to helle,
y thole ded for thine sake.”

“ Sone, thou art so meke ant mynde,
Ne wyt me naht, hit is my kynde,
that y for the this sorewe make.”

“ Moder, nou thou miht wel leren,
Whet sorewe haveth that children beren,
whet sorewe hit is with childe gon.”
“ Sorewe y-wis, y con the telle ;
Bote hit be the pyne of helle,
more sorewe wot y non.”

“ Moder, rew of moder kare,
For nou thou wost of moder fare,
thou thou be clene mayden mon.”

“ Sone, help at alle nede
Alle tho that to me grede,
maiden, wif, ant fol wymmon.”

“ Moder, may y no lengore duelle,
The time is come y shal to helle,
the thridde day y ryse upon.”

“ Sone, y wil with the founden,
Y deye y-wis for thine wounden,
so soreweful ded nes never non.”

When he ros, tho fel hire sorewe,
Hire blisse sprong the thridde morewe,
blythe moder were thou tho.
Levedy, for that ilke blisse,
Bysech thi sone of sunnes lisse,
thou be oure sheld azeyn oure fo.

Blessed be thou, ful of blysse,
 Let us never hevene misse,
 thourh thi suete sones myht!
 Loverd, for that ilke blod,
 That thou sheddest on the rod,
 thou bring us in to hevene lyht AMEN.

XXVIII.

[Fol. 79, vo.]

JESU, for thi muchele miht,
 thou ȝef us of thi grace,
 That we mowe dai ant nyht
 thenken o thi face.
 In myn herte hit doth me god,
 When y thenke on Jesu blod,
 that ran doun bi ys syde,
 From his herte doun to his fot,
 For ous he spradde is herte blod,
 his wondes were so wyde.

When y thenke on Jhesu ded,
 min herte over-werpes,
 Mi soule is won so is the led
 for my fole werkes.
 Ful wo is that ilke mon,
 That Jhesu ded ne thenkes on,
 what he soffrede so sore!

For my synnes y wil wete,
Ant alle y wyle hem for-lete
nou ant evermore.

Mon that is in joie ant blis,
ant lith in shame ant synne,
He is more then un-wis
that ther-of nul nout blynne.
Al this world hit geth a-way,
Me thynketh hit nezyth domesday,
nou man gos to grounde ;
Jhesu Crist that tholede ded,
He may oure soules to hevene led,
withinne a lutel stounde.

Thah thou have al thi wille,
thenk on Godes wondes,
For that we ne shulde spille,
he tholede harde stoundes ;
Al for mon he tholede ded,
3yf he wyle leve on is red,
ant leve his folie,
We shule have joie ant blis,
More then we conne seien y-wys
in Jesu compaignie.

Jhesu, that wes milde ant fre,
wes with spere y-stonge ;
He was nailed to the tre,
with scourges y-swongen.

Al for mon he tholedde shame,
Withouten gult, withouten blame,
 bothe day ant other.
Mon, ful muchel he lovede the,
When he wolde make the fre,
 ant bicomme thi brother.

XXIX.

[Fol. 80, r^o.]

I SYKE when y singe,
 for sorewe that y se,
When y with wypinge
 biholde upon the tre,
Ant se Jhesu the suete,
Is herte blod for-lete,
 for the love of me ;
Ys woundes waxen wete,
Thei wepen stille ant mete :
 Marie, reweth the.

Heze upon a doune,
 ther al folk hit se may,
A mile from uch toune,
 aboute the midday,
The rode is up arered,
His frendes aren afered
 ant clyngeth so the clay ;

The rode stond in stone,
Marie stont hire one,
 ant seith, wey-la-way !

When y the biholde
 with eyzen bryhte bo,
Ant thi bodi colde,
 thi ble waxeth blo,
Thou hengest al of blode,
So heze upon the rode,
 bituene theves tuo,
Who may syke more ?
Marie wepeth sore,
 ant siht al this wo.

The naylles beth to stronge,
 the smythes are to sleye,
Thou bledest al to longe,
 the tre is al to heyze ;
The stones beoth al wete,
Alas ! Jhesu the suete,
 for nou frend hast thou non,
Bote Seint Johan to-mournynde,
Ant Marie wepynde,
 for pyne that the ys on.

Ofte when y sike
 ant makie my mon,
Wel ille thah me like,
 wonder is hit non,

When y se honge heze,
 Ant bittre pynes dreze,
 Jhesu, my lemmon ;
 His wondes sore swerte,
 The spere al to is herte
 ant thourh is sydes gon.

Ofte when y syke,
 with care y am thourh-soht,
 When y wake y wyke,
 of serewe is al mi thoht ;
 Alas ! men beth wode,
 That suereth by the rode,
 ant selleth him for noht,
 That bohte us out of synne !
 He bring us to wyne,
 that hath us duere boht !

XXX.

[Fol. 80, r^o.]

Nou skruketh rose ant lylic flour,
 That whilen ber that suete savour,
 in somer, that suete tyde ;
 Ne is no quene so stark ne stour,
 Ne no levedy so bryht in bour,
 that ded ne shal by-glyde.

Whose wol fleysh lust for-gon,
 ant hevene blis abyde,
On Jhesu be is thoht anon,
 that therled was ys side.

From Petresbourh in o morewenyng
As y me wende omy pleyzyng,
 on mi folie y thohte,
Menen y gon my mournyng
To hire that ber the hevene kyng,
 of merci hire by-sohte :
Ledy, preye thi sone for ous,
 that us duere bohte,
Ant shild us from the lothe hous
 that to the fend is wrohte.

Myn herte of dedes wes for-dred,
Of synne that y have my fleish fed,
 ant folewed al my tyme ;
That y not whider I shal be led,
When y lygge on dethes bed,
 in joie ore in to pyne.
On o ledy myn hope is,
 moder ant virgyne,
Whe shulen in to hevene blis
 thurh hire medicine.

Betere is hire medycyn,
Then eny mede or eny wyn ;
 hire erbes smulleth suete ;

From Catenas in to Dyvelyn,
Nis ther no leche so fyn,
 oure serewes to bete.
Mon that feleth eni sor,
 ant his folie wol lete,
Withoute gold other eny tresor
 he mai be sound ant sete.

Of penaunce is his plastre al,
Ant ever serven hire y shal,
 nou ant al my lyve ;
Nou is fre that er wes thral,
Al thourh that levedy gent ant smal,
 heried by hyr joies fyve.
Wher so eny sek ys,
 thider hye blyve ;
Thurh hire beoth y-broht to blis
 bo mayden ant wyve.

For he that dude is body on tre,
Of oure sunnes have pieté,
 that weldes heovene boures ;
Wymmon with thi jolyfté,
 thou thench on Godes shoures
Thah thou be whyt ant bryth on ble,
 falewen shule thy floures.
Jesu, have merci of us,
 that al this world honoures ! AMEN.

XXXI.

[Fol. 80, vo.]

“ My deth y love, my lyf ich hate, for a levedy shene,
Heo is brith so daies liht, that is on me wel sene ;
Al y falewe so doth the lef in somer when hit is grene,
3ef mi thoht helpeth me noht, to wham shal y me mene,

Sorewe ant syke ant drery mod byndeth me so faste,
That y wene to walke wod, 3ef me lengore laste ;
Myserewe, my care, al with a word, he myhte a-wey caste,
Whet helpeth the, my suete lemmon, my lyf thus forte
gaste ?”

“ Do wey, thou clerc, thou art a fol, with the bydde y
noht chyde ;
Shalt thou never lyve that day, mi love that thou shalt
byde ;
3ef thou in my boure art take, shame the may bi-tyde,
The is bettere on fote gon, then wycked hors to ryde.”

“ Wey-la-wei ! whi seist thou so ? thou rewe on me, thy
man ;
Thou art ever in my thoht, in londe wher ich am ;
3ef y de3e for thi love, hit is the mykel sham ;
Thou lcte me lyve, ant be thy luef, ant thou my suete
lemman.”

“ Be stille, thou fol, y calle the ritht, cost thou never
blynne ;

Thou art wayted day ant nyht with fader ant al my kynne ;
Be thou in mi bour y-take, lete they for no synne,
Me to holde ant the to slon, the deth so thou maht
wynne.”

“ Suete ledy, thou wend thi mod, sorewe thou wolt me
kythe ;

Ich am al so sory mon, so ich was whylen blythe ;
In a wyndou ther we stod, we custe us fyfty sythe ;
Feir biheste maketh mony mon al is serewes mythe.”

“ Wey-la-vey ! whi seist thou so ? mi serewe thou
makest newe ;

Y lovede a clerk al par amours, of love he wes ful trewe,
He nes nout blythe never a day, bote he me sone seze,
Ich lovede him betere then my lyf, whet bote is hit to
leze ?”

“ Whil y wes a clerc in scole, wel muchel y couthe of
lore,

Ych have tholed for thy love woundes fele sore ;
Fer from [hom] ant eke from men under the wode gore ;
Suete ledy, thou rewe of me, nou may y no more.”

“ Thou semest wel to ben a clerc, for thou spekest so
stille ;

Shalt thou never for mi love woundes thole grylle ;
Fader, moder, ant al my kun, ne shal me holde so stille,
That y nam thyn ant thou art myn, to don al thi wille.”

XXXII.

[Fol. 80, vo.]

WHEN the nyhtegale singes, the wodes waxen grene,
 Lef ant gras ant blosme springes in Averyl, y wene,
 Ant love is to myn herte gon with one spere so kene,
 Nyht ant day my blod hit drynkes, myn herte deth me
 tere.

Ich have loved al this ȝer, that y may love namore,
 Ich have siked moni syk, lemmon, for thin ore;
 Me nis love never the ner, ant that me reweth sore.
 Suete lemmon, thench on me, ich have loved the ȝore.

Suete lemmon, y preye the of love one speche,
 Whil y lyve in world so wyde other nulle y seche;
 With thy love, my suete leof, mi blis thou mihtes eche,
 A suete cos of thy mouth mihte be my leche.

Suete lemmon, y preȝe the of a love bene;
 ȝef thou me lovest, ase men says, lemmon, as y wene,
 Ant ȝef hit thi wille be, thou loke that hit be sene,
 So muchel y thenke upon the, that al y waxe grene.

Bituene Lyncolne ant Lyndeseye, Norhamptoun ant
 Lounde,

Ne wot y non so fayr a may as y go fore y-bounde;
 Suete lemmon, y preȝe the thou lovie me a stounde,
 Y wole mone my song on wham that hit ys on y-long.

XXXIII.

[Fol. 81, r^o.]

BLESSED be thou, levedy, ful of heovene blisse,
Suede flur of parays, moder of mildenesse,
Preyze Jhesu thy sone, that he me rede ant wysse,
So my wey forte gon, that he me never misse.

Of the, suete levedy, my song y wile byginne,
Thy deore suete sones love thou lere me to wynne ;
Ofte y syke ant serewe among, may y never blynne,
Levedi, for thi milde mod, thou shilde me from synne.

Mync thohtes, levedy, maketh me ful wan,
To the y crie ant calle, thou here me for thi man ;
Help me, hevene quene, for thyn ever ycham,
Wisse me to thi deore sone, the weies y ne can.

Levedy, seinte Marie, for thi milde mod,
Soffre never that y be so wilde ne so wod,
That ich her for-leose the that art so god,
That Jhesu me to-bohte with is to suete blod.

Bryhte ant shene, sterre cler, lyht thou me ant lere,
In this false fykel world my selve so to bere,
That y ner at myn endyng have the feond to fere ;
Jesu, mid thi suete blod thou bohtest me so dere.

Levedi, seinte Marie, so fair ant so briht,
 Al myn help is on the bi day ant by nyht,
 Levedi fre, thou shilde me so wel as thou myht,
 That y never for-leose heveriche lyht.

Levedy, seinte Marie, so fayr ant so hende,
 Preye Jhesu Crist thi sone, that he me grace sende,
 So to queme him ant the, er ich henne wende,
 That he me bringe to the blis that is withouten ende.

Ofte y crie merci, of mylse thou art welle,
 Alle buen false that bueth mad bothe of fleyshe ant felle;
 Levedi suete, thou us shild from the pine of helle,
 Bring us to the joie that no tonge hit may of telle.

Jhesu Crist, Godes sone, fader ant holy gost,
 Help us at oure nede, as thou hit al wel wost;
 Bring us to thin riche ther is joie most,
 Let us never hit misse for non worldes bost!

XXXIV.

[Fol. 81 v^o.]

ASE y me rod this ender day,
 By grene wode to seche play,
 Mid herte y thohte al on a may,
 suetest of alle thinge;
 Kythe, ant ichou telle may
 al of that suete thinge.

This maiden is suete ant fre of blod,
 Briht ant feyr, of milde mod,
 Alle heo mai don us god,
 thurh hire bysechyng;e;
 Of hire he tok fleysh ant blod,
 Jhesu hevene kynge.

With al mi lif y love that may,
 He is mi solas nyht ant day,
 My joie ant eke my beste play,
 ant eke my love-longynge;
 Al the betere me is that day
 that ich of hire synge.

Of alle thinge y love hire mest,
 My dayes blis, my nyhtes rest,
 Heo counseileth ant helpeth best
 bothe elde ant ȝynge;
 Now y may ȝef y wole
 the fif joyes mynge.

The furst joie of that wynman,
 When Gabriel from hevene cam,
 Ant seide God shulde bicomē man,
 ant of hire be bore,
 Ant bringe up of helle pyn
 monkyn that wes for-lore.

That other joie of that may,
 Wes o Cristesmasse day,
 When God wes bore on thore lay,

ant brohte us lyhtnesse ;
Thestri wes seie byfore day,
this hirdes bereth wytnesse.

The thridde joie of that levedy,
That men clepeth the Epyphany,
When the kynges come wery,
to presente hyre sone
With myrre, gold, ant encenz,
that wes mon bicom.

The furthe joie we telle mawen,
On Ester morewe wen hit gon dawen,
Hyre sone that wes slawen,
aros in fleyshe ant bon ;
More joie ne mai me haven
wyf ne mayden non.

The fifte joie of that wymman,
When hire body to hevene cam,
The soule to the body nam,
ase hit wes woned to bene ;
Crist leve us alle with that wymman
that joie al forte sene.

Preye we alle to oure levedy,
Ant to the sontes that woneth hire by,
That heo of us haven merci,
ant that we ne misse
In this world to ben holy,
ant wyne hevene blysse ! AMEN.

XXXV.

[Fol. 83, ro.]

MAYDEN moder milde,
oiez cel oreysoun ;
 From shome thou me shilde,
e de ly malfeloun.
 For love of thine childe,
me menez de tresoun ;
 Ich wes wod ant wilde,
ore su en prisoun.

Thou art feyr ant fre,
e plein de doucour ;
 Of the sprong the ble,
ly sovereign creatour ;
 Mayde, byseche y the,
vostre seint socour,
 Meoke ant mylde, be with me,
pur la sue amour.

Tho Judas Jesum founde,
donque ly beysa ;
 He wes bete ant bounde,
que nus tous fourma ;
 Wyde were is wounde,
qe le Gyw ly dona ;
 He tholedde harde stounde,
mè poi le greva.

On stou ase thou stode,
pucele, tot pensaunt,
 Thou retest the under rode,
ton fitz veites pendant ;
 Thou seze is sides of blode, *
l'alme de ly partaunt ;
 He ferede uch an fode,
en mound que fust vivaunt.

Ys siden were sore,
le sang de ly cora ;
 That lond wes for-lore,
mès il le rechata.
 Uch bern that wes y-bore,
en enfern descenda ;
 He tholedeth therfore,
en ciel puis mounta.

Tho Pilat herde the tydynges,
molt fu joyous baroun ;
 He lette byfore him brynge
Jesu Nazaroun.
 He was y-crouned kynges,
pur nostre redempcioun ;
 Whose wol me synge,
avera grant pardoun.

■

XXXVI.

[Fol. 106, ro.]

God, that al this myhtes may,
in hevene ant erthe thy wille ys oo,
Ichabbe be losed mony a day,
er ant late y be thy foo ;
Ich wes to wyte ant wiste my lay,
longe habbe holde me ther-fro ;
Vol of merci thou art ay,
al ungreythe icham to the to go.

To go to him that hath ous boht,
my gode deden bueth fol smalle
Of the werkes that ich ha wroht,
the beste is bittrore then the galle.
My god ich wiste, y nolde hit noht,
in folie me wes luef to falle ;
When y my self have thourh-soht,
y knowe me for the wrst of alle.

God, that degedest on the rod,
al this world to forthren ant fylle,
For ous thou sheddest thi suete blod,
that y ha don me lyketh ylle ;
Bote er azeyn the stith y stod,
er ant late, loude ant stille,
Of myne deden fynde y non god,
Lord, of me thou do thy wille.

In herte ne myhte y never bowe,
ne to my kunde loverd drawe ;
My meste vo ys my loves trowe,
Crist ne stod me never hawe ;
Ich holde me vilore then a Gyw,
ant y my self wolde bue knowe ;
Lord, merci rewe me now,
reyse up that ys falle lowe.

God, that al this world shal hede,
thy gode myht thou hast in wolde,
On erthe thou com for oure nede,
for ous sunful were boht ant solde ;
When we bueth dempned after ur dede,
a domesday when ryhtes bueth tolde,
When we shule suen thy wounde blede,
to speke thenne we bueth unbolde.

Unbold icham to bidde the bote,
swythe unreken ys my rees ;
Thy wille ne wellth ner a fote,
to wickede werkis y me chees ;
Fals y wes in crop ant rote,
when y seyde thy lore was lees ;
Jesu Crist, thou be mi bote,
so boun icham to make my pees.

Al unreken is my ro,
Loverd Crist, whet shal y say ?
Of myne deden fynde y non fro,
ne nothyng that y thenke may.

Unwrth icham to come the to,
y serve the nouthen nyht ne day ;
In thy merci y me do,
God, that al this myhtes may.

XXXVII.

[Fol. 106, r^o.]

LUSTNETH alle a lutel throwe,
3e that wolleth ou selve y-knowe,
unwys thah y be,
Ichulle telle ou ase y con,
Hou holy wryt speketh of mon,
herkneth nou to me.

The holy mon sayth in his bok,
That mon is worm ant wormes kok,
ant wormes he shal vede ;
When is lif is hym by-reved,
In is rug ant in his heved
he shal foule wormes brede.

The fleyhs shal rotie from the bon,
The senewes untuen everuchon,
the body shal to-fye ;
3e that wolleth that sothe y suen,
Under grases ther hue buen,
byholdeth wet ther lye.

Mon is mad of feble fom,
Ne hath he no syker hom,
to stunte alle wey stille ;
Ys ryhte stude is elles wer,
Jhesu, bring us alle ther,
3ef hit be thy wille !

The fleysh stont a3eyn the gost,
When thou shalt de3e, ner thou nost
nouthen day ne nyht ;
On stede ne sitte thou ner so he3e,
3et a-last thou shalt de3e,
greyth the whil thou myht.

In false wonyng is monnes lyf,
When deth draweth is sharpe knyf,
do the sone to shryve ;
For 3ef thou const loke ariht,
Nast thou nothyng bote fyht,
whil thou art a-lyve.

Nou thou hast wrong, ant nou ryht ;
Nou thou art hevy, ant nou lyht ;
thou lepest ase a roo ;
Nou thou art sekest, ant nou holdest ;
Nou thou art rychest, ant nou porest ;
nis this mucche woo ?

Thy fleysh ne swyketh nyht ne day,
Hit wol han eyse whil hit may,
ant the soule sayth, "nay ;

3ef ich the buere to muche meth,
Thou wolt me bringe to helle deth,
ant wo that lesteth ay."

Thus hit geth bituene hem tuo,
That on saith, let, that other seyth, do,
ne conne hue nout lynne ;
Wel we mowe alle y-se,
The soule shulde maister be,
The pris forte wynne.

Ne be thou nout thi fleish uncouth,
Loke wet cometh out of thy mouth,
ant elles wher wythoute ;
3ef thou nymest wel god keep,
Ne fyndest thou non so fyl dung-heep,
ant thou loke aboute.

Nou thou hast in that foul hous,
A thyng that is ful precious,
ful duere hit ys aboht ;
Icholde the ful wilde ant wod,
3ef thou lesest so muche god,
ant 3evest hit for noht.

Mon, be war ant eke wis,
3ef thou fallest, sone arys,
ne ly thou none stounde ;
With al thi myhte thou do this,
Thy soule sit ant soth hit ys,
blysse ichave y-founde.

Mon, thou havest wicked fon,
The alre worst is that on,
 here nomes y shal telle ;
Thyn onne fleysh, thy worldes fend,
That best shulde be thy frend,
 that most doth the to quelle.

Thou clothest him in feir shroud,
Ant makest thy fomon fat ant proud,
 3ef y durste seyn ;
Thou dest thy selve muche wrong,
Thou makest him so fat ant strong,
 to fyhte the a3eyn.

Do my counsail ant my reed,
Withdrah hym ofte of is breed,
 ant 3ef him water drynke ;
Ne let hym nothing ydel go,
Bote pyne do hym ant wo,
 ant ofte let hym swynke.

Coveytise of mony thyng,
The world the bringeth in fleish lykyng,
 ant 3eveth the more ant more ;
Fals he is, ant feyr he semeth,
Arle best when he the quemeth,
 he byndeth the fol sore.

Thenne shal he go to noht,
Nast thou nothing hyder y-broht,
 ne nout shalt buere wyth the ;

Thou shalt alone go thy wey,
Withoute stede ant palefrey,
 withoute gold ant fee.

Lucifer, that foule wyht,
That wes him selve so feyr ant bryht,
 thurh prude fel to helle;
With foule wille ant foul thoht,
He fondeth bringe the to noht,
 ant the forte quelle.

Thench that he the nes nout god,
He wolde have thyn huerte blod,
 war the for his hokes;
Do nou ase ichave the seyð,
Ant alle thre shule ben aleyd,
 with huere foule crokes.

3ef thou seist my spel ys hard,
That thou ne mist this foreward
 holde ne dreȝe;
A lutel thyng y aske the,
Sey me soth par charité,
 Ther-of that thou ne lye.

Wher beth hue by-foren us were,
Lordes, ledyes, that havekes bere,
 haden feld ant wode;
The ryche ladies in huere bour,
That wereden gold on huere tressour,
 with huere bryhte rode?

Hue eten-ant dronken ant maden huem glad,
Huere lyf al with joie y-lad,
 me knelede huem by-fore ;
Hue beren huem so swythe heze,
Ant in a twynglyng of an eze
 so hue buen for-lore.

Wher bueth hue thy wedes longe ?
This muchele murthe, joie, ant songe,
 this havekes ant this houndes ?
Al that weole is wend a-way,
Ant al is turnd to wey-la-wey !
 to monye harde stoundes.

Huere parais hue maden here,
Ant nou hue liggeth in helle y-fere,
 that fur huem berneth ever ;
Stronge y pyne ant stronge in wo,
Longe is ay, ant longe ys o,
 out ne cometh hue never.

3ef the feond, the foule thyng,
Thourh wycked werk, other eggyng,
 a-doun hath the y-cast ;
Up ant be god champioun,
Stond, ant fal no more adoun
 for a lutel blast.

Tac the rode to thy staf,
Ant thenk on him that for the 3af
 his lyf, that wes so luef ;
He hit 3ef, thou thonke hym ;
A3eyn thy fo such staf thou nym,
 ant wreck the on that thuef.

XXXVIII.

[Fol. 112, r^o.]

Femmes à la pye
Portent compaignye
 en maners e en mours ;
Escotez que vus dye,
E quele assocye
 yl tiennent en amours.
La pie de costume
Porte penne e plume
 de divers colours ;
E femme se delite
En estraunge habite,
 de divers atours.

La pie ad longe cowe
Que pend en la bowe,
 pur la pesauncie ;
E femme fet la sowe
Plus long que nule cowe
 de poun ou de pye.

La pie est jangleresse,
E reelement cesse
 de mostrer où ele est ;
E la femme pur son us,
D'assez jangle plus ;
 issi nature crest.

Par jangle de la pie
Um vient à troverye,
de gopyl e de chat;
Femme par parole
Meynt honme afole,
e ly rend tot mat.

Vus trovez la pye
Si pleyn de boydie,
que ele se garde bien;
Mès la femme pase
La pie en cele grace,
quar ele ne doute rien.

La pie en arbre haut
En freit e en chant,
prent soun repos;
E femme velt reposer
En hauteesse de cuer,
e de syre los.

La pie quant ele greve,
Countre son mary leve,
e l'enchace de ly;
E femme de grant cuer,
Son baroun par tencer
fet autresy.
Pur icele gyse,
Je lou que um se avyse,
avaunt qu'il soit mary.

E nequedent la pye
Soun compaignoun espye,

de quel part s'en va;
 E la femme auxi
 Espie son mary,
 par gelosie que ele a.

La pie par yre
 Les gardyns empire,
 par braunche debruser ;
 E en femme corocée
 Rien serra celée,
 quant ele se puet venger.

Hom dit que la pie
 En sa nature crye,
 il nus viegnent gestes ;
 E la femme puet dire
 A soun mary, " syre,
 par moi averez blestes."

La pie siet musser,
 Quange ele puet gayner,
 en un privé lu ;
 E la femme se purveit,
 Avant qe ele vidue seït,
 dount ert sustenu.

Bie[n] dust la pie,
 Queïqe um en die,
 à femme estre chere ;
 Puis qe lur vie,
 Par tiele compagnie
 acordent en manere.

XXXIX.

[Fol. 114, vo.]

Mon in the mone stond ant strit,
on is bot forke is burthen he bereth ;
Hit is mucho wonder that he nadoun slyt,
for doute leste he valle he shoddreth ant shereth.
When the forst freseth, mucho chele he byd ;
the thornes beth kene, is hattren to-tereth ;
Nis no wytth in the world that wot wen he syt,
ne, bote hit bue the hegge, whet wedes he wereth.

Whider trowe this mon ha the wey take,
he hath set his o fot is other to-foren ;
For non hithte that he hath ne sytth me hym ner shake,
he is the sloweste mon that ever wes y-boren ;
Wher he were othe feld pycchynde stake,
for hope of ys thornes to dutten is doren,
He mot myd is twy-byl other trous make,
other al is dayes werk ther were y-loren.

This ilke mon upon heh when er he were,
wher he were ythe mone boren ant y-fed,
He leneth on is forke ase a grey frere,
this crokede caynard sore he is a-dred ;
Hit is mony day go that he was here,
ichot of is ernde he nath nout y-sped.
He hath hewe sum wher a burthen of brere,
tharefore sum hay-ward hath taken ys wed.

3ef thy wed ys y-take, bring hom the trous,
 sete forth thyn other fot, stryd over sty;
 We shule preye the hay-wart hom to ur hous,
 ant maken hym at heyse for the maystry;
 Drynke to hym deorly of fol god bous,
 ant oure dame douse shal sitten hym by,
 When that he is dronke ase a dreynt mous,
 thenne we shule borewe the wed ate bayly.

This mon hereth me nout, thah ich to hym crye;
 ichot the cherl is def, the Del hym to-drawe!
 Thah ich 3e3e upon heth nulle nout hye.
 the lostlase ladde con nout o lawe.
 Hupe forth, Hubert, hosede pye,
 ichot thart a-marstled in to the mawe.
 Thah me teone with hym that myn teh mye,
 the cherld nul nout a-doun er the day dawe.

XL.

[Fol. 128, ro.]

LUTEL wot hit anymon,
 how love hym haveth y-bounde,
 That for us othe rode ron,
 ant bohte us with is wounde.
 The love of him us haveth y-maked sounde,
 Ant y-cast the grimly gost to grounde;
 Ever ant oo, nyht ant day, he haveth us in is thohte,
 He nul nout leose that he so deore bohte.

He bohte us with is holy blod,
 what shulde he don us more ?
He is so meoke, milde, ant good,
 he nagulte nout ther-fore ;
That we han y-don, y rede we reowen sore,
Ant crien ever to Jhesu, Crist, thyn ore.
Ever ant oo, niht ant day, etc.

He seh his fader so wonder wroht,
 with mon that wes y-falle,
With herte sor he seide is oht
 whe shulde abuggen alle ;
His suete sone to hym gon clepe ant calle,
Ant preiede he moste deye for us alle.
Ever ant oo, etc.

He brohte us alle from the deth,
 ant dude us frendes dede ;
Suete Jhesu of Nazareth,
 thou do us hevene mede ;
Upon the rode, why nulle we taken hede,
His grene wounde so grimly conne blede.
Ever ant oo, etc.

His deope wounden bledeth fast,
 of hem we ohte munne ;
He hath ous out of helle y-cast,
 y-broht us out of sunne ;
For love of us his wonges waxeth thunne,
His herte blod he ȝef for al monkunne.
Ever ant oo, etc.

XLII.

[Fol. 128, ro.]

LUTEL wot hit anymon,
hou derne love may stonde;
Bote hit were a fre wymmon,
that muche of love had fonde.
The love of hire ne lesteth no wyht longe,
Heo haveth me plyht, ant wyteth me wyth wronge.
Ever ant oo, for my leof icham in grete thohte,
Y thenche on hire that y ne seo nout ofte.

Y wolde nemne hyre to day,
ant y dorste hire munne;
Heo is that feireste may,
of uch ende of hire kunne;
Bote heo me love, of me heo haves sunne,
Who is him that loveth the love that he ne may ner
y-wynne.
Ever ant oo, etc.

A-doun y fel to hire anon,
ant crie, ledy, thyn ore!
Ledy, ha mercy of thy mon!
lef thou no false lore.
3ef thou dost, hit wol me reowe sore,
Love dreccheth me that y ne may lyve namore.
Ever ant oo, etc.

Mury hit ys in hyre tour,
 wyth hatheles ant wyth heowes;
So hit is in hyre bour,
 with gomenes ant with gleowes;
Bote heo me lovyē, sore hit wol me rewe!
Wo is him that loveth the love that ner nul be trewe!
Ever ant oo, etc.

Fayrest fode upo loft,
 my gode luef, y the greete,
Ase fele sythe ant oft
 as dewes dropes beth weete;
As sterres beth in welkne, ant grasses sour ant suete;
Whose loveth untrewe, his herte is selde seete.
Ever ant oo, etc.

FINIS.

THE BOKE OF CURTASYE.

THE
BOKE OF CURTASYE,

An English Poem

OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

EDITED BY
JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ.

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PREFACE.

THE following poem, which is now for the first time printed, from MS. Sloane 1986 (a small manuscript on vellum, of the fourteenth century), is perhaps one of the most singular relics of the kind that could have been placed before the notice of the antiquarian reader. In style of composition it is very similar to the curious poem which I printed some time since in my "Early History of Freemasonry in England,"—in fact, so much so, that I am almost inclined to think, on comparing the two together, that they may possibly be the work of one writer. The same language, and in some instances the same phrases, may be distinctly traced.

Immediately following this poem, in the same manuscript, is another, in the same hand, entitled "Liber Cocorum," a poem on the science of cookery as practised by our ancestors in the fourteenth century. It is curious in its way, and I would suggest to some one who possesses sufficient leisure for the task, that a collection of

early tracts on cookery, including this, would be a curious and even valuable addition to archæological literature. Those who are engaged in researches of this nature, frequently feel a difficulty in ascertaining the precise meaning of early technical terms in the various arts and sciences ; the inconvenience of which would at least be considerably decreased by compilations of the kind just mentioned.

J. O. H.

■

THE BOKE OF CURTASYE.

HERE BEGYNNETHE THE FIRST BOKE OF
CURTASYE.

Qwoso wylle of curtesy lere,
In this boke he may hit here;
Yf thow be gentylmon, zomon, or knave,
The nedis nurture for to have.
Whenne thou comes to a lordis zate, 5
The porter thou shalle fynde therate;
Take hym thow shalt thy wepyn tho,
And aske hym leve in to go,
To speke with lorde, lady, squyer, or grome,
Ther to the nedys to take the tome; 10
ffor yf he be of logh degré,
Than hym falles to come to the;
Yf he be gentylmon of kynne,
The porter wille lede the to hym.

THE BOKE OF CURTASYE.

When thou come to the halle dor to, 15
 Do of thy hode, thy gloves also;
 Yf thou halle be at the furst mete,
 This lessoun loke thou nogt forzete,
 The stuard, countroller, and tresurere,
 Sittand at de deshe, thou haylse in fere. 20
 Within the halle sett on ayther side,
 Sitten other gentylmen as falle that tyde;
 Enclyne the fayre to hom also,
 ffirst to the ryght honde thou shalle go,
 Sitthen to the left hond thy negh thou cast, 25
 To hom thou bogh withouten wrast;
 Take hede to zomon on thy ryght honde,
 And sithen byfore the screne thou stonde,
 In myddys the halle opon the flore,
 Whille marshalle or ussher come fro the dore, 30
 And bydde the sitte or to borde the lede.
 Be stabulle of chere for menske, y rede;
 Yf he the sette at gentilmonnes borde,
 Loke thou be hynde and lytulle of worde.
 Pare thy brede and kerne in two, 35
 Tho over crust thou nether fro;
 In fowre thou kutt thou over dole,
 Sett hom togedur as hit where hole;
 Sithen kutt thou nether crust in thre,
 And turne hit downe, lerne this at me. 40
 And lay thy trenchour the before,
 And sitt upryght for any sore.
 Spare brede or wyne, drynke or ale,
 To thy messe of kochyne be sett in sale;

Lest men sayne thou art honge betene, 45
 Or ellis a gloten that alle men wytene.
 Loke thy naylys ben clene in blythe,
 Lest thy felaghe lothe ther wyth.
 Byt not on thy brede and lay hit down,
 That is no curtesye to use in towne; 50
 But breke as myche as thou wylle ete,
 The remelant to pore thou shalle lete.
 In peese thou ete, and ever eschewe
 To flyte at borde, that may the rewe;
 If thou make mawes on any wyse, 55
 A velany thou kacches or ever thou rise.
 Let never thy cheke be made to grete,
 With morselle of brede that thou shalle ete;
 An apys mow men sayne he makes,
 That brede and fleshe in hys cheke bakes. 60
 Yf any manne speke that tyme to the,
 And thou schalle onsware, hit wille not be,
 But waloande and abyde thou most,
 That is a schame for alle the host.
 On bothe halfe thy mouthe, yf that thou ete, 65
 Mony a skorne shalle thou gete.
 Thou shalle not lauzhe ne speke no thyng,
 Whille thi mouthe be fulle of mete or drynke;
 Ne suppe not with grete sowndyng,
 Nother potage ne other thyng. 70
 Let not thi sponde stond in thy dysche,
 Whether thou be served with fleshe or fische;
 Ne lay hit not on thy dishe syde,
 But clense hit honestly withouten pride.

THE BOKE OF CURTASYE.

Loke no browyng on thy fynger pore, 75
 Befoule the clothe the before.
 In thi dysche yf thou wete thy brede,
 Loke therof that noȝt be lede,
 To cast agayne thy dysche into,
 Thou art unhynde yf thou do so. 80
 Drye thy mouthe ay wele and fynde,
 When thou shalle drynke other ale or wyne.
 Ne calle thou noȝt a dysche aȝayne,
 That ys take fro the borde in playne;
 ȝif thou spit on the borde or elle opone, 85
 Thou shalle be holden an uncurtayse mon;
 Yy thy nowne dogge thou scrape or clawe,
 That is holden a vyse emong men knawe;
 Yf thy nose thou clense, as may befallē,
 Loke thy honde thou clense wythalle, 90
 Prively with skyrt do hit away,
 Or ellis thurgh thi tepet that is so gay.
 Clense not thi tethe at mete sittande,
 With knyfe ne stre, styk ne wande.
 While thou holdes mete in mouthe, be war 95
 To drynke, that is anhoneſt char,
 And also fysike forbedes hit,
 And ſais thou may be choket at that byt;
 Yf hit go thy wrang throte into,
 And ſtappe thy wynde, thou art fordo. 100
 Ne telle thou never at borde no tale,
 To harme or shame thy felawe in ſale;
 ffor if he then witholde his methe,
 Eftsone he wylle forcaſt thi dethe.

Whereso thou sitt at mete in borde, 105
Avoide the cat at on bare worde,
ffor yf thou stroke cat other dogge,
Thou art lyke an ape teyzed with a clogge.
Also eschewe, withouten stryfe,
To foule the borde-clothe with thy knyfe; 110
Ne blow not on thy drynke ne mete,
Nether for colde, nether for hete;
With mete ne bere thy knyfe to mowthe,
Whether thou be sett be strong or couthe;
Ne with tho borde do the thi tethe thou wype, 115
Ne thy nyen that rennen rede as may betyde.
Yf thou sitt by a ryght good manne,
This lessoun loke thou thenke apone.
Undur his thegh thy kne not pit,
Thou ar fulle lewed, yf thou dose hit; 120
Ne bacwarde sittande gyf nozt thy cupe,
Nother to drynke, nother to suppe.
Bidde thi frende take cuppe and drynke,
That is holden an honest thyng.
Lene not on elbowe at thy mete, 125
Nother for colde ne for hete;
Dip not thi thombe thy drynke into,
Thou art uncurtayse yf thou hit do;
In salt-saler yf that thou pit,
Other fisshe or flesshe that men may wyt, 130
That is a vyce as men me telles,
And gret wonder hit most be elles.
After mete when thou shalt wasshe,
Spitt not in basyn ne water thou dasshe;

THE BOKE OF CURTASYE.

Ne spit not lorely for no kyn mede, 135
Before no mon of God for drede.
Whosoever despise this lessoun ryȝt,
At borde to sitt he hase no myȝt;
Here endys now our fyrst talkyng,
Crist graunt us alle his dere blessyng ! 140

HERE ENDITHE THE [FIRST] BOKE OF CURTASYE.

THE BOKE OF CURTASYE.

THE SECONDE BOKE.

YFF that thou be a 3ong enfaunt,
And thenke tho scoles for to haunt,
This lessoun schulle thy maister the merke,
Cros Crist the spede in alle thi werke;
Sytthen thy *Pater Noster* he wille the teche, 145
As Cristes owne postles con preche;
After thy *Ave Maria* and thi *Crede*,
That shalle the save at dome of drede;
Thenne aftur to blesse the with the Trinité,
In nomine Patris teche he wille the; 150
Then with Marke, Mathew, Luke, and Jon,
With the *pro cruce* and the hegh name;
To shryve the in general thou schalle lere,
Thy *confiteor* and *misereatur* in fere;
To seche the kyngdam of God, my chylde, 155
Thereto y rede thou be not wylde.
Therefore worschip God, bothe olde and 3ong,
To be in body and soule y-liche strong.
When thou comes to the churche dore,
Take the haly water stondand on flore; 160
Rede or synge or byd prayeris
To Crist, for alle thy Crysten ferys;

THE BOKE OF CURTASYE.

Be curtayse to God, and knele down
 On bothe knees with grete devocioun.
 To mon thou shalle knele upon the toun, 165
 The tother to thyself thou halde alone.
 When thou ministers at the hegh autere,
 With bothe hondes thou serve tho prest in fere,
 The ton to stabulle, the tother
 Lest thou fayle, my dere brother. 170
 Another curtasye y wylle the teche,
 Thy fadur and modur, with mylde speche,
 Thou worschip and serve with alle thy myzt,
 That thou dwelle the lengur in erthely lyzt.
 To another man do no more amys, 175
 Then thou woldys be done of hym and hys,
 So Crist thou pleses, and gets the love
 Of menne and God that syttes above.
 Be not to meke, but in mene the holde,
 ffor ellis a fole thou wylle be tolde. 180
 He that to ryztwysnes wylle enclyne,
 As holy wryzt says us wele and fyne,
 His sede schalle never go seche nor brede,
 Ne suffur of mon no shames dede.
 To forgyf thou shalle the hast, 185
 To venjaunce loke thou come on last;
 Draw the to pese with alle thy strengthe.
 ffro stryf and bate draw the on lengthe.
 Yf mon aske the good for Goddys sake,
 And the wont thyng wherof to take, 190
 Gyf hym bone wordys on fayre manere,
 With glad semblaint and pure good cher.

Also of service thou shalle be fre
 To every mon in hys degré.
 Thou schalle never lose for to be kynde, 195
 That on forȝets another hase in mynde.
 Yf any man have part with the in gyft,
 With hym thou make an even skyft;
 Let hit not henge in honde for glose,
 Thou art uncurtayse yf thou hyt dose. 200
 To sayntes yf thou thy gate hase hyȝt,
 Thou schalle fulfyll hit with alle thy myȝt,
 Lest God the stryk with grete venjaunce,
 And pyt the into sore penaunce.
 Leve not alle men that speke the fayre, 205
 Whether that hit ben comyns, burges, or mayr;
 In swete wordis the nedder was closet,
 Disseyvaunt ever and mysloset;
 Therefore thou art of Adams blode,
 With wordis be ware, but thou be wode: 210
 A short worde is comynly sothe,
 That first slydes fro monnes tothe.
 Loke lyȝer never that thou become,
 Kepe thys worde for alle and somme.
 Lawȝe not to of[t] for no solace, 215
 ffor no kyn myrth that any man mase;
 Who lawes alle that men may se,
 A schrew or a fole hym semes to be.
 Thre enmys in thys world ther are,
 That coveytene alle men to for-fare,— 220
 The devel, the flesshe, the worlde also,
 That wyrken mankynde ful mykyl wo:

Yf thou may strye these thre enmys,
 Thou may be secur of hevene blys.
 Also, my chylde, agaynes thy lorde 225
 Loke thou stryfe with no kyn worde,
 Ne wajour non with hym thou lay,
 Ne at the dyces with him to play.
 Hym that thou knawes of gretter state,
 Be not hys felaw in rest ne bate. 230
 3if thou be stad in strange contré,
 Enserche no fyr then falle to the,
 Ne take no more to do on honde,
 Then thou may hafe menske of alle in londe.
 3if thou se any mon fal by strete, 235
 Lawegh not therat in drye ne wete,
 But helpe hym up with all thy myzt,
 As Seynt Ambrose the teches ryzt :
 Thou that stondys so sure on sete,
 Ware lest thy hede falle to thy fete. 240
 My chylde, yf thou stonde at tho masse,
 Ac undurstondis bothe more and lasse,
 Yf tho prest rede not at thy wylle,
 Repreve hym nozt, but holde the style.
 To any wyzt thy counselle yf thou schewe, 245
 Be war that he be not a schrewe,
 Lest he disclaundyr the with tong,
 Amonge alle men, bothe olde and zong.
 Bekenyng fynguryng non thou use,
 And pryvé rownyng loke thou refuse. 250
 Yf thou mete knyzt, zomon, or knave,
 Halys hym anon, " Syre, God 3ou save."

Yf he speke fyrst opon the pore,
 Onsware hym gladly withouten more.
 Go not forthe as a dombe freke, 255
 Syn God has left the tonge to speke ;
 Lest menne sey be sibbe or couthe,
 3ond is a mon withouten mouthe.
 Speke never dishonestly of woman kynde,
 Ne let hit never renne in thy mynde; 260
 The boke hym calle a chorle of chere,
 That vylany spekes be wemen sere:
 ffor alle we ben of wymmen borne,
 And oure fadurs us beforne ;
 Therfor hit is a unhonest thyng 265
 To speke of hem in any hething.
 Also a wyfe be falle of ryzt,
 To worschyp hyr husbonde bothe day and nyzt,
 To his byddyng be obediente,
 And hym to serve withouten offence. 270
 Yf two brether be at debate,
 Loke nother thou forther in hor hate,
 But helpe to staunche hom of malice,
 Then thou art frende to bothe i-wys.
 3if thou go with another at tho gate, 275
 And 3e be bothe of on astate,
 Be curtasye and let hym have the way,
 That is no vylanye, as men me say;
 And he be comen of gret kynraden,
 Go no before thawgh thou be beden ; 280
 And yf that he thy maystur be,
 Go not before, for curtasé,

Nother in fylde, wode, nother launde,
 Ne even hym with, but he commaunde.
 Yf thou schalle on pilgrimage go, 285
 Be not the thryd felaw for wele ne wo ;
 Thre oxen in plowgh may never wel drawe,
 Nother be craft, ryzt, ne lawe.
 3if thou be profert to drynk of cup,
 Drynke not al of, ne no way sup ; 290
 Drynk menskely and gyf agayne,
 That is a curtasye, to speke in playne.
 In bedde yf thou falle herberet, to be,
 With felawe, maystur, or her degré,
 Thou shalt enquer be curtasye 295
 In what part of the bedde he wylle lye;
 Be honest and lye thou fer hym fro,
 Thou art not wyse but thou do so.
 With woso menne, bothe fer and negh,
 The falle to go, loke thou be slegh 300
 To aske his nome and qweche he be,
 Whidur he will kepe welle thes thre.
 With freres on pilgrimage yf that thou go,
 That thei will 3yme wilne thou also,
 Als on nyzt thou take thy rest, 305
 And byde the day as tru mannes gest.
 In no kyn house that rede-mon is,
 Ne womon of tho same colour y-wys,
 Take never thy innes for no kyn nede,
 ffor those be folke that ar to drede. 810
 Yf any thurgh sturnes the oppose,
 Onswere hym mekely and make hym glose,

But glosand wordys that falsed is,
 fforsake and alle that is omys.
 Also yf thou have a lorde, 315
 And stondes byfore hym at the borde,
 While that thou speke kepe well thy honde,
 Thy fete also in pece let stonde;
 His curtasé nede he most breke,
 Stirraunt fyngurs too when he shall speke. 320
 Be stabulle of chere and sumwhat lyzt,
 Ne over alle wayne thou not thy syzt.
 Gase not on walles with thy negh,
 ffyr ne negh, logh ne hegh;
 Let not the post becum thy staf, 325
 Lest thou be callet a dotet daf;
 Ne delf thou never nose thyrle
 With thombe ne fyngur, as song gyrle;
 Rob not thy arme ne nozt hit claw,
 Ne bogh not done thy hede to law; 330
 Whil any man spekes with grete besenes,
 Herken his wordis withouten distresse.
 By strete or way yf thou shalle go,
 ffro thes two thynges thou kepe the fro,—
 Nother to harme chylde ne best, 335
 With castyng, turnyng west ne est;
 Ne chaunge thou not in face coloure,
 ffor lyghtnes of worde in halle ne boure;
 Yf thy vysage chaunge for nozt,
 Men say the trespas thou hase wroght. 340
 Byfore thy lorde ne mawes thou make,
 3if thou wyll curtasie with the take.

With hondes unwasshen take never thy mete,
ffro alle thes vices loke thou the kepe.

Loke thou sytt and make no stryf, 345

Where tho est commaundys or ellis tho wyf.

Eschewe the hezest place with wyn,

But thou be beden to sitt therin.

Of curtasie here endis the secunde fyt,

To heven Crist mot oure saules flyt! 350

THE THIRD BOKE.

DE OFFICIARIIS IN CURIIS DOMORUM.

Now speke we wylle of officers
 Of court, and als of her mestiers.
 ffoure men ther be that 3erdis schall bere,
 Porter, marshalle, stuarde, usshere;
 The porter schalle have the lengest wande, 355
 The marshalle a shorter schalle have in hande;
 The ussher of chamber smallest schalle have,
 The stuarde in honde schalle have a stafe,
 A fyngur gret, two wharters long,
 To reule the menne of court ymong. 360

DE JANITORE.

THE porter falle to kepe tho 3ate,
 The stokkes with hym erly and late;
 3if any manne hase in court mysgayne,
 To porter-warde he schall be tane,
 Thèr to abyde the lordes wylle, 365
 What he wille deme by ry3twys skylle.
 ffor wesselle clothes, that no3t be solde,
 The porter hase that warde in holde.

Of strangers also that comen to court,
 Tho porter schall warne ther at a worde. 370
 Lyveray he hase of mete and drynke,
 And setts with hym whoso hym thynke.
 When so ever tho lorde remewe schalle
 To castell til other as hit may falle,
 ffor cariage the porter hors schall hyre, 375
 ffoure pens a pece within tho schyre;
 Be statut he schalle take that on the day,
 That is the kynges crye in faye.

DE MARESCALLO AULÆ.

Now of marschalle of halle wylle I spelle,
 And what falle to hys offyce now wylle y telle; 380
 In absence of stuarde he shalle arest
 Whosoever is rebelle in court or fest;
 3omon, usshere, and grome also,
 Undur hym ar thes two:
 Tho grome for fuelle that schalle brenne 385
 In halle, chambur, to kechyn, as I the kenne,
 He schalle delyver hit ilke a dele,
 In halle make fyre at yche a mele;
 Borde, trestuls, and formes also,
 The cupborde in his warde schalle go, 390
 The dosurs cortines to henge in halle,
 Thes offices nede do he schalle;
 Bryng in fyre on Alhalawgh day,
 To Candulmas even, I dar welle say.

PER QUANTUM TEMPUS ARMIGERI HABENT
LIBERATAM ET IGNIS ARDEBIT IN AULA.

So longe squiers lyverés shalle hafe, 395
Of grome of halle or ellis his knafe ;
But fyre shalle brenne in halle at mete,
To *cena Domini* that men hase ete;
Ther browzt schalle be a holyn kene,
That sett schalle be in erber grene, 400
And that schalle be to Alhalawgh day,
And of be skyfted, as y the say.
In halle marshalle alle men schalle sett
After here degré, withouten lett.

DE PINCERNARIO, PANETARIO, ET COCIS SIBI
SERVIENTIBUS.

THE botelar, pantrer, and cokes also, 405
To hym ar servauntes withouten mo ;
Therfore on his 3erde skore schalle he
Alle messys in halle that servet be,
Commaunde to sett bothe brede and ale
To alle men that servet ben in sale ; 410
To gentilmen with wyne i-bake,
Ellis fayles tho service, y undertake;
Iche messe at vjd. brene shalle be,
At the countyng house with other mené;
Yf tho koke wolde say that were more, 415
That is tho cause that he hase hit in skore.

The panter also yf he wolde stryfe,
 ffor rewarde that sett schalle be be-lyve.
 Whenne brede faylys at borde aboute,
 The marshalle gares sett withouten doute 420
 More brede, that calde is a rewarde,
 So shalle hit be prevet before stuarde.

DE OFFICIO PINCERNARII.

BOTLER shalle sett for yche a messe
 A pot, a lofe, withouten distresse;
 Botler, pantrer, felawes ar ay, 425
 Reken hom togedur fulle wel y may.
 The marshalle shalle herber alle men in fere,
 That ben of court of any mestere;
 Save the lordys chambur, tho wadrop to,
 Tho ussher of chambur schalle tent tho two. 430

DE HOSTIARIO ET SUIS SERVIENTIBUS.

SPEKE I wylle a lytulle qwyle
 Of ussher of chambur, withouten gyle.
 This gentylmen, zomon, ussher also,
 Two gromes at tho lest, a page therto.

DE OFFICIO GARCIONUM.

GROMES palettes shyn fyle and make litere, 435
 ix. fote on lengthe without diswere;
 vij. fote y-wys hit shalle be brode,
 Wele watered, i-wrythen, be craft y-trode.
 Wyspes drawen out at fete and syde,
 Wele wrethyn and turnyd azayne that tyde. 440
 On legh unsonken hit shalle be made,
 To tho gurdyl-stode hegh on lengthe and brade;
 ffor lordys two beddys schalle be made,
 Bothe utter and inner, so God me glade!
 'That henget shalle be with hole sylour, 445
 With crochettes and loupys sett on lyour;
 'Tho valance on fylour shalle henge with wyn,
 iij. curteyns strejt drawen withinne,
 That reche schalle even to grounde aboute,
 Nother more, nother lesse, withouten doute; 450
 He strykes hom up with forket wande,
 And lappes up fast aboute the lyft hande.
 Tho knop up turnes and closes on ryjt,
 As bolde by nek that henges fulle lyjt.
 Tho counturpynt he lays on beddys fete, 455
 Qwysshenes on sydes shyn lye fulle mete.
 Tapetes of Spayne on flore by syde,
 That sprad shyn be for pompe and pryde;
 Tho chambur sydes ryjt to tho dore,
 He henges with tapetes that ben fulle store; 460
 And fuel to chymné hym falle to gete,
 And streves in clof to y-save tho hete.

ffro tho lorde at mete when he is sett,
 Borde, trestuls, and fourmes, withouten let;
 Alle thes thynges kepe schalle he, 465
 And water in chafer for laydyes fre;
 iij. perchers of wax then shalle he fet,
 Above tho chymné yt be sett,
 In syce ichone from other shalle be
 The lenghthe of other that men may se, 470
 To brenne, to voide, that dronkyn is,
 Other ellis I wote he dose amys.
 Tho ussher alleway shalle sitt at dore
 At mete, and walke schalle on the flore,
 To se that alle be servet on ryzt, 475
 That is his office be day and nyzt;
 And byd set borde when tyme schalle be,
 And take hom up when tyme ses he.
 The wardrop he herbers and eke of chambur
 Ladyes with bedys of coralle and lambur, 480
 Tho usshere schalle bydde tho wardropere
 Make redy for alle nyzt before the fere;
 Then brynges he forthe nyzt-gone also,
 And spredys a tapet and qwysshens two,
 He layes hom then opon a fourme, 485
 And foteshete theron and hit returne.
 Tho lorde schalle skyft hys gowne at nyzt,
 Syttand on foteshete tyl he be dyzt.
 Then ussher gose to tho botré,
 "Have in for alle nyzt, syr," says he; 490
 ffyrst to the chaundeler he schalle go,
 To take a tortes lyzt hym fro;

Bothe wyne and ale he tase indede,
Tho botler says, withouten drede,
No mete for mon schalle sayed be, 495
Bot for kyng or prynce or duke so fre;
ffor heierys of paraunce also y-wys,
Mete shalle be sayed, now thenkys on this.
Then to pantré he hyzes be-lyve,
“Syr, have in withouten stryffe;” 500
Manchet and chet bred he shalle take,
Tho pantere assayes that hit be bake;
A mortar of wax 3et wille he bryng,
ffro chambur, syr, without lesyng;
That alle nyȝt brennes in bassyn clere, 505
To save tho chambur on nyȝt for fyre.
Then ȝomon of chambur shynne voyde with ryme,
The torches han holden wele that tyme;
Tho chambur dore stekes tho vssher thenne,
With priket and tortes that conne brenne; 510
ffro cupborde he brynges bothe brede and wyne,
And fyrst assayes hit wele a fyne.
But fyrst the lorde shalle vasshe i-wys,
ffro tho fyr hous when he comen is;
Then kneles the ussher and gyfes hym drynke, 515
Brynges hym in bed where he shalle wynke;
In strong styd on palet he lay,
At home tase lefe and gose his way;
ȝomon ussher before the dore,
In utter chambur lies on the flore. 520

DE SENESCHALLO.

Now speke I wylle of tho stuarde als,
 ffew ar trew, but fele ar fals.
 Tho clerke of kechyn countrollour,
 Stuarde, coke, and surveyour,
 Assenten in counselle, withouten skorne, 525
 How tho lorde schalle fare at mete tho morne;
 Yf any deyntethe in countr   be,
 Tho stuarde shewes hit to tho lorde so fre,
 And gares by hyt for any cost,
 Hit were grete syn and hit were lost. 530
 Byfore the cours tho stuarde comes then,
 The server hit next of alle kyn men
 Mays way and stondes by syde,
 Tyl alle be served at that tyde.
 At countyng stuarde schalle ben, 535
 Tylle alle be brevet of wax so grene,
 Wrytten into bokes, without let,
 That before in tabuls hase ben sett,
 Tyl countes also theron ben cast,
 And somet up holy at tho last. 540

DE CONTRAROTULATORE.

Tho countrollour shalle wryte to hym,
 Taunt resten, no more I myn;
 And taunt dispendu that same day,
 Uncountabulle he is, as y 3ou say.

DE SUPERVISORE

SURVEOUR and stuarde also, 545
 Thes thre folke and no mo,
 ffor noȝt resayne, bot ever sene
 That nothyng fayle and alle be whene;
 That tho clerke of kechyn schulde not mys,
 Therefore tho countrollour, as hafe I blys, 550
 Wrytes up tho somme as every day,
 And helpes to count, as I ȝou say.

DE CLERICO COQUINÆ.

THE clerke of the cochyne shalle alle thyng breve,
 Of men of court, bothe lothe and leve,
 Of achater and dispenses then wrytes he, 555
 And wages for gromes and ȝemen fre;
 At dressour also he shalle stonde,
 And fett forthe mete dresset with honde;
 The spicery and store with hym shalle dwelle,
 And mony thynges als, as I noȝt telle; 560
 ffor clethyng of officers alle in fere,
 Save the lorde hymself and ladys dere.

DE CANCELLARIO.

THE chaunceler answeres for hor clothyng,
 ffor ȝomen, faukeners, and hor horsyng;
 ffor his wardrop and wages also, 565
 And asseles patentis mony and mo;

Yf tho lorde gyf oȝt to terme of lyf,
 The chaunceler hit seles withouten stryf;
Tancome nos plerra menseyne, that is *quando nos placet*,
 That is whille us lykes hym noȝt omys, 570
 Overse hys londes that alle be ryȝt
 On of tho grete he is of myȝt.

DE THESAURIZARIO

Now speke y wylle of tresurer,
 Husbonde and houswyf he is in fer;
 Of the resayver he shalle resayne, 575
 Alle that is gedurt of baylé and grayne;
 Of the lordes courtes and forfeetes als,
 Whether thay ben ryȝt or thay ben fals;
 To tho clerke of cochen he payes moné,
 For vetayle to bye opon tho countré. 580
 The clerke to kater and pulter is,
 To baker and butler bothe y-wys;
 Gyffys selver to bye in alle thyng
 That longes to here office, withouten lesyng;
 The tresurer schalle gyfe alkyn wage, 585
 To squyer, ȝomon, grome, or page;
 Tho resayver and tho tresurer,
 Tho clerke of cochyn and chaunceler,
 Graynis, and baylys, and parker,
 Echone come to acountes every ȝere 590
 Byfore tho auditour of tho lorde onone,
 That shulde be trew as any stone;
 Yf he dose hom no ryȝt lele,
 To a baron of chekker thay mun hit pele.

DE RECEPTORE FIRMARUM.

Of the resayver speke wyll I, 595
 That fermys resayvys wytturly;
 Of graynys and honi aquetons makes,
 Sex-pons therfore to feys he takes,
 And pays feys to parkers als i-wys,
 Therof at acountes he loved is. 600
 And overseys castels, maners aboute,
 That noȝt falle within ne withoute.
 Now let we thes officers be,
 And telle we wyll of smaller mené.

DE AVENARIO.

Theaveyner schalle ordeyn provande good won, 605
 ffor tho lordys horsis everychon;
 Thay schyn have two cast of hay,
 A pek of provande on a day;
 Every horse schalle so muche have,
 At racke and manger that standes with stave. 610
 A maystur of horsys a squyer ther is,
 Aveyner and ferour undur hym i-wys;
 Those ȝomen that olde sadels schyn have,
 That schyn be last for knyȝt and knave,
 ffor yche a hors that ferroure schalle scho, 615
 An halpeny on day he takes hym to;
 Undur ben gromes and pages mony one,
 That ben at wage everychone;

Som at two-pons on a day,
 And som at iij. ob., I ȝou say; 620
 Mony of hem fotemen ther ben,
 That rennen by the brydels of ladys schene.

DE PISTORE.

OF tho baker now speke y wylle,
 And wat longes his office untylle;
 Of a Lunden buschelle he shalle bake 625
 xx. lovys, I undurtake;
 Manchet and chet to make brom bred hard,
 ffor chaundeler and grehoundes and hunttes reward.

DE VENATORE ET SUIS CANIBUS.

A HALPENY tho hunte takes on the day
 ffor every hounde, tho sothe to say; 630
 Tho vewter two cast of brede he tase,
 Two lesshe of grehoundes, yf that he hase;
 To yche a bone that is to telle,
 If I to ȝou the sothe shalle spelle;
 Bysyde hys vantage that may befalle, 635
 Of skynnes and other thynges withalle,
 That hunttes con telle better than I,
 Therfore I leve hit wytt[ur]ly.

DE AQUARIO.

AND speke I wylle of other mystere
 That falles to court, as ȝe mun here; 640

An euwer in halle there nedys to be,
 And chandelew schalle have and alle napere;
 He schalle gef water to gentilmen,
 And als in alle zomen.

QUI DENT MANUS LAVARE ET IN QUORUM
 DOMIBUS.

IN kynges court and dukes also, 645
 Ther zomen schynne wasshe and no mo;
 In duke Jonys house a zoman ther was,
 ffor his rewarde prayde suche a grace;
 The duke gete graunt therof in londe,
 Of the kyng his fader, I undudurstonde; (*sic*) 650
 Wosoever gefes water in lordys chamber,
 In presens of lorde or levedé dere,
 He schalle knele downe opone his kne,
 Ellys he forzetes his curtasé;
 This euwer schalle hele his lordes borde, 655
 With dowbulle napere at on bare worde:
 The selvage to tho lordes side withinne,
 And doune schalle heng that other may wynne;
 Tho over nape schalle dowbulle be layde,
 To tho uttur syde the selvage brade; 660
 Tho over selvage he schalle replye,
 As towelle hit were fayrest in hye;
 Browers he schalle cast theropon,
 That the lorde schulle clense his fyngers [on],
 The levedy and whosever syttes withinne, 665
 Alle browers schynne have bothe more and mynne.

DE PANETARIO.

THENNE comes the pantere with loves thre,
 That square are corvyn of trenchour fre,
 To sett withinne and oon withoute,
 And saller y-coveryd and sett in route; 670
 With tho ovemast lofe hit shalle be sett,
 Withoute forthe square, withouten lett;
 Two kervyng knyfes withoute one,
 The thrydde to tho lorde, and als a spone.

DE CULTELLIS DOMINI.

OF tho two tho haftes schynne outwarde be, 675
 Of the thrydde the hafte inwarde lays he,
 The spony stele ther by schalle be layde,
 Moo loves of trenchirres at a brayde;
 He settes and servys evyr in fere
 To duches his wyne that is so dere; 680
 Two loves of trenchors and salt tho,
 He settes before his son also;
 A lofe of trenchours and salt on last,
 At bordes ende he settes in hast;
 Then brede he brynges in towelle wrythyne, 685
 Thre lofys of tho wyte schalle be gevyne;
 A chet lofe to tho elmys dyshe,
 Wether he servyd be with flesshe or fysche;
 At ather ende he castes a cope,
 Layde downe on borde, the endys plyed up. 690

That he assayes knelande on kne,
 Tho kerver hym parys a schyver so fre;
 And touches tho lovys yn quere aboute,
 Tho pantere hit etys withoute dowte;
 Tho euwere thurgh towelle syles clene, 695
 His water into tho bassynges shene;
 Tho over bassyn theron schalle close,
 A towelle theron, as I suppose,
 That folden schalle be with fulle grete lore,
 Two quarters on lenkethe and sumdele more; 700
 A qwyte cuppe of tre therby shalle be,
 Therwith tho water assay schalle he;
 Quelmes hit agayn byfore alle men;
 Tho kerver the bassynges tase up thenne;
 Annaunciande sqyer, or ellis a knyzt, 705
 Tho towelle downe tase by fulle good ryzt;
 Tho cuppe he tase in honde also,
 Tho kerver powres wat[er] the cuppe into;
 The knyzt to tho kerver haldes anon,
 He says hit are he more schalle done; 710
 Tho cuppe then voyde is in tho flette,
 The euwer hit takes withouten lette.
 The towelle two knyghtes schyn halde in fere,
 Before the lordes sleeves, that ben so dere;
 The over bassyn thay halde never the queder, 715
 Quylle tho kerver powre water into the nedur.
 ffor a pype ther is insyde so clene,
 That water devoydes, of selver schene;
 Then settes he the nethyr, I und[u]rstonde,
 In the over, and voydes with bothe is honde; 720

And brynges to the euwer that he come fro;
 To tho lordys bordes azayn con go;
 And layes iij. trenchours tho lorde before,
 The fyft above by good lore;
 By hymself thre schalle he dresse,
 To cut upon the lordes messe;
 Smale towelle aboute his necke shalle bene,
 To clens his knyfs that ben so kene..

DE ELEMOSINARIO.

THE aumenere by this hathe sayde grace,
 And tho almes dysshe hase sett in place; 730
 Therin the kerver a lofe schalle sette,
 To serve God fyrst withouten lette;
 These other lofes he parys aboute,
 Lays hit myd dysshe withouten doute.
 The smalle lofe he cuttes even in twynne, 735
 Tho over dole in two lays to hym.
 The aumenere a rod schalle have in honde,
 As office for almes, y undurstonde.
 Alle the broken met he kepys y wate,
 To dele to pore men at the zate, 740
 And drynke that leves served in halle;
 Of ryche and pore bothe grete and smalle.
 He is sworne to overse the servis wele,
 And dele hit to the pore every dele;
 Selver he deles rydand by way; 745
 And his almys-dysshe, as I zou say,
 To the porest man that he can fynde,
 Other ellys I wot he is unkynde.

DE FERULARIO.

THIS wyle tho squyer to kechyn shalle go,
 And brynges a bof for assay tho; 750
 Tho coke assayes the mete ungryȝt,
 Tho sewer he takes and kovers on ryȝt;
 Wosoever he takes that mete to bere,
 Schalle not so hardy tho covertoure rere,
 ffor colde ne hote, I warne ȝou alle, 755
 ffor suspecyone of treson as may befallē.
 Yf tho sylver dysshe wylle algate brenne,
 A sotelté I wylle the kenne,
 Take the bredde corvyn and lay bytwene,
 And kepe the welle hit be not sene; 760
 I teche hit for no curtayse,
 But for thyn ese.
 When the sewer comys unto the borde,
 Alle the mete he sayes at on bare worde,
 The potage fyrst with brede y-corvyn, 765
 Coverys hom agayn lest they ben storvyn;
 With fysshe or flessch yf be served,
 A morselle therof shalle he be kervyd;
 And touche the messe over alle aboute,
 The sewer hit etes withouten doute. 770
 With baken mete yf he servyd be tho,
 Tho lydes up-rered or he fyr go,
 The past or pye he sayes withinne,
 Dippes bredde in gravé no more ne mynne;
 ȝif the baken mete be colde, as may byfalle, 775
 A gobet of tho self he sayes withalle.

But thou that berys mete in hande,
Yf tho sewer stonde, loke thou stande;
Yf he knele, knele thou so long for ozt,
Tylle mete be sayde that thou hase broght. 780
As oft at hegh borde yf brede be nede,
The butler two lovys takys indede;
That on settes down, that other agayn
He barys to cupborde in towelle playn.
As oft as the kerver fettys drynke, 785
The butler assayes hit how good hym thynke;
In the lordys cupp that levys undrynken,
Into the almes-disshe hit schalle be sonken.
The kerver anon withouten thougt,
Unkovers the cup that he hase brougt; 790
Into the covertoure wyn he powres owt,
Or into a spare pece, withouten doute;
Assayes, an gefes tho lorde to drynke,
Or settes hit down as hym goode thynke.
Tho kerver schalle kerve tho lordes mete, 795
Of what kyn pece that he wylle ete;
And on hys trenchour he hit layes,
On thys maner without displayes;
In almes-dysshe he layes yche dele,
That he is with served at tho mele; 800
But he sende hit to ony strongere,
A pese that is hym leve and dere,
And send hys potage also,
That schalle not to the almes go.
Of kerver more, yf I shulde telle, 805
Another fytt thenne most I spelle,

Therefore I let hit here over passe,
 To make oure talkyng summedelasse.
 When the lorde hase eten, tho sewer schalle bryng
 Tho surnape on his schulder ryng, 810
 A narew towelle, a brode besyde,
 And of hys hondes he lettes hit slyde;
 The ussher ledes that on hed ryzt,
 Tho aumener tho other away shalle dyzt.
 When the ussher comys to the borde ende, 815
 Tho narrow towelle he strecches unkende;
 Before tho lorde and the lady so dere,
 Dowbelle he playes tho towelle pere;
 Whenne thay have wasshen and grace is sayde,
 Away he takes at a brayde; 820
 Awoydes thq borde into tho flore,
 Tase away tho trestes that ben so store.

DE CANDELARIO.

Now speke I wylle a lytulle whyle
 Of tho chandeler, withouten gyle,
 That torches and tortes and preketes con make, 825
 Perchours, smale condell, I undertake;
 Of wax these candels alle that brennen,
 And mortar of wax that I wele kenne;
 Tho snof of hom dose away
 With close sesours, as I 3ow say; 830
 The sesours ben schort and rownde y-close,
 With plate of irne upon bose;

In chambur no lyȝt ther shalle be brent,
 Bot of wax therto, yf ȝe take tent;
 In halle at soper schalle caldels brenne 835
 Of Parys, therin that alle men kenne;
 Iche messe a candelle fro Alhalawghe day
 To Candelmesse, as I ȝou say;
 Of candel liveray squiyers schalle have,
 So long, if hit is mon wille krave. 840
 Of brede and ale also the boteler
 Schalle make lyveré thurghout the ȝere
 To squyers, and also wyn to knyȝt,
 Or ellys he dose not his office ryȝt.
 Here endys the thryd speche,— 845
 Of alle oure synnes Cryst be oure leche,
 And bryng us to his vonyng place!
 Amen, sayes ȝe, for hys grete grace!
 Amen, par charité.

■

SPECIMENS OF OLD

CHRISTMAS CAROLS,

SELECTED FROM

Manuscripts and Printed Books.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,

BY T. RICHARDS, FOR THE EXECUTORS OF THE LATE

C. RICHARDS, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

MDCCCXLI.

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PREFACE.

THE object of the following Collection is to illustrate one of our old popular customs, which is fast disappearing. It was suggested that it should be made a *seasonable* publication ; and the desire to publish it at the given time has necessarily restricted a little the extent of the Editor's researches. He has found also that the remains of this class of literature are not so numerous as might have been expected.

The Anglo-Saxon *Gule* or *Yule*, was an ancient Pagan festival, from which we derive the feasting and merriment still observed at the same season of the year. When the Anglo-Saxons were converted, the feasting and other observations were turned to another purpose, and were made to be considered a memorial of the nativity of our Saviour, the commemoration of which

happened at the same time. The name of *Yule* still remained, and in some parts of our island has been preserved to the present day; but after the entry of the Normans, a foreign appellation was introduced,—*Noel*, derived from the Latin *natalis* (the *dies natalis* of our Lord), which soon became naturalised in our language and literature.*

Our carols illustrate the festive character, as well as the pious feelings, appropriate to the season. The Anglo-Norman song which stands first, is the earliest carol known to have been written in our island. It has been printed before, but it is now carefully edited from the original manuscript. The late Mr. Douce translated it into English verse; but as his version does not preserve a single characteristic of the original, it has been thought unnecessary to reprint it here. Another French carol has been inserted, as a specimen of similar compositions among our

* In our carols these names appear in different forms; as *3ol*, *yol*, *nowel*, *novels*, &c. It may here be observed, that in the first line of the poem beginning on p. 18, a later hand has corrected *Sonday* to *Monday*.

neighbours. Several carols in our Collection illustrate the fine old ceremony of bringing in the boar's head, and other Christmas festivities. A few pieces have been introduced which are not strictly carols, but which are more or less connected with the subject. Three modern carols are added at the end, taken from the Collection of Sandys, to show how long the expressions and allusions of the older carols have been preserved by popular tradition. The only desire of the Editor is to contribute towards the *merry Christmas* of the members of the Percy Society.

T. W.

December 1841.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

I.

[From MS. Reg. 16 E, viii. fol. 130, vo, written early in the
thirteenth century.]

SEIGNORS, ore entendez à nus,
De loinz sumes venuz à wous,

Pur quere Noel ;

Car l'em nus dit que en cest hostel
Soleit tenir sa feste anuel,

Ahi, cest jur.

Deu doint à tuz icels joie d'amurs,
Qui à danz Noel ferunt honors !

Seignors, jo vus dis por veir,
Ke danz Noel ne velt avoir

Si joie non ;

E repleni sa maison
De payn, de char, e de peison,

Por faire honor.

Deu doint à tuz ces joie d'amur !

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

Seignors, il est crié en l'ost,
Que cil qui despent bien, e tost,
E largement,
E fet les granz honors sovent,
Deu li duble quanque il despent,
Por faire henor.
Deu doint à

Seignors, escriez les malveis,
Car vuz nel les troverez jameis
De bone part :
Botun, batun, ferun, groinard,
Car tot dis a le quer cunard
Por faire henor.
Deu doint . . .

Noel beyt bien li vin Engleis,
E li Gascoin, e li Franceys,
E l'Angevin :
Noel fait beivere son veisin,
Si qu'il se dort, le chief enclin,
Sovent le jor.
Deu doint à tuz cels . . .

Seignors, jo vus di par Noel,
E par li sires de cest hostel,
Car bevez ben :
E jo primes beverai le men,
E pois après chescon le soen,
Par mon conseil ;
Si jo vus di trestoz, 'Wesseyl !'
Dehaiz eit qui ne dirra, 'Drincheyl !'

II.

[From the Porkington MS. of the fifteenth century, communicated by Sir Frederick Madden to the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii. p. 30. It appears to end imperfectly.]

HEY, hey, hey, hey,
The borrys hede is armyd gay.

The boris hede in hond I bryng,
With garlond gay in porttoryng,
I pray yow alle with me to synge,
with hay.

Lordys, knyȝttes, and skyers,
Persons, prystis, and wycars,
The boris hede ys the furt mes,
with hay.

The boris hede, as I yow say,
He takis his leyfe, and gothe his way,
Gone after the .xij. theyl ffyt day,
with hay.

Then commys in the secunde kowrs with mykylle pryde,
The crannus, the heyrrouns, the bytteris, by ther syde,
The pertrychys and the plowers, the wodcokus and the
snyt,

with hay.

Kynges comyn fro dyvesse londe,
 With grete ȝyftes in here honde,
 In Bedlem the child they fonde,
stella ducte lumine.

Man and chyld, bothe eld and ying,
 Now in his blysful comyng,
 To that chyld mow we syng,
gloria tibi, Domine.

Nowel, nowel, in this halle,
 Make merye I prey ȝou alle ;
 Onto that chyld may we calle,
ullo sine crimine.

V.

[From MS. Sloane, No. 2593, fol. 52, v^o.]

JHESU, Jhesu, Jhesu, Jhesu, saf us alle thorw thi vertu !

Jhesu, as thou art our savyour,
 That thou save us fro dolour,
 Jhesu is myn par amour ;
 Blyssid be thi name, Jhesu !

Jhesu was born of a may,
 Upon Cristemesse day,
 Sche was may be-forn and ay ;
 Blyssid be thi name, Jhesu !

Thre kynges comen fro Segent,
 To Jhesu Cryst they browte present ;
 Lord God omnipotent,
 Saf us alle throw thi vertu !

Jhesu deyid and schad his blod,
 For al mankynde, upon the rod ;
 He graunt us grace of happis good,
 I be-seke the, swete Jhesu !

Jhesu, for thi modere sake,
 Kepe us fro the fyndis blake,
 Azene hym that we mown wake,
 And save us alle throw thi vertu !

VI.

[From MS. Sloane, No. 2593, fol. 57, r^o.]

Nowel el el el el el el el el el el, Mary was gret with
 Gabriel.

MARY moder, meke and mylde,
 Fro schame and synne that ȝe us schyllde,
 For gret on grownd ȝe gon with childe,
 Gabriele nuncio.

Mary moder, be not a-dred,
 Jhesu is in ȝour body bred,
 And of ȝour bryst he wil be fed,
 cum pudoris tilio.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

Mary moder, the frewit of the
For us was naylid on a tre,
In hevene is now his magesté,
fulget resurrexcio.

Mary moder, the thredde day
Up he ros, as I 3ow say,
To helle he tok the ry3te way,
motu fertur proprio.

Mary moder, after thin sone
Up thou steyist with hym to wone,
The aungele wern glad quan thou were come,
in celi palacio.

VII.

[From MS. Sloane, No. 2593, fol. 63, r^o.]

A NEW 3er! a new 3er! a chyld was i-born,
Us for to savyn that al was for-lorn,
So blyssid be the tyme!

The fader of hevene his owyn sone he sent,
His kyngdam for to cleymyn,
So blyssid be the tyme!

Al in a clene maydyn our Lord was i-ly3t,
Us for to savyn with al his my3t,
So blyssid, etc.

Al of a clene maydyn our Lord was i-born,
Us for to savyn that al was for-lorn,
So blyssid, etc.

Lullay ! lullay ! lytil chyld, myn owyn dere fode,
How xalt thou sufferin be naylid on the rode ?
So . . .

Lullay ! lullay ! lytil chyld, myn owyn dere smerte,
How xalt thou sufferin the scharp spere to thi herte ?
So . . .

Lullay ! lullay ! lytyl child, I syng al for thi sake,
Many on is the scharpe schour to thi body is schape;
So . . .

Lullay ! lullay ! lytyl child, fayre happis the be-falle !
How xal thou sufferin to drynke ezy l and galle ?
So . . .

Lullay ! lullay ! lytil chyld, I syng al be-forn,
How xalt thou sufferin the scharp garlong of thorn ?
So . . .

Lullay ! lullay ! lytil chyld, qwy wepy thou so sore ?
And art thou bothin God and man ? quat woldyst
thou be more ?
So . . .

Blyssid be the armys the chyld bar abowte !
And also the tetes the chyld on sowkyd !
So . . .

Blyssid be the moder ! the chyld also !
With *benedicamus Domino* !
So blyssid be the tyme.

VIII.

[From MS. Sloane, No. 2593, fol. 70, r^o.]

NowEL el el el el el el el el el el el el el el el.

Mary moder, cum and se,
 Thi sone is naylyd on a tre,
 Hand and fot he may not ge,
 His body is woundyn al in woo.

Thi swete sone, that thou hast born,
 To save mankynde that was for-lorn,
 His hed is wrethin in a thorn,
 His blysful body is al to-torn.

Quan he this tale be-gan to telle,
 Mary wold non longer dwelle,
 But hyid here faste to that hylle,
 Ther Jhesu his blod be-gan to spylle.

Myn swete sone, that art me dere,
 Qwy han men hangyd the here?
 Thi hed is wrethin in a brere;
 Myn lovely sone, qwer is thi chere?

Thin swete body, that in me rest,
 Thin comely mowth, that I have kest,
 Now on rode is mad thi nest,
 Leve chyld, quat is me best?

Woman, to Jon I the betake !
Jon, kyp this woman for myn sake,
For synful sowlys my deth I take,
On rode I hange for manys sake.

This game alone me muste play,
For synful sowle I deye to day,
Ther is no wyzt that goth be the way,
Of myn peynys can wel say.

IX.

[From MS. Sloane, No. 2593, fol. 71, r^o.]

MAN, be glad in halle and bour,
This tyme was born our savyour.

In this tyme Cryst haȝt us sent
His owyn sone in present,
To dwelle with us verement,
To ben our helpe and socour.

In this tyme ros a sterre cler
Over Bedlem, as bryȝt as fer,
In tokenyng that he hadde non per,
Lord, god, kyng, and emperour.

In this tyme it is be-falle,
He that deyid for us alle,
Born he was in assis stalle,
Of Mary, that swete flour.

In this tyme kemyn thre kynges,
He kemyn fro fer, with ryche thinges,
For to makyn here offerynges,
On here knen with gret honour.

In this tyme prey we
To hym that deyd on the tre,
On us have mercy and peté,
And bryng us alle to his tour !

X.

[From MS. Sloane, No. 2593, fol. 74, r^o.]

MAN, be glad in halle and bour,
This tyme was born our savyour.

In this tyme a chyld was born,
To save tho sowl that wern for-lorn,
For us he werde garlond of thorn,
Al it was for our honour.

The eytende day he was schorn,
To fulfyll the law that was be-forn,
Of meknesse he blew his horn.

On Good Fryday was don on rode,
The Jewes spyltyn his herte blode,
Mary, his moder, be hym stode ;
3e ben our help and our socour.

On Esterne Day he gan up ryse,
 To techyn hem that wern on-wyse ;
 Jhesu, for 3our woundes five,
 3e ben our, etc.

On Halwyn Thursday he gan up steye
 To his fader, that sit on heye ;
 Jhesu, for 3our curteysye,
 3e ben, etc.

On Qwytsunday he gan doun sende
 Wyt and wysdam us to a-mende ;
 Jhesu, bryng us to that ende,
 With-outyn delay, our savyour !

XI.

[From MS. Sloane, No. 2593, fol. 74, v^o.]

Nowel el el el, now is wel that evere was woo.

A babe is born al of a may,
 In the savasyoun of us,
 To hem we syngyn bothe nyght and day,
 Veni creator spiritus.

At Bedlem that blyssid pas,
 The chyld of blysse born he was,
 Hym to serve, go 3eve us gras,
 O lux beata trinitas.

Ther come thre kynges out of the est,
 To worchepe the kyng that is so fre,
 With gold and myrre and francincens,
A solis ortus cardine.

The herdes herdyn an aungele cry,
 A merye song then sungyn he,
 Qwy arn ze so sore a-gast?
Jam ortus solis cardine.

The aungele comyn down with on cry,
 A fayr song then sungyn he,
 In the worchepe of that chyld,
Gloria tibi, Domine.

XII.

[From MS. Sloane, No. 2593, fol. 75, r^o.]

MAN, be merie as bryd on berie, and al thi care let away !

This tyme is born a chyld ful good,
 He that us bowt upon the rod ;
 He bond the devyl, that is so wod,
 Til the drydful domys-day.

Quan the chyld of meche myzt
 Wold be born of Mary bryzt,
 A tokene he sente to kyng and knyzt,
 A sterre that schon bothe nyzt and day.

The sterre scon as bryzt as fer,
 Over al the wold, bothe fer and ner,
 In tokene he was with-outyn per,
 And pereles he xal lastyn ay.

The .viiij. day he was circumsise,
 For to fulfyll the profecye,
 The profetes with wordes wyse
 Hym present with ryche a-ray.

The .xij. day come kynges thre
 Out of the Est, with herte fre,
 To worchepyn hym thei knelyd on kne,
 With gold and myrre and francincens.

XIII.

[From MS. Sloane, No. 2593, fol. 75, v^o.]

Nowel el el el el el el el el el el el el el el el.

Nowel el! bothe eld and 3yng,
 Nowel el! now now we syng,
 In worchepe of our hevene kyng,
 Al-myty God in Trinité.

Lestenyzt, lordynges, bothe leve and dere,
 Lestenyty, ladyis, with glad chere,
 A song of merthe now now 3e here,
 How Cryst our brother he wolde be.

An aungyl fro hefne was sent ful snel,
His name is clepyd Gabriel,
His ardene he dede ful snel,
He sat on kne and seyde, *Ave!*

And he seyde, "Mary, ful of grace,
Hevene and erthe in every place,
With-ine the tyme of lytyl space,
Reconsiled it xuld be."

Mary stod styлле as ony ston,
And to the aungyl che seyde a-non,
"Than herd I nevere of manys mon,
Me thinkit wonder thou seyst to me."

The aungyl answerd a-non ful wel,
"Mary, dryd the never a del,
Thou xalt conseyye a chyld ful wel,
The holy gost xal schadue the."

Mary on bryst here hand che leyd,
Stylle xe stod, and thus xe seyde,
"Lo me here Godes owyn hand mayde,
With herte and wil and body fre!"

Mary moder, mayde myld,
For the love al of thi chyld,
Fro helle pet thou us schyld,
Amen! amen! now synge we.

XIV.

[From MS. Sloane, No. 2593, fol. 80, vo.]

Maak we merthe for Crystes berthe, and syng we 3ol
til Candilmes.

THE ferste day of 3ol we han in mynde
How man was born al of our kende,
For he wold the bondes on-bynde
Of alle our synne and wykkydnes.

The secunde day we syng of Stevenne,
That stonyd was, and sid up evene
With Cryst ther he wold stonde in hevene,
And crownyd was for his provys.

The threde day longes to Saynt Jon,
That was Crystes derlyng, derest on,
To hem he tok, quan he xuld gon,
His dere moder, for his clennes.

The forte day of the chylderyn 3yng,
With Herowdes wrethe to deth were throng,
Of Cryst thei cowde not speke with tong,
But with here blod bare wytnesse.

The fyfte day halwyt Seynt Thomas,
Ryth as strong as peler of bras,
Hyld up his kyrke and slayin was,
For he stod faste in rythwynes.

The eytende day tok Jhesu his nam,
That savyd mankynde fro synne and schame.

And circumsysid was for non blame,
 But for insaun[ce] and mekenesse.

The .xij. day offeryd to hym kynges .iiij.
 Gold, myrre, incens, this giftes fre,
 For God and man and kyng is he,
 And thus thei worchepyd his worthinesse.

The forty day cam Mary myld
 On to the temple with here schyld,
 To schewyn here clene that never was fyld;
 And here-with endis Crystemesse.

XV.

[From MS. Harl. No. 2252, fol. 153, v^o. of the fifteenth century. This and the following ought not strictly to have a place among a collection of carols, but they are curious illustrations of one part of the old popular belief relating to Christmas Day.]

YF Crystmas day on the Sondag be,
 A trobolus wynter ye shall see,
 Medlyd with waters stronge;
 Were shalbe good wyth-owte fabyll,
 The somer it shabe resonabyll,
 And stormys odyr whylys amonge.

Wynus that yere shalbe goode,
 The herveste shalbe wete wyth floddes,
 Pestylens falle in many a contré,
 And many younge pepylle dede shall be,
 Or that sekenes lynne,
 And grete tempestes ther-ynne.

Prynces that yere with iren shall dye,
And chaungyng of many lordes eye,
 Among knyghttes grete debate ;
Many tydynges shall com to men ;
Wyffes shalle wepen then,
 Bothe pore and grete estates.

The faythe then shalbe hurte truly,
For dyvers poyntes of heresy
 That then shall apere,
Throwe temptyng of the fende ;
For diverse maters unkynde
 Shalle cawse grete daunger.

Catelle shall threve one and odyr,
Save beeve, they shall kyll eche odyr,
 And som bestes shalle dyen ;
Lytell frute and corne good,
No plenté of appylles to your fode ;
 Shyppys on the see have payne.

That yere on the Monday, wyth-owte fyne,
Althynges welle thou mayste begynne,
 Hyt shalbe prophytabyll ;
Chyldren that be borne ~~that~~ day,
Shalbe myghtye and stronge par fay,
 Of wytte full reasonnabyll.

XVI.

[From MS. Harl. No. 2252, fol. 154, ro.]

LORDYNGES, I warne yow al be-forne,
Yef that day that Cryste was borne
Falle uppon a Sunday,
That wynter shalbe good par fay,
But grete wyndes alofte shalbe,
The somer shalbe fayre and drye ;
By kynde skylle, wyth-owtyn lesse,
Throw all londes shalbe peas,
And good tyme all thyngs to don ;
But he that stelythe, he shalbe fownde sone ;
Whate chylde that day borne be,
A grete lorde he shalle ge, etc.

Yf Crystemas day on Monday be,
A grete wynter that yere have shall ye,
And fulle of wyndes lowde and styлле ;
But the somer, trewly to telle,
Shalbe sterne wyndes also,
And fulle of tempeste all thereto ;
All batayle multiplye ;
And grete plenty of beeve shall dye.
They that be borne that day, I wene,
They shalle be stronge eche on and kene ;
And he that stelythe owghte ;
Thow thowe be seke, thou dyeste not.

Yf Crystmas day on Tuysday be,
That yere shall dyen wemen plenté ;
And that wynter wex grete marvaylys ;
Shyppys shalbe in grete perylles ;
That yere shall kynges and lordes be slayne,
And myche hothyr pepylle agayne heym.
A drye somer that yere shalbe ;
Alle that be borne ther in may se,
They shalbe stronge and covethowse.
Yf thou stele awghte, thou lesyste thi lyfe ;
Thou shalte dye throwe swerde or knyfe ;
But and thow fall seke, sertayne,
Thou shalte turne to lyfe agayne.

Yf Crystmas day, the sothe to say,
Fall uppon a Wodnysday,
That yere shalbe an harde wynter and strong,
And many hydeus wyndes amonge ;
The somer mery and good shalbe ;
That yere shalbe wete grete plenté ;
Young folke shall dye that yere also,
And shyppus in the see shall have gret woo.
Whate chylde that day borne ys,
He shalbe dowghtye and lyghte i-wysse,
And wyse and slyee also of dede,
And fynde many men mete and wede.

Yf Crystemas day on Thursday be,
A wyndy wynter se shalle yee,
Of wyndes and weders all wecked,
And harde tempestes stronge and thycke.

The somer shalbe good and drye,
Cornys and bestes shall multiplye :
That yere ys good londes to tylthe ;
And kynges and prynces shalle dye by skylle.
Whate chylde that day borne bee,
He shalle have happe ryghte well to the,
Of dedes he shalbe good and stabylle,
Of speche and tonge wyse and resonabyll.
Who so that day only thefte abowte,
He shalbe shente wyth-owtyn dowte ;
And yf sekenes on the that day betyde,
Hyt shall sone fro the glyde.

Yf Crystmas day on the Fryday be,
The fyrste of wynter harde shalbe,
With froste and snowe and with flode,
But the laste ende therof ys goode.
Agayn, the somer shalbe good also ;
Folkes in hyr yen shall have grete woo ;
Wemen wyth chylde, bestes, wyth corne,
Shall multiplye, and none be lorne.
The chyde that ys borne that day,
Shall longe lyve and lecherowus be aye.
Who so stelythe awghte, he shalbe fownde ;
And thou be seke, hyt lastythe not longe.

Yf Crystmas day on the Saterdag falle,
That wynter ys to be dredden alle ;
Hyt shalbe so full of grete tempeste,
That hyt shall sle bothe man and beste ;

Frute and corne shall fayle grete won,
 And olde folke dyen many on.
 Whate woman that day of chylde travayle,
 They shalbe borne in grete perelle;
 And chyl dren that be borne that day,
 Within halfe a yere they shall dye, par fay.
 The somer than shall wete ryghte ylle;
 Yf thou awghte stele, hyt shal the spylle;
 Thou dyest yf sekenes take the.

XVII.

[From MS. Harl. 541, fol. 214, r^o. written in the reign of
 Henry VII.]

Now ys Crystemas y-cum,
 Fadyr and son togedyr in oon,
 Holy Goste, as ye be oon,
 in fere-a,
 God sende us a good n[e]w yere-a.

I wolde yow synge for and I mygghyt,
 Off a chylde ys fayre in syghyt,
 Hys modyr hym bare thys yndyrs nyghyt
 so style-a,
 And as yt was hys wylle-a.

There cam .iij. kynges fro Galylee
 Into Bethleem that fayre cytee,
 To seke hym that ever shulde be
 by rygh3t-a
 Lorde and kynge and knygh3t-a.

As they cam forth with there offrynge,
 They met with Herode that mody kynge,
 thys tyde-a,
 And thys to them he sayde-a.

“ Off wens be ye, yow kynges .iij.?”
 “ Off the Este, as ye may see,
 To seke hym that ever shulde be
 by rygh3t-a
 Lorde and kynge and knygh3t-a.”

“ Wen yow at thys chylde have be,
 Cum home a3eyne by me,
 Telle me the sygh3tes that yow have see,
 I praye yow ;
 Go yow no nodyr way-a.”

They toke her leve both olde and yonge
 Off Herode that mody kynge ;
 They went forth with there offrynge
 by lygh3th-a,
 By the sterre that shoone so brygh3t-a.

Tyll they cam in to the place
 There Jhesu and hys modyr was,

Offryd they up with grete solace
 in fere-a
Golde and sence and myrre-a.

The fadyr of hevyn an awngylle down sent,
To thyke .iiij. kynges that made presente
 thys tyde-a,
And thys to them he sayd-a.

“ My lorde have warnyd yow everychone,
By Herode kynge yow go not home ;
For and yow do, he wylle you slone
 and strye-a,
And hurte yow wondyrly-a.”

Forth them wente thys kynges .iiij.,
Tylle they cam home to there cuntré.
Glade and blyth they were alle .iiij.
Off the syghȝtes that they had see,
 by-dene-a,
The cumpany was clene-a.

Knele we now here a-down,
Pray we in good devocioun
To the kynge of grete renown,
 of grace-a,
In hevyn to have a place-a.

XVIII.

[From a Collection of Christmas Carols, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1521, from which book it is given by Hearne, in his notes to William of Newbery, iii. p. 175.]

A Carol bringyng in the bores heed.

*Caput apri differo,
Reddens laudes Domino.*

The bores heed in hande bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary ;
I praye you all synge merely,
qui estis in convivio.

The bores heed, I understande,
Is the chefe servyce of this lande ;
Loke where ever it be fande,
servite cum cantico.

Be gladde, lordes, bothe more and lasse,
For this hath ordeyned owr stewarde,
To chere you all this Christmasse,
The bores heed with mustarde.

XIX.

[The following modernised form of the foregoing carol, is given by Dr. Dibdin, as preserved and used up to a very recent period at Queen's College, Oxford. Dibdin's *Ames*, vol. ii. p. 252.]

THE boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary ;
And I pray you, my masters, be merry,
Quot estis in convivio.

Caput Apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.

The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the rarest dish in all this land,
Which thus bedeck'd with a gay garland,
Let us *servire cantico.*

Caput Apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.

Our steward hath provided this
In honour of the king of bliss ;
Which on this day to be served is
In Reginensi Atrio.

Caput Apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.

XX.

[From MS. Harl. No. 7333, fol. 193, vo. of the beginning of the sixteenth century. This curious piece is inserted as an illustration of the ancient customs at this season of the year.]

A CRISTEMASSE game, made by Maister Benet Howe.
God Almyghty seyde to his apostelys, and echon off
them were baptiste, and none knewe of othir, etc.

Sanctus Petrus.

Petir! Petir! prynce of aposteles alle,
Primat of the chirche and governore
Of the fflokke, O pastor principalle,
Whiche for my love suffridest dethes showre,
Come have thy mede ordeyned for thy laboure,
Come on, Petir, syt downe at my knee,
Here is a place preparate for the.

Sanctus Paulus.

Doctoure of Jentiles, O perfite Paule,
By grace convertid from thy grete erroure
And cruelté, chaunged to Paule fro Sawle,
Of faythe and trowthe moost perfyte prechowre,
Slayne at Rome under thilke emperoure,
Cursyd Nero, Paule, sit downe in this place,
To the ordeyned by purveaunce of grace.

Sanctus Johannes.

Jon the wangelyst, O virgyne pure,
For thy clenness and pure virginité,

Crystes moder was commytte to thy cure,
Exiled to Pathmos thurghe cruelté,
Wrote the booke of goddis privitee,
Of boylyng oyle venquysshing the heete,
Com sit downe, Johan, this place for the is mete.

Sanctus Andreas.

Andrewe, myldist of othir seyntyts alle,
To whom for meekenesse and mansuetude
Alle worly wetnesse semed bitter galle,
Whos lustis alle thowe dyd pleyntyly exclude,
And in the crosse undir Egeas rwde
Thowe suffrydiste dethe, remembring my passioun,
Come nere, Andrew, to receyve thi guerdoun.

Sanctus Bartholomeus.

Blessid Barthylmewe, hevene blisse to wyne,
Aftir grete passioun and bittre tormente,
O myghty martir, right owte of thyne owne skynne
Thow were torne and cruelly to-rent,
For thy constaunce cowde not from feithe be bent,
Of ryghtwisnesse thi laboure most be qwyte,
Come, Barthilmewe, and right downe here thow sitte.

Sanctus Thomas.

Thomas! Thomas! that suffredist dethe in Ynde,
Persid withe a spere, the feithe for to susteyne,
Harde of beleewe but ytt thow did unkynde,
By thyn hardnesse from mys-bylevys certeyne
Many a sowle, and so kept hem fro peyne,

Syt downe, therfore, here in this bathe of blisse,
Welcome, Thomas, welcome to me y-wis !

Sanctus Simon.

Seynte Simon, thow dyd the feithe reherce,
Caughte my lawe and prechyd my doctrine,
Unto the peple of the reame of Perce,
Wher to the dethe they dydden the diffyne ;
Therefore, Simon, by purviaunce divine
Righte here withe me shalle be thy dwellyng place ;
Sit downe, Simon, in the see of grace.

Sanctus Matheus.

Mathy, chosen yn by very sort and grace
Unto the numbre of apostolacye,
Whan cursid Judas has forsake his place,
Thurghe his falshede and trechery,
Thy perfite lyfe broughte the to prelacye,
Thy blyssyd lif and perfite governaunce
Unto this seete shalle the now avaunce.

Sanctus Jacobus.

James, brother to Johan my ffrend so dere,
Preching my peeple in the lande of Ynde,
Undir Hermogenes martyred thow were,
Thy constaunce shalle never be sette be-hynde,
Of hevens blysse thowe shalle alle ffoysen fynde ;
Come, sitte downe heere, righte in this place of blisse,
Whiche for thy mede to the ordayned is.

Sanctus Philippus.

Philippe, thowe preched peple of Sythye,
By perfyte doctrine the feithe to susteyne,
In trewe byleeve howe they shuld multiplye,
Anmonyshing their erreure to restreyne,
Wherefore there thowe suffryd passion and peyne,
And for thy passyon and sufferance
Come sitte downe here, in this place of plesaunce.

Sanctus Barnabe.

Blessid Barnabé, electe by grace divine
To be oone of the chosen companye,
And sitte upon the seetes twelwe in fyne,
Of thy triumphe laureat and victorie,
Come and receive reward of glorie,
Come sitte here in this seete celestiale,
For reward of thi palme victorialle.

Sanctus Matheus.

Mathewe, thow scribe of trouthe and verité,
Labouryng in the wyne of scripture,
Wyne of doctrine broching gret plenté,
By grete tribulacion and reddure,
Suffrid passioun, worthi to endure
Eternally in blisse for thy greete constaunce,
Come and rejoice thyne owne inheritaunce.

XXI.

[From MS. Harl. No. 5396, fol. 4, r^o. of the beginning of the
sixteenth century.]

Christo paremus canticam, excelsis gloria.

When Cryst was born of Mary fre,
In Bedlem in that fayre cyté,
Angellis song ther with myrth and gle,
in excelsis gloria.

Herdmen beheld thes angellis bryzt,
To hem apperyd wyth gret lyzt,
And seyde, "Goddys sone is born this nyzt,"
in excelsis gloria.

Thys keng ys comyn to save kynde,
As yn scripturas we fynde,
Therefore this song have we in mynde,
in excelsis gloria.

Then, Lord, for thy gret grace,
Graunt us the blys to se thy face,
Where we may syng to thy solas,
in excelsis gloria!

XXII.

[From MS. Harl. No. 5396, p. 18. This MS. appears to have been written in the north; for on the page which contains the present carol are written, in nearly a contemporary hand, the words, "Wyl³am Northe of Yorke."]

Puer nobis natus est, de virgine Maria.

BE glad, lordynges, be ye more and lesse,
I bryng 3ou tydynges of gladnesse,
As Gabryel me beryth wetnesse,
dicam vobis quia.

I bryng 3ou tydynges that ben gode,
Mary hath borne a blysful foude,
That bozt us all upon the rode,
sua morte pia.

For the trespas of Adam,
For the fadyr of hevyn he cam,
Here-to myrthhe us bygan,
teste profecia.

Mary, modur and leve virgyn,
That bare a child wyth-outen syn,
Kepe us all fro hell pyn,
de virgine Maria.

XXIII.

[From MS. Cotton. Vesp. A. xxv. fol. 136, v^o. written early in the sixteenth century.]

Who trustes Christes incarnatyone,
Are chyldren of salwacyone.

Seaventh chapter of Isai,
A signe, a token ye shall se,
Where that that he haith sayd,
Lo ! a mad shall conceyve a chyld,
Of mans knowing be undefilde,
And still shall be a maide.

A mother maid a child to bringe,
Nowe who haith hard of suche a thinge ?
Or who can tell at ffull
Howe that a maid a mother was,
Or howe this same is browght to pas ?
Mans wit it is to dull.

Signes now apon this maiden be,
That sso maye in verginitie,
Onelye by will of God,
And still to be a maiden pure,
A childe bringe furthe against nature,
Like flores of Arons rodde.

Another singe behold and se,
Upon this maid virginité,
Trwlie of hir was ment

This fierie bushe that was so bright,
To Moises did give suche a light,
And not one leafe was brent.

Another sing behould now, lo !
Of Sedrak, Misake, Abbednago,
In a fornace concluded,
And not one hare of them adust ;
As ys Godes wyll, Godes wyl be must,
Yt cannot be refused.

Who can deny but this ys trew,
What ys Godes wyll yt must ensew,
And nature must applye ?
Why dost thou, Jew, now musse now than,
That God may be both God and man,
A mayd a mother be ?

Now faith in this that must take place,
Therefore who so faith wyll embrace,
And trust in Christ his birth,
As saith the scripture, they shalbe
With God above in his glory,
Where ever shalbe mirth.

FFINIS.

XXIV.

[MS. Cott. Vesp. A. xxv. fol. 138, r^o.]

As said the prophet Abacuc,
Betwixt too bestes shulde lye our buk,
That mankind shuld redeme;
The ox betokenithe mekenes here,
The asse our gilte that he shulde bere,
And washe away our cryme.

In mydst of doctors he was fownd,
The prophetes planly did expownde,
Throughe mydst frome deathe he fledd;
No where wolde die but on the crosse,
Betwixt two theives redemed our losse,
His blood for hus to shedde.

In midst of his disciples all,
Said, peace to yow universall!
All synnes ye shall remite,
For now is maid an unitie
With man and Godes devinitie,
Of love the knot is knite.

Saint John abowe the ierarchies,
Se .vij. golden luminaries,
And Crist was in the myde;
And of this .vij. the trew entente
Is .vij. holie sacramentes ment,
Christ in the midst is hide.

In the sacrament of eucharist,
 Is trow man Gode and very Christe,
 Secret in forme of bread,
 In mydst of us shall perdurate,
 Whilles that he come in great estate,
 To judge bothe quicke and dead.

This is the lord of unitie,
 The lord of love and charatie,
 That all thinges dothe remite ;
 And who in him is congregate,
 The poor, the riche, or greate estate,
 In mydst of them dothe site.

FFINIS.

XXV.

[MS. Cotton. Vesp. A. xxv. fol. 138, vo.]

A CAROLL OF SAINT STEPHEN.

THERE was no deathe nor worldlie joie,
 The faithe of Stephen that culde distroye ;
 There was no payne nor tormentrie,
 Cud juge the vleysse (?) that he did se.

This holy stephen replet with grace,
 Did se Godes sonne before his face,
 In joye where he shuld come,

Standing by his powre and might,
Stephen for to succoure in his sight
Of blodye marterdome.

Steven as a knight before his king,
And all his courte one hym loking,
Dyd valiantly fight ;
Before the cowrt of heaven,
Was this conflicte of holy Stephen
Downe lyke a puyzant knight.

Les stephen shuld dowte, beinge a man,
The Sone of God apperyde than,
As he was crucified,
Hym for to comforthe, helpe, and guyde,
Of deathe shulde be nothings affraid,
When stoons of him did glied.

Saincte Jhon Baptist se heven open,
Saincte Paule se thinges not to be spoken,
Some se transfigure ;
But Steven se Christ in his glorie,
Praid for his enemes enterelye,
And thos that dyd hym haite.

Before Stephen eies was set the glave,
For his conflicte he shoulde receyve
A crowne, it did appere ;
This crown was wrought in every linke,
No tounge can tell nor hart can thincke,
Bout those that dothe it were.

This crown to were and to obtain,
 The creuell stones that perche his brine
 Was no adversitie ;
 Trowble, payne, hys lyve to end,
 He thowght his blode was righte well spend,
 For this crowne for to die.

Whoe at his bodie keste a stone,
 He did forgeve them every one,
 And he that kept there cloosse ;
 Christe grante this deie that we maie se,
 With Stephen to die in charitie,
 And for-geve all our fosse. .

FFINIS.

XXVI.

[MS. Cotton. Vesp. A. xxv. fol. 139, v^o.]

THEN may we joie in unitie,
 And thanke the holie Trinitie.

Man to redeme and not angell,
 In heaven wrought by dyvine consell,
 For what encheson,
 Then heare my reason ;
 Angell fell by no suggesture,
 And man by angell decepture.
 Disceit and falles treason.
 Then may, etc.

Ye know that angell of substance
 Shuld be stronge with-oute variance ;

And whie not man ? .

I shall shew than :

Man was maid of flesh unpoure,

Weak and feble, sone to alure,

For that mercye whan.

Than maye, etc.

Against the father Adam sind ;

And Eve against the sonne, I find ;

In whom angell,

I shall you tell ;

Against the holye gost commite,

Which shall in no worlde remite,

But ever be in hell.

Than maye, etc.

Angell subvented rristelie, (?)

And sad *eritis sicut dii*,

For what intent

Man to subvent,

And make all Adam seed to die ;

But Christ again upon a tre,

His blessid blood spent.

Then may, etc.

Where angell said and maid a lye,

Nequaquam moriemini,

How did it passe,

As God wylle was ;

.V. thowsand yeare all went to hell,
 To leise man Christe toke fleshe and fell,
 This good Christenmas.
 Then maye, etc.

I pray yow all that loves the Lord,
 Joie in Christ birthe in one accorde,
 So shall it be ;
 Then we agre,
 And thanke the Lord bothe now and then,
 Together lyve like christenge men
 In charitie.

Then may, etc.
 Above the fiere,
 I you desyre.

FFINIS.

XXVII.

[MS. Cott. Vesp. A. xxv. p. 140, v^o.]

By reason of two, and no poore of one,
 This tyme God and man was set at one.

God against nature thre wonders haith wrought ;
 First, of the vile earthe mad man without man ;
 Then woman without woman of man maid of nought ;
 And so man without man in woman than :

Thus, lo ! God and man together begane,
As two for to joine together in one,
As at this good tyme to be sett at one ;
Thus God begane
This world for to forme and to encrease man.

Angell in heaven for offence was damned,
And man also for beinge variable ;
Whether shuld be saved was examyned,
Man or yet angell ; then God was greable
To answer for man, for man was not able,
And said man had mocyon and angell had none,
Wherefore God and man shuld be seitt at one.
Thanke we him than,
That thus did leave angell and saved man.

The Devill clamed man by bargan as this,
For an thappell, he said, man was bought and solde ;
God aunswered and said, the bargan was his,
Withe myne to be myne, how durst thoue be so bolde ?
Man myne, syne thyne, wherfore thoue art now told,
Thoue bought nought, then taikie nought, the bargan
is don ;
Wherefore God and man shalbe set att one.
Nowe blessed be he,
For we that are bownde, loe ! nowe are maid free.

Betwene God and man it was great distaunce,
For man said that God shuld have kept him upryght,
And God said man maid all the variaunce,
For thapple to sett his commaundement so light ;

Wherfore of his mercye sparinge the ryght,
He thought God and man shuld be set at one;
Seinge that God and man was set at one,
What kindnes was this,
To agree with man and the fault not his?

Withe man and woman it was great traverse,
Man said to the woman, "woe myght thou be!"
"Nay," quod the woman, "why dost thoue reverse?
For womans entisinge woe be to the!
For God [made] man the heade and ruler of me;
Thus God sawe man and woman were not at one,
He thought in a woman to sett theime at one;
To our solace,
His mercye he graunted for our trespase.

Of womanhede lo! thre degres there be,
Widowehede, wedlocke, and verginnitie;
Widowehede clamed heaven, her title is this,
By oppressions that mekelie suffrethe she;
And vergins clame by chastité alone;
Then God thought a woman shoulde set them at one;
A wedlocke by generacion, heaven hires shuld be,
And cease the strife;
For Marie was maden, widowe, and wife.

The ritche and the pore the title did reherse;
The pore clamed heaven throughe his pacient havour,
He saide *beati pauperes*, and further the verse,
The riche man by ritches thought hym in favour,

For who was so ritche as was our saviour?
 And againe who so pure as he was one,
 In hey when he ley to set us at one?
 Who grant us peace,
 And at the last ende the great joyes endles!

FFINIS.

XXVIII.

[MS. Cott. Vesp. A. xxv. fol. 160, vo.]

A CARROLL OF THE BIRTHE OF CHRIST.

THE golden tyme ys nowe at hande,
 The daye of joye from heaven doth springe,
 Salvacyone over-flowes the lande,
 Wherefore all faithfull thus may singe,
 Glorye to God most hie!
 And peacece on the earth continuallie!
 And unto men rejoysinge!

The birthe of Christ who lyst to here,
 To this oure songe lett them gyve eare,
 Which shoves the same most playnlye:
 The angell Gabriell from above
 Was sent by God to breake his love
 Unto the virgin Marye;
 Who saide, "haile! Marye, full of graicce,
 Blessed art thou of womans rayce!

The lorde ys with the sertainly,
 As he haith sent the worde by me."
 When she harde this, she was affrayed,
 And cast in her mynde what he hadde saide ;
 The angell saide, " feare not, Marye,
 The Sonne of God dothe dwell with the.

Lo ! in thie wombe thou shalt conceyve,
 And beare a sonne whosse name shall have
 The gloryous name of Jesus ;
 He shalbe greate in majestie,
 And calde the sonne of God most hee,
 Who still shall dwell emongst hus.
 The Lorde for hym shall well provide
 The seate of his father Davyde ;
 And he shall reigne for evermore,
 A safegarde styll unto the poore,
 Whosse kingdome sure shall have no ende,
 But styll in joyes the tyme to spende."
 The virgin saide to thangell than,
 " Howe shall this be ? I knowe no man."

The angell annswered and saide,
 " The holye gost, be not affraide,
 From heaven shall come upon the ;
 And by the graicce of God most hie,
 Powre shall over-shadowe the,

I tell the truthe, beleve me.
 And also thie cosen Elizabeth
 So in lykewisse conceyved hath the,

Thus God canne make the barren tre
To budde with frute most pleasauntlye."
Then Mary said, with one accorde,
"Behould the hande-mayde of the Lorde !
The will of God be done in me,
As yt shall please his majestie !"

When fortye wekes were commed and gonne,
In Bethleem this our Lorde was borne,
As Esaye he did prophesye ;
The shepherdes keping sheepe by night,
The Lorde did compasse them with light,
His angell walking harde bye.
The shepherdes then were soore dismaide,
The angell saide, "be not affraied,
I bringe you tidinges of suche joye
As Sathans force canne not destroye.
For whye ? to you ys borne this day
The savioure of the world, I saye :
This ys the signe where you shall see
A swodled child in maunger lye."

The shepherdes stright to Bethleem wente,
As they by thangell than were sent,
Where Josephe was with Marye ;
And as the angell to them saide,
They founde the child in maunger layde,
Whom they dyd worshipp trulye ;
And sprede abroad what they did see,
As thangell tould them certainlye,

Rejoysing greatly at the same,
 And praisinge Godes most holye name,
 For sending downe his only sonne
 For our salvacyone to be bourne;
 Which was as now this Christenmas,
 Rejoyce therefor, bothe more and lesse.

XXIX.

[MS. Cott. Vesp. A. xxv. fol. 168, v^o.]

A CHRISTENMESSE CARROLL.

A BONNE, God wote!
 Sticke in my throate,
 Without I have a draught
 Of cornie aile,
 Nappy and staile,
 My lyffe lyes in great wauste.
 Some ayle or beare,
 Gentill butlere,
 Some lycoure thou hus showe,
 Such as you mashe,
 Our throtes to washe,
 The best were that yow brew.

Saint, master, and knight,
 That saint Mault hight,
 Were prest betwen two stones;

That swet humour
Of his lycoure
Would make us sing at once.
Mr. Wortley,
I dar well say,
I tell you as I thinke,
Would not, I say,
Byd hus this day,
But that we shuld have drink.

His men so tall
Walkes up his hall,
With many a comly dishe;
Of his good meat
I cannot eate,
Without a drink i-wysse;
Now gyve hus drink,
And let cat wynke,
I tell you all at once,
Yt stickes so sore,
I may sing nomore,
Tyll I have dronken once.

FFINIS.

■

XXX.

[MS. Cott. Vesp. A. xxv. p. 172, r^v. imperfect at the end.]

PRAISE we the Lord that haith no peare,
And thanke we hym for this new yere !

The second person in Trinitié,
Man to restore to lybertie,
The shape of hym to tak certaine
Dyd not refuse, but was full fayne.

On earthe he taught many a yere,
Willing mankinde for to forebeare
When he were up to fall againe,
And then of hym he would be faine.

When he had taught and preched longe,
He choysse out twelff our selves amonge,
To whom he would gyve knowledg plaine,
To teache the truth, which maid them faine.

When he had wrought thus for our sake,
His deth full mekely he did take,
His hart with speare was rent in twaine,
Man to reedeme he was so faine.

But all this same we do forgett,
By hym right nought that we do sett,

From synne we wyll no whytt refraine,
To love the world we be so faine.

Let hus take up our selves in tyme,
From darknes let hus seke to clyme,
Or that our bodye by dethe be slaine,
Our Lord we let—————
He be faie—————

FFINIS.

XXXI.

[From MS. Addit. in Mus. Brit. No. 5665, fol. 5, vo, written in the reign of Henry VIII. This is the MS. formerly in the possession of Ritson.]

NOWELL, nowell, nowell, nowell,
Tydynges gode y thyngke to telle.

The borys hede, that we bryng here,
Betokeneth a prince withowte pere,
Ys borne this day to bye us dere,
nowell.

A bore ys a soverayn beste,
And acceptabe in every feste ;
So mote thys lord be to moste and leste,
nowell.

This borys hede we bryng with song,
 In worchyp of hym that thus sprang
 Of a virgine, to redresse alle wrong;
 nowell.

XXXII.

[From MS. Addit. No. 5665, fol. 6, v^o.]

NOWELL, nowell, nowell, nowell,
 Who ys ther that syngith so nowell, nowell, nowell?

I am here, syre Crystesmasse,
 Wellcome, my lord syre Christesmasse,
 Wellcome to us alle bothe more and lasse;
 come nere, nowell.

Dieu vous garde, byewe syre, tydynges y zou bryng,
 A mayde hathe born a chylde fulle zong,
 The weche causeth for to syng,
 nowell.

Criste is now born of a pure mayde,
 In an oxe stalle he ys layde,
 Wherefor syng we alle atte a brayde,
 nowell.

Bevez bien par tutte la company,
 Make gode chere and be ryght mery,
 And syng with us now joyfully,
 nowell.

XXXIII.

[MS. Addit. 5665, fol. 8, r^o.]

MERVELE noȝt, Josep, on Mary mylde ;
 Forsake hyr not, they she be with chylde.
 I, Josep, wonder how this may be,
 That Mary wex gret when y and she
 Ever have levyd in chastité ;
 If she be with chylde, hit ys not by me.
Mervelle not, Joseph.

The holy gost, with mercifulle disstens,
 In here hathe entryd wythowte offens,
 God and man conceyved by hys presens,
 And she virgyn pure wythowte violens.
Mervelle no, Joseph.

What the angelle of God to me dothe say,
 I, Joseph, muste and wille umble obay,
 Ellys prively y wolde have stole a-way,
 But now wille y serve here tille that y day.
Mervelle not, Josep.

Josep, thow shalt here mayde and moder fynde,
 Here sone redemptor of alle mankynde,
 Thy fore-faderes of paynes to unbynde ;
 Therefor muse not this mater in thy mynde.
Mervelle not.

XXXIV.

[MS. Addit. 5665, fol. 36, r^o.]

Profate, welcome, wellescome !
Thys tyme ys borne a chylde of grace,
That for us mankynde hathe take.

profate.

A kinges sone and an emperoure
Ys comyn oute of a madynys toure,
With us to dwelle with grete honowre.

profate.

This holy tyme of Cristesmesse,
Alle sorwe and synne we shulde relese,
And caste away alle hevynesse.

profate.

The gode lord of this place entere,
Seith welcome to alle that now apere,
Unto suche fare as ye fynde here.

profate.

Wellescome be this new ere !
And loke ye alle be of gode chere ;
Our Lorde God be at oure denere !

profate.

XXXV.

[MS. Addit. No. 5665, fol. 40, v^o.]

*Jhesu, fili virginis,
miserere nobis.*

Jhesu, of a mayde thou woldest be borne,
To save mankynde that was for-lorne,
And alle for owr synnes,
miserere nobis.

Angelis ther were, mylde of mode,
Song to that swete fode,
Wyth joye and blisse :
miserere nobis.

In a cracche was that chylde layde,
Bothe oxe and asse wyth hym playde,
Wyth joye and blisse,
miserere nobis.

Then for us he shadde his blode,
And alleso he dyedde on the rode,
And for us y-wysse,
miserere nobis.

And then to helle he toke the way,
To raunson hem that ther lay,
with joy and blisse :
miserere nobis.

XXXVI.

[MS. Addit. No. 5665, fol. 9, r^o.]

MAN be joyfulle and myrth thou make,
For Crist ys made man ffor thy sake.

Man be mery I the rede,
But be whar what merthis thou make;
Crist ys clothed yn thy wede,
And he ys made man for thy sake.

He cam ffro hys ffader sete,
Into this worlde to be thy make;
Man be war how thou hym trete,
For he ys made man for thy sake.

Loke thou mercy ewyr crye,
Now and alleway, rathe and late;
And he wille sette the wonder hye,
For he ys made man for thy sake.

XXXVII.

[MS. Addit. No. 5665, fol. 15, v^o.]

HAVE mercy on me, kynge of blisse,
As mucche as thy mercy ys!

Of Mary Criste was bore,
Wythowte wem of aney hore,

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

To save us that were for-lore.

Kyng of alle kynges.

To us he gaffe a sompelle abowte,

That we shulde nozt be prowte,

For he was wrapped in a clawte.

Kyng of alle kynges.

Pray we Jhesu, heven kyng,

Alle so after owre endyng,

To his blysse ever lastyng,

Kyng of alle kynges.

XXXVIII.

[MS. Addit. No. 5665, fol. 23, v^o.]

Te laudamus, te dominum confitemur, te eternum.

O BLESSE God in Trinité !

Grete cause we have to blesse thy name,

That now woldest sende downe fro the

The holy gost to stynte oure blame.

Te Deum laudamus.

Synge we to God, fader eternalle,

That luste to inne wyth oure nature,

The sone of hym celestiale,

Man to be borne oure saulis to cure.

Te Deum.

Alle te seyntes in heven on hye,
 And alle that buthe in erthe alleso,
 Geff laude and thangkes devotelye
 To God abowe, and synge hym to,
Te Deum.

XXXIX.

[MS. Addit. No. 5665, fol. 25, vo.]

Now make we joye in this feste,
In quo Christus natus est,
A patre unigenitus,
 .iiij. 3ong maydens cam tille us,
 And say, wellcome.
Veni, redemptor gentium.

Agnoscat omne seculum;
 A bry3th sterre .iiij. kynges made come,
A solis ortus cardine,
 So my3thi a lord ys non as he.
Veni, redemptor omnium gentium.

XL.

[From a small volume of Christmas Carols, printed by Richard Kele, probably between 1546 and 1552.]

BE we mery in this feste,
In quo salvator natus est.

In Bethелеem, that noble place,
As by prophesy sayd it was,
Of the vyrgyn Mary, full of grace,
Salvator mundi natus est.

Be we mery, etc.

On Chrystmas nyght an angel it tolde
To the shephardes, kepyng theyr folde,
That into Bethелеem with bestes wolde,
Salvator mundi natus est.

Be we mery, etc.

The shephardes wère compassed ryght,
About them was a great lyght,
Drede ye nought, sayd the aungell bryght,
Salvator mundi natus est.

Be we mery, etc.

Beholde to you we brynge great joy,
For why? Jesus is borne this day
Of Mary, that mylde may,
Salvator mundi natus est.

Be mery, etc.

And thus in fayth fynde it ye shall,
 Lyenge porely in an oxe stall.
 The shephardes than lauded God all,
Quia Salvator mundi natus est.
 Be mery, etc.

XLI.

NOEL NOUVEAU.

[Sur l'air, "Or dites-nous, Marie," from a rare French tract of the latter part of the sixteenth century, entitled, "Noels Vieux et Nouveaux."

CÉLÉBRONS la naissance
Nostri Salvatoris,
 Qui fait la complaisance
Dei sui Patris;
 Cet Enfan tout aimable,
In nocte media,
 Est né daus une étable
De casta Maria.
 Cette heureuse nouvelle
Olim Pastoribus
 Par un Ange fidelle
Fuit nunciatus,
 Leur disant, laissez paître
In agro viride,

Venez voir votre Maître,
Filiumque Dei.
A cette voix céleste
Omnes hi pastores,
D'un air doux et modeste,
Et multum gaudentes,
Incontinent marchèrent
Relicto pecore ;
Tous ensemble arrivèrent
In Bethlem Judæ.
Le premier qu'ils trouvèrent
Intrantes stabulum.
Fut Joseph ce bon père,
Senio confectum,
Qui d'ardeur nompareille,
It obviam illis,
Les reçoit, les accueille
Expansis brachiis.
Il fait à tous caresse,
Et in præsepio
Fait voir plein d'alégresse
Matrem cum filio ;
Ces bergers s'étonnèrent
Intuentes eum,
Que les Anges révèrent
Pannis involutum.
Lorsqu'ils se prosternèrent
Cum reverentia,
Et tous ils adorèrent
Pietate summa

Ce Sauveur tout aimable
Qui homo factus est,
Et qui dans une étable
Nasci dignatus est.
D'un cœur humble et sincère,
Suis muneribus,
Donnèrent à la mère
Et filio ejus
Des marques de tendresse ;
Atque his peractis,
Font voir leur alégresse
Hymnis et canticis :
Mille esprits angéliques
Juncti pastoribus
Chantent dans leur musique
Puer vobis natus ;
Au Dieu par qui nous sommes,
Gloria in excelsis,
Et la paix soit aux hommes
Bonæ voluntatis !
Jamais pareilles fêtes
Judicio omnium,
Même jusques aux bêtes
Testantur gaudium.
Enfin cette naissance
Cunctis creaturis
Donne jouissance,
Et replet gaudiis.
Qu'on ne soit insensible,
Adeamus omnes,

Ce Dieu rendu passible
Propter nos mortales,
 Et tous de compagnie
Exoramus eum,
 Qu'à la fin de la vie
Dei regnum beatum.

XLII.

[From "The Christmas Prince," London, 1607.]

*Carol, on bringing the Boar's Head, used before the Christmas
 Prince, at St. John the Baptist's College,
 Oxford, Christmas 1607.*

THE Boare is dead,
 Loe, heare is his head:
 What man could have done more
 Then his head of to strike,
 Meleager like,
 And bringe it as I doe before ?

He livinge spoyled
 Where good men toyled,
 Which made kinde Ceres sorrye ;
 But now, dead and drawne,
 Is very good brawne,
 And wee have brought it for ye.

Then sett downe the swineyard,
The foe to the vineyard,
Lett Bacchus crowne his fall;
Lett this boares-head and mustard
Stand for pigg, goose, and custard,
And so you are welcome all.

XLIII.

[A Christmas Carol, by George Wither. From his "Juvenilia," first printed in 1622.]

So, now is come our joyfult feast;
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine;
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Now, all our neighbours' chimnies smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with bak'd meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lye;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury't in a Christmas pie,
And ever more be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trim,
And no man minds his labour ;
Our lasses have provided them
A bag-pipe and a tabor ;
Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
Give life to one another's joys ;
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun ;
Their hall of music soundeth ;
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
So all things there aboundeth.
The country folks themselves advance
With crowdy-muttons out of France ;
And Jacke shall pipe, and Jyll shall dance,
And all the town be merry.

Ned Squash hath fetcht his bands from pawn,
And all his best apparel ;
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn
With dropping of the barrel ;
And those that hardly all the year
Had bread to eat, or rags to wear,
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the justices
With capons make their errants ;
And if they hap to fail of these,
They plague them with their warrants :

But now they feed them with good cheer,
And what they want they take in beer ;
For Christmas comes but once a year,
And then they shall be merry.

Good farmers in the country nurse
The poor, that else were undone ;
Some landlords spend their money worse,
On lust and pride at London.
There the roysters they do play,
Drab and dice their lands away,
Which may be ours another day ;
And therefore let's be merry.

The client now his suit forbears,
The prisoner's heart is eased ;
The debtor drinks away his cares,
And for the time is pleased.
Though other purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or grieve at that ?
Hang sorrow ! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry.

Hark ! how the wags abroad do call
Each other forth to rambling :
Anon you'll see them in the hall
For nuts and apples scrambling.
Hark ! how the roofs with laughter sound !
Anon they'll think the house goes round ;
For they the cellar's depth have found,
And there they will be merry.

The wenches with their wassel bowls
About the streets are singing ;
The boys are come to catch the owls,
The wild mare in is bringing.
Our kitchen-boy hath broke his box,
And to the dealing of the ox
Our honest neighbours come by flocks,
And here they will be merry.

Now kyngs and queens poor sheep cotes have,
And mate with every body ;
The honest now may play the knave,
And wise men play the noddie.
Some youths will now a mumming go,
Some others play at Rowland-ho,
And twenty other gameboys mo,
Because they will be merry.

Then wherefore in these merry daies
Should we, I pray be duller ?
No, let us sing some roundelayes,
To make our mirth the fuller.
And, whilst thus inspir'd we sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring,
Woods and hills, and every thing,
Bear witness we are merry.

XLIV.

[From "New Carolls for this Mery Time of Christmas," 12mo. Lond. 1661. This carol is printed in the "Archæologist," No. 1. It was sung to the tune of "Essex last good night."]

ALL you that in this house be here,
Remember Christ that for us dy'd,
And spend away with modest cheere
In loving sort this Christmas tide.

And whereas plenty God hath sent,
Give frankly to your friends in love :
The bounteous mind is freely bent,
And never will a niggard prove.

Our table spread within the hall,
I know a banquet is at hand,
And friendly sort to welcome all
That wil unto their tacklings stand.

The maids are bonny girles I see,
Who have provided much good cheer,
Which at my dame's commandment be
To set it on the table here.

For I have here two knives in store
To lend to him that wanteth one ;
Commend my wits, good lads, therefore,
That comes now hither having none.

For if I schuld, no Christmas pye
Would fall, I doubt, unto my share ;
Wherefore I will my manhood try,
To fight a battle if I dare.

For pastry-crust, like castle walls,
Stands braving me unto my face ;
I am not well until it falls,
And I made captain of the place.

The prunes so lovely look on me,
I cannot chuse but venture on :
The pye-meat spiced brave I see,
The which I must not let alone.

Then, butler, fill me forth some beer,
My song hath made me somewhat dry :
And so again to this good cheer,
I'll quickly fall couragiously.

And for my master I will pray,
With all that of his household are,
Both old and young, that long we may
Of God's good blessings have a share.

XLV.

[A Christmas Song, from "Poor Robin's Almanac," 1695. It is taken from Brand's "Popular Antiquities," as we have not been able to meet with a copy of the Almanac of that year. Brand appears to have omitted a part of a stanza.]

"Now thrice welcome Christmas,
Which brings us good cheer,
Minc'd-pies and plum-porridge,
Good ale and strong beer ;
With pig, goose, and capon,
The best that can be,
So well doth the weather
And our stomachs agree.

Observe how the chimneys
Do smoak all about,
The cooks are providing
For dinner, no doubt ;
But those on whose tables
No victuals appear,
O may they keep Lent
All the rest of the year !

With holly and ivy
So green and so gay ;
We deck up our houses
As fresh as the day,

With bays and rosemary,
And lawrel compleat,
And every one now
Is a king in conceit.

But as for all curmudgeons,
Who will not be free,
I wish they may die
On the three-legged tree.

XLVI.

[A Christmas Carol, from "Poor Robin's Almanac," Dec. 1700.]

Now that the time is come wherein,
our Saviour Christ was born,
The larders full of beef and pork,
the garners fill'd with corn ;
As God hath plenty to thee sent,
take comfort of thy labours,
And let it never thee repent
to feast thy needy neighbours.

Let fires in every chimney be,
that people they may warm them ;
Tables with dishes covered,
good victuals will not harm them.

With mutton, veals, beef, pig, and pork,
well furnish every board,
Plum-pudding, furmity and what
thy stock will then afford.

No niggard of the liquor be,
let it go round thy table,
People may freely drink, but not
so long as they are able ;
Good customs they may be abus'd,
which makes rich men so slack us,
This feast is to relieve the poor,
and not to drunken Bacchus.

Thus if thou doest,
'twill credit raise thee,
God will the bless,
and neighbours praise thee.

XLVII.

[From Sandys, p. 63.]

A CHILD this day is born,
A child of high renown,
Most worthy of a sceptre,
A sceptre and a crown.
Novels, Novels, Novels,
Novels, sing all we may,
Because the King of all kings
Was born this blessed day.

This child both God and man
From heaven down to us came,
He is the King of all kings,
And Jesus is his name.
Novels, &c.

These tidings shepherds heard
In field watching their fold,
Was by an angel unto them
That night reveal'd and told.
Novels, &c.

Who standing near by them
To them shined so bright,
That they amazed were
At that most glorious sight.
Novels, &c.

To whom the angel spoke,
Saying, be not afraid,
Be glad, poor silly shepherds ;
Why are you so dismayed ?
Novels, &c.

For lo, I bring you tidings
Of gladness and of mirth,
Which cometh to all people by
This holy Infant's birth.
Novels, &c.

The only Son of God was he,
The Lord and God most Highest ;
And he is the true Shepherd ;
The young child Jesus Christ.
Novels, &c.

Then was there with the angel
An host incontinent
Of heavenly bright soldiers,
Which from the Highest was sent.
Novels, &c.

Lauding the Lord our God,
And his Celestial King ;
All glory be in paradise,
This heavenly host did sing.
Novels, &c.

Glory be unto our God.
That sitteth still on high,
With praises and with triumph great,
And joyful melody.
Novels, &c.

But when this holy army
Of heavenly soldiers bright
Was unto God returned
And vanished out of sight ;
Novels, &c.

The which the holy prophets
Spake of long time before,
That from the fall of Adam
He should us all restore.
Novels, &c.

The shepherds hearts were joyful
At this great glorious news,
That the King of all kings
was risen amongst the Jews.
Novels, &c.

Without the least of hinderance
Anon they went in then,
And found the young child Jesus Christ
Thus born in Bethlehem.
Novels, &c.

And as the angel told them,
So to them did appear ;
They found the young child Jesus Christ
With Mary his mother dear.
Novels, &c.

Not sumptuously, but simply,
Was the young King array'd ;
A manger was the cradle
Where the young child was laid.
Novels, &c.

No pride at all was found
In this most holy Child,
But he being void of all sin,
The Lamb of God most mild.
Novels, &c.

His body unto bitter pains
He gave to set us free :
He is our Saviour Jesus Christ,
And none but only he.
Novels, &c.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
All glory be therefore,
To whom be all dominion
Both now and evermore !
Novels, &c.

XLVIII.

[For Christmas Day in the Morning, from Sandys, p. 74.]

THE first Nowell the Angell did say
Was to three poor Shepherds in the fields as they lay ;
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep
In a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the East beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

Nowel, &c.

And by the light of that same star,
Three Wise Men came from country far ;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.

Nowel, &c.

This star drew nigh to the North West,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it took both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Nowell, &c.

Then did they know assuredly
Within that house the King did lie ;
One entered in then for to see,
And found the babe in poverty,

Nowell, &c.

Then enter'd in those Wise Men three
Most reverently upon their knee,
And offer'd there in his presence,
Both gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

Nowell, &c.

Between an ox stall and an ass,
This child truly there born he was ;
For want of clothing they did him lay
In the manger, among the hay.

Nowell, &c.

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of nought,
And with his blood mankind hath bought,;

Nowell, &c.

If we in our time shall do well,
We shall be free from death and Hell,
For God hath prepared for us all
A resting place in generall.

Nowell, &c.

XLIX.

[From Sandys, p. 99.]

COME rejoice, all good Christians,
And rejoice now, I pray,
For joy our Redeemer
Was born on this day,
In the city of David,
And a cottage so poor ;

Then rejoice and be you merry,
We have blessings in store.
And therefore be you merry,
Rejoice and be you merry,
Set sorrows away,
Christ Jesus our Saviour
Was born on this day.

Our Lord he was born
Of a virgin most pure,
Within a poor stable
Both safe and secure.
He was guarded most safely
With angels so bright,
Who told three poor shepherds
Those things in the night.
And therefore, &c.

They said, Be not fearful,
But to Bethlehem go :
Then rejoice and be chearful,
For 'tis certainly so.
For a young Son to Joseph,
Is in Bethlehem born :
Then rejoice all good Christians,
And cease for to mourn.
And therefore, &c.

And when those three shepherds
Did to Bethlehem come,
And arrived at the stable,
Then in they did run,

Where they found blessed Mary
With Jesus her Son :
There they found our Lord sleeping,
And thus they begun.
And therefore, &c.

With the sweetest Hallelujah
The heavens did rejoice,
With the saints and the angels,
And all with sweet voice,
Crying, Glory and honour
To our heavenly King,
In the clouds of the air
Then this host they did sing,
And therefore, &c.

Then well may we Christians,
That dwell on the earth,
Rejoice and be glad
For sweet Jesus his birth,
Who brought us salvation,
If we mind but the same :
Then let all the nation
Sing praise to his name.
And therefore, &c.

With true zeal and honour
Let us joyfully sing,
In praise of our salvation,
To our heavenly King ;

To our heavenly Father,
That remaineth above,
And to our dear Saviour,
That redeem'd us with love.
And therefore, &c.

FINIS.

THE NURSERY RHYMES
OF
ENGLAND,

Collected principally from Oral Tradition.

EDITED BY
JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ.

"Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum
Nænia."

HORACE.

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MDCCCLXII.

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PREFACE.

IN the present age of literary revivals of all kinds, the members of the Percy Society will not perhaps reject an attempt to rescue from the hand of oblivion and introduce into notice the works of an ancient series of bards, who amidst the general resuscitation of early literature have never hitherto been favoured with any vindicating critic. That their works have at one time or other been in every one's mouth, is, I presume, a sufficient proof of their genuine right to fame; and if the names of their several authors be as difficult to settle satisfactorily, as that of the *Iliad* itself, yet the modesty that was the reason in the first instance of their being withheld, only serves now to enhance the reputation of these writers. The lullabies of the ancients are for

ever lost, and a future race may not despise the knowledge of our method of primary instruction for our children, *στε παππαζουσι και μαμμαζουσι.*

If we had any credible sources of information, it would be a subject worthy of investigation, to ascertain the origin of the popularity of these national nursery melodies: but, like most other branches of popular literature and traditional anecdotes, their history is wrapped up in great obscurity. We can ascertain that they have been current in our nurseries for nearly two centuries, in all parts of England, under forms very slightly differing from each other; but more than this we know not. And these traditional nonsense-scrap have come down to us in such numbers, that in the short space of three years the Editor of the present volume had collected considerably more than a thousand. A selection is here presented to the reader.

A few nursery rhymes can be traced back to a very early period. Every child will remember the lines on Bryan O'Lin,—

“Bryan O'Lin, and his wife, and wife's mother,
All went over a bridge together:

The bridge was loose, and they all tumbled in,
 ‘What a precious concern!’ cried Bryan O’Lin:”

which are found, under a very slightly modified form, in a little black-letter book, by W. Wager, called, “*The longer thou livest the more Foole thou art,*” printed about the year 1560 :

“Tom a Lin, and his wife, and his wives mother,
 They went over a bridge all three together ;
 The bridge was broken and they fell in,
 The devil go with all, quoth Tom a Lin.”

A few more examples of this kind will be found in the following pages.

In attempting a classification, I am well aware that much question may arise concerning the true appropriation of many of the nursery rhymes to their several classes, and I must claim the indulgence of my readers for any mistakes I have committed in this respect.

I may here also take the opportunity of stating, that it was originally my intention to have introduced also a collection of merriments upon which many of these rhymes are founded, but the project was overruled by a gentleman, who gave it as his opinion that the Society would by their publi-

cation be involved in an awkward question of copyright. I was not previously aware that "Goody Two Shoes," and romances of this kind, were regarded so jealously by the trade.

My respectful and grateful thanks are due to Sir Edward F. Bromhead, Bart. who most kindly and liberally furnished me with a very large and valuable collection of nursery rhymes from Lincolnshire, together with several useful suggestions, to which I have been greatly indebted.* Nor must I omit to mention my obligations to my friend Mr. Black, a member of the Council of the Percy Society, who has also kindly given me his valuable assistance.

J. O. H.

35, *Alfred Place*,
Feast of All Saints, 1841.

* I am in possession of a curious and clever satirical pamphlet, entitled "Infant Institutes," 8vo. Lond. 1797, to which I am indebted for some interesting scraps.

NURSERY RHYMES.

First Class.—Historical.

WHEN good king Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king ;
He stole three pecks of barley-meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuff'd it well with plums :
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside ;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.

II.

[THE following song, relating to Robin Hood, the celebrated outlaw, is well known at Worksop, in Derbyshire, where it constitutes one of the nursery series.]

ROBIN Hood, Robin Hood
Is in the mickle wood !
Little John, Little John,
He to the town is gone.

Robin Hood, Robin Hood
Is telling his beads,
All in the green wood,
Among the green weeds.

Little John, Little John,
If he comes no more,
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
He will fret full sore !

III.

[THE original of "The house that Jack built" is presumed to be a hymn in *Sepher Haggadah*, fol. 23, a translation of which is here given. The historical interpretation was first given by P. N. Leberecht, at Leipsic in 1731, and is printed in the "Christian Reformer," vol. xvii. p. 28. The original is in the Chaldee language, and it may be mentioned that a very fine Hebrew manuscript of the fable, with illuminations, is in the possession of George Offor, Esq. of Hackney.]

1. *A kid, a kid*, my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
2. Then came *the cat*, and ate the kid
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
3. Then came *the dog* and bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
4. Then came *the staff*, and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
5. Then came *the fire*, and burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.

presents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The two pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.

2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.

3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.

4. The staff signifies the Persians.

5. The fire indicates the Grecian empire under Alexander the Great.

6. The water betokens the Roman, or the fourth of the great monarchies to whose dominion the Jews were subjected.

7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the caliphate.

8. The butcher that killed the ox, denotes the crusaders, by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.

9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to which it is still subject.

10. The commencement of the tenth stanza, is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long-expected Messiah.

IV.

[THE following version of a popular rhyme is in one of Douce's books. I consider it to refer to the rebellious times of Richard II.]

My father he died, I cannot tell how,
But he left me six horses to drive out my plough :
With a wimmy lo ! wommy lo ! Jack Straw blazey boys !
Wimmy lo ! Wommy lo ! Wob, wob, wob !

V.

My father he died, but I can't tell you how,
He left me six horses to drive in my plough :

With my wing wang waddle oh,
Jack sing saddle oh,
Blowsey boys bubble oh,
Under the broom.

I sold my six horses and I bought me a cow,
I'd fain have made a fortune, but did not know how :

With my, &c.

I sold my cow, and I bought me a calf;
I'd fain have made a fortune, but lost the best half :

With my, &c.

I sold my calf, and I bought me a cat;
A pretty thing she was, in my corner sat :

With my, &c.

I sold my cat, and I bought me a mouse;
He carried fire in his tail, and burnt down my house.

With my, &c.

■

VI.

[The same song as the preceding, dictated by a lady now living
in the Isle of Man, but a far better version.]

My daddy is dead, but I can't tell you how ;
But he left me six horses to follow the plough :
 With my whim wham waddle ho !
 Strim stram straddle ho !
 Bubble ho ! pretty boy,
 Over the brow.

I sold my six horses to buy me a cow,
And wasn't that a pretty thing to follow the plough ?
 With my, &c.

I sold my cow to buy me a calf,
For I never made a bargain, but I lost the best half.
 With my, &c.

I sold my calf to buy me a cat,
To sit down before the fire, to warm her little back :
 With my, &c.

I sold my cat to buy me a mouse,
But she took fire in her tail, and so burnt up my house :
 With my, &c.

VII.

[THERE is an old proverb which says that “a cat may look at a king.” Whether the same adage applies equally to a female sovereign, and is referred to in the following nursery song, or whether it alludes to the glorious Queen Bess, is now a matter of uncertainty.]

PUSSY cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
I’ve been to London to see the Queen.
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?
I frighten’d a little mouse under the chair.

VIII.

THE rose is red, the grass is green,
Serve Queen Bess our noble queen!
 Kitty the spinner
 Will sit down to dinner,
And eat the leg of a frog:
 All good people
 Look over the steeple,
And see the cat play with the dog.

IX.

[Taken from MS. Douce, 357, fol. 124. See Echard's *History of England*, book iii. chap. 1.]

SEE saw, sack-a-day ;
Monmouth is a pretie boy,
Richmond is another,
Grafton is my onely joy,
And why should I these three destroy,
To please a pious brother ?

X.

[Written in 1641, on the occasion of the marriage of Mary, the eldest daughter of Charles I, with the young Prince of Orange.]

WHAT is the rhyme for *porringer* ?
The king he had a daughter fair,
And gave the Prince of Orange her.

XI.

[The following nursery song alludes to William III, and George, Prince of Denmark.]

WILLIAM and Mary, George and Anne,
Four such children had never a man :
They turn'd their father out of door,
And call'd their brother the son of a whore.

XII.

OVER the water, over the lee,
Over the water to Charley.
Charley loves good ale and wine,
Charley loves good brandy,
Charley loves a little girl,
As sweet as sugar-candy.

XIII.

[The following may possibly allude to King George and the Pretender.]

JIM and George were two great Lords,
They fought all in a churn ;
And when that Jim got George by the nose,
Then George began to gern.

XIV.

POOR old Robinson Crusoe !
Poor old Robinson Crusoe !
They made him a coat,
Of an old nanny goat,
I wonder how they could do so !
With a ring a ting tang,
And a ring a ting tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe !

XV.

THE king of France went up the hill,
With twenty thousand men ;
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.

Second Class.—Tales.

XVI.

THERE was an old woman had three sons,
Jerry, and James, and John :
Jerry was hung, James was drowned,
John was lost and never was found,
And there was an end of her three sons,
Jerry, and James, and John !

XVII.

THERE was a man in Thessaly,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jump'd into a quickset hedge.
And scratch'd out both his eyes ;
And when he saw his eyes were out,
And he was in great pain,
He jump'd into a holly bush,
And scratch'd 'em in again.

XVIII.

WHEN I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I laid upon the shelf;
The rats and the mice they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife;
The roads were so bad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow.
The wheelbarrow broke, and my wife had a fall;
Deuce take the wheelbarrow, wife, and all.

XIX.

Rowstry dowl, my fire's all out,
My little dame is not at home!
I'll saddle my cock and bridle my hen,
And fetch my little dame home again!
Home she came, tritty trot,
She asked for the furmety she left in the pot;
Some she eat and some she shod,
And some she gave to the truckler's dog;
She took up the ladle and knocked its head,
And now poor Dapsy dog is dead!

XX

ROBIN and Richard
Were two pretty men ;
They laid in bed
Till the clock struck ten ;
Then up starts Robin
And looks at the sky,
Oh ! brother Richard,
The sun 's very high.
You go before with the bottle and bag,
And I will come after on little Jack Nag.
You go first, and open the gate,
And I'll come after, and break your pate.

XXI.

[From MS. Bib. Reg. 8 A. v. fol. 52, of the time of Henry VIII.]

WE make no spare
Of John Hunkes' mare ;
And now I
Think she will die :
He thought it good
To put her in the wood,
To seek where she might ly dry ;
If the mare should chance to fale,
Then the crownes would for her sale.

XXII.

I HAD a little dog, and his name was Blue Bell,
I gave him some work, and he did it very well;
I sent him up stairs to pick up a pin,
He stepped in the coal-scuttle up to the chin.
I sent him to the garden to pick some sage,
He tumbled down and fell in a rage;
I sent him to the cellar, to draw a pot of beer,
He came up again, and said there was none there.

XXIII.

THERE was a little man,
And he woo'd a little maid,
And he said, little maid, will you wed, wed, wed?
I have little more to say,
Than will you, yea or nay,
For least said is soonest mended—ded, ded, ded.

The little maid replied,
Some say a little sighed,
But what shall we have for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the love that you're so rich in,
Make a fire in the kitchen?
Or the little god of Love turn the spit—spit, spit?

XXIV.

I HAD a little moppet,
I put it in my pocket,
And fed it with corn and hay ;
Then came a proud beggar,
And swore he would have her,
And stole my little moppet away.

XXV.

THERE were two birds sat on a stone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de ;
One flew-away, and then there was one,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de ;
The other flew after, and then there was none,
Fa, la, la, la, lal de ;
And so the poor stone was left all alone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de !

XXVI.

THERE was a little Guinea-pig,
Who, being little, was not big,
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he eat.

When from a place he ran away,
He never at that place did stay ;
And while he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or old.

He often squeak'd, and sometimes vi'lent,
And when he squeak'd he ne'er was silent :
Tho' ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat.

One day, as I am certified,
He took a whim and fairly died ;
And as I'm told by men of sense,
He never has been living since.

XXVII.

DID you not hear of Betty Pringle's pig ?
' It was not very little, nor yet very big ;
The pig sat down upon a dunghill,
And then poor piggy he made his will.

Betty Pringle came to see this pretty pig,
That was not very little, nor yet very big ;
This little piggy it lay down and died,
And Betty Pringle sat down and cried.

Then Johnny Pringle buried this very pretty pig,
That was not very little, nor yet very big ;
So here's an end of the song of all three,
Johnny Pringle, Betty Pringle, and the little Piggie.

XXVIII.

THREE wise men of Gotham,
 Went to sea in a bowl:
 And if the bowl had been stronger,
 My song would have been longer.

XXIX.

[THE following was most probably taken from a poetical tale in the "Choyce Poems," 12mo. Lond. 1662. As it is a very popular nursery song, I shall give the tale to which I allude in No. 30.]

THREE children sliding on the ice,
 Upon a summer's day,
 As it fell out, they all fell in,
 The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at home,
 Or sliding on dry ground,
 Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
 They had not all been drown'd.

XXX.

[From "Ovid de Arte Amandi &c. Englished, together with Choice Poems, and rare Pieces of Drollery." 1662.]

SOME Christian people *all* give ear,
 Unto the grief of us,
 Caused by the death of three children dear;
 The which it hapned thus. c 2

And eke there befel an accident,
By fault of a carpenter's son,
Who to *saw* chips his sharp axe lent,
Wo woeth the time may Lon—

May London say, wo woeth the carpenter,
And all such *block-head* fools,
Would he were hang'd up like a serpent here,
For jesting with edge-tools.

For into the chips there fell a spark,
Which *put out* in such flames,
That it was known in Southwark,
Which lies beyond the Thames.

For *lo*, the bridge was wondrous *high*,
With water underneath,
O'er which as many *fishes* fly,
As *birds* therein doth breath.

And yet the fire consum'd the bridge,
Not far from place of landing ;
And though the building was full big,
It *fell down* not-with-standing.

And eke into the water fell
So many pewter dishes,
That a man might have taken up very well
Both *boil'd* and *roasted* fishes.

And that the *bridge* of London town,
For building that was sumptuous,
Was *all* by fire *half* burnt down,
For being too contemptuous:

And thus you have all but half my song,
Pray list to what comes after ;
For now I have *cool'd* you with the *fire*,
I'll *warm* you with the *water*.

I'll tell you what the river's name is,
Where these children did slide-a,
It was fair London's swiftest Thames,
That keeps both time and tide-a.

All on the tenth of January,
To the wonder of much people,
'Twas frozen o'er, that well 'twould bear
Almost a country steeple.

Three children sliding thereabouts,
Upon a place *too thin*,
That so at last it did fall *out*,
That they did all fall *in*.

A great lord there was that laid with the king,
And with the king great wager makes :
But when he saw he could not win,
He seight, and would have drawn stakes.

He said it would bear a man for to slide,
And laid a hundred pound;
The king said it would break, and so it did,
For three children there were drown'd.

Of which one's head was from his *shoulders* stricken, whose name was John,
Who then cry'd out as loud as he could,
"O Lon-a, Lon-a, London !

"Oh ! tut,-tut,-turn from thy sinful race,"
Thus did his speech decay :
I wonder that in such a case
He had no more to say.

And thus being drown'd, alack, alack,
The water ran down their throats,
And stopt their breath three hours by the clock,
Before they could get any boats.

Ye parents all that *children have*,
And ye that have none yet ;
Preserve your children from the grave,
And teach them at home to sit.

For had they at a sermon been,
Or else upon dry ground,
Why then I would have never been seen,
If that they had been *drown'd*.

Even as a huntsman ties his dogs,
For fear they should go from him ;
So tie your children with severity's clogs,
Untie 'em, and you'll undo 'em.

God bless our noble parliament,
And rid them from all fears !
God bless all th' *commons* of this land,
And God bless *some* o' th' peers !

XXXI.

THERE was an old man in a velvet coat,
He kiss'd a maid and gave her a groat ;
The groat was crack'd, and would not go,—
Ah, old man, d'ye serve me so ?

THERE was an old man,
And he had a calf,
And that's half :
He took him out of the stall,
And put him on the wall ;
And that's all.

I'LL tell you a story,
About Jack a Nory ;
And now my story's begun :
I'll tell you another
About Jack his brother,
And now my story's done.

XXXIV.

THE man in the moon,
Came tumbling down,
And ask'd his way to Norwich.
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth,
With supping hot pease porridge.

XXXV.

THE man in the moon drinks claret,
But he is a dull Jack-a-Dandy ;
Would he know a sheep's head from a carrot,
He should learn to drink cider and brandy.

XXXVI.

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run !
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street !

XXXVII.

THERE was an old woman
Liv'd under a hill,
She put a mouse in a bag,
And sent it to mill ;

The miller did swear,
By the point of his knife,
He never took toll
Of a mouse in his life !

FOUR and twenty tailors went to kill a snail,
The best man among them durst not touch her tail ;
She put out her horns like a little kyloe cow,
Run, tailors run, or she'll kill you all e'en now.

XXXIX.

JACK Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so, betwixt them both,
They lick'd the platter clean.

XL.

LITTLE Jack Jingle,
He used to live single :
But when he got tired of this kind of life,
He left off being single, and liv'd with his wife.

XLI.

[THE last verse of the following song is popular in our nurseries, and must be of great antiquity, as it is alluded to in MS. Lansd. 760, in a poem of the time of Henry VII.]

COME all ye brisk young bachelors,
That wish to have good wives ;
I'd have you be precautions,
How you spend your lives.
For women they are as various,
As the fish are in the sea ;
They're ten times more precarious,
Than a winter or summer's day !

When first you begin to court them,
 They're as mild as any dove,
 And you will think them,
 Full worthy of your love ;
 But when you do get married,
 The case is altered then ;
 For you will find, my friend,
 They can let loose their tongues !

Now Aristotle chose
 A most commodious wife,
 As ever was in this land, Sir,
 A partner for his life ;
 But soon he found out
 'Twas all a hum,
 You must not stay to pick them,
 But take them as they come !

Blank or prize 'tis all a chance,
 Shut your eyes and then advance !
 Whiche'er you touch be pleased at once,
 For you must pay, let who will dance.

There was a victim in a cart,
 One day for to be hung ;
 And his reprieve was granted,
 And the cart was made to stand :
 " Come marry a wife and save your life !"
 The judge aloud did cry.

“Oh why should I corrupt my life?”
The victim did reply :
“For here’s a crowd of every sort,
And why should I prevent the sport?
The bargain’s bad in every part—
The wife’s the worst ; drive on the cart !”

XLII.

THE lion and the unicorn,
Were fighting for the crown ;
The lion beat the unicorn,
All round about the town.
Some gave him white bread,
Some gave him plum cake,
And sent him out of town.

XLIII.

DOCTOR Faustus was a good man,
He whipt his children now and then ;
When he whipp’d them he made them dance,
Out of Scotland into France,
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipp’d them back again !

XLIV.

LITTLE Miss Mopsey,
Sat in the shopsey,
Eating curds and whey ;
There came a little spider,
Who sat down beside her,
And frightened little Miss Mopsey away !

XLV.

TOM married a wife on Sunday,
Beat her well on Monday,
Bad was she on Tuesday,
Midling was she on Wednesday,
Worse was she on Thursday,
Dead was she on Friday ;
Glad was Tom on Saturday night,
To bury his wife on Sunday.

XLVI.

SOLOMON Grundy,
Born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,

Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday ;
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy !

XLVII.

THERE was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile ;
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked-
mouse,
And they all liv'd together in a little crooked house.

XLVIII.

LITTLE blue Betty lived in a den,
She sold good ale to gentlemen :
Gentlemen came every day,
And little blue Betty hopp'd away.
She hopp'd up stairs to make her bed,
And she tumbled down and broke her head.

XLIX.

THE fox and his wife they had a great strife,
They never eat mustard in all their whole life ;
They eat their meat without fork or knife,
And lov'd to be picking a bone, e-oh !

The fox jumped up on a moonlight night ;
The stars they were shining, and all things bright ;
Oho ! said the fox, it's a very fine night,
For me to go through the town, e-oh !

The fox, when he came to yonder stile,
He lifted his lugs and he listened a while !
Oh, ho ! said the fox, it's but a short mile
From this unto yonder wee town, e-oh !

The fox when he came to the farmer's gate,
Who should he see but the farmer's drake ;
I love you well for your master's sake,
And long to be picking your bone, e-oh !

The grey goose she ran round the hay-stack,
Oh, ho ! said the fox, you are very fat ;
You'll grease my beard and ride on my back,
From this into yonder wee town, e-oh !

The farmer's wife she jump'd out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her head !
Oh, husband ! oh, husband ! the geese are all dead,
For the fox has been through the town, e-oh !

The farmer he loaded his pistol with lead,
And shot the old rogue of a fox through the head ;
Ah, ha ! said the farmer, I think you're quite dead ;
And no more you'll trouble the town, e-oh !

L.

THERE was an old man, who lived in a wood,
As you may plainly see ;
He said he could do as much work in a day,
As his wife could do in three.
With all my heart, the old woman said,
If that you will allow,
To-morrow you'll stay at home in my stead,
And I'll go drive the plough.

But you must milk the Tidy cow,
For fear that she go dry ;
And you must feed the little pigs,
That are within the sty ;
And you must mind the speckled hen,
For fear she lay away ;
And you must reel the spool of yarn,
That I spun yesterday.

The old woman took a staff in her hand,
And went to drive the plough ;
The old man took a pail in his hand,
And went to milk the cow :
But Tidy hunched, and Tidy flinched,
And Tidy broke his nose,
And Tidy gave him such a blow,
That the blood ran down to his toes !

High ! Tidy ! Ho ! Tidy ! high !
 Tidy ! stand still,
 If ever I milk you Tidy, again,
 'Twill be sore against my will !
 He went to feed the little pigs,
 That were within the sty ;
 He hit his head against the beam,
 And he made the blood to fly.

He went to mind the speckled hen,
 For fear she'd lay astray ;
 And he forgot the spool of yarn,
 His wife spun yesterday.
 So he swore by the sun, the moon, and the stars,
 And the green leaves on the tree ;
 If his wife didn't do a day's work in her life,
 She should ne'er be rul'd by he.

LI.

THERE was a man in our toone, in our toone, in our
 toone,
 There was a man in our toone, and his name was
 Billy Pod ;
 And he played upon an old razor, an old razor, an old
 razor,
 And he played upon an old razor, with my fiddle fiddle
 fe fum fo.

And his hat it was made of the good roast beef, the
good roast beef, &c.

And his hat it was made of the good roast beef, and his
name was Billy Pod ;

And he played upon an old razor, &c. &c.

And his coat it was made of the good fat tripe, the
good fat tripe, the good fat tripe,

And his coat it was made of the good fat tripe, and his
name was Billy Pod ;

And he played upon an old razor, &c.

And his breeks they were made of the bawbie baps,
the bawbie baps, &c.

And his breeks they were made of the bawbie baps,
and his name was Billy Pod ;

And he played upon an old razor, &c.

And there was a man in tither toone, in tither toone,
in tither toone,

And there was a man in tither toone, and his name
was Edrin Drum ;

And he played upon an old laadle, an old laadle, an old
laadle,

And he played upon an old laadle, with my fiddle,
fiddle fe fum fo.

And he eat up all the good roast beef, the good roast
beef, &c. &c.

And he eat up all the good fat tripe, the good fat tripe, &c. &c.

And he eat up all the bawbie baps, &c. and his name was Edrin Drum.

LII.

THERE was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead.
He went to a brook,
And fired at a duck,
And shot him through the head, head, head.

He carried it home,
To his old wife Joan,
And bid her a fire for to make, make, make.
To roast the little duck,
He'd shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch her the drake, drake, drake.

The drake was a swimming,
With his curly tail ;
The little man made it his mark, mark, mark !
He let off his gun,
But he fir'd too soon,
And the drake flew away with a quack, quack, quack.

LIII.

LUCY Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it :
Nothing in it, nothing in it,
But the binding round it.

LIV.

SAYS Aaron to Moses,
Let's cut off our noses :
Says Moses to Aaron,
'Tis the fashion to wear 'em.

LV.

SAYS Moses to Aaron,
That fellow's a swearing :
Says Aaron to Moses,
He's drunk I supposes.

LVI.

BESSY Bell and Mary Gray,
They were two bonnie lasses :
They built their house upon the lea,
And covered it with rushes.

Bessy kept the garden gate,
And Mary kept the pantry :
Bessy always had to wait,
While Mary lived in plenty.

LVII.

My lady Wind, my lady Wind,
Went round about the house to find
A chink to get her foot in :
She tried the key-hole in the door,
She tried the crevice in the floor,
And drove the chimney soot in.

And then one night, when it was dark,
She blew up such a tiny spark,
That all the house was pothered :
From it she rais'd up such a flame,
As flamed away to Belting Lane,
And White Cross folks were smothered.

And thus when once, my little dears,
A whisper reaches itching ears,
The same will come, you'll find :
Take my advice, restrain the tongue,
Remember what old nurse has sung
Of busy lady Wind !

LVIII.

ROBIN the Bobbin, the big-bellied Ben,
He eat more meat than fourscore men ;
He eat a cow, he eat a calf,
He eat a butcher and a half ;
He eat a church, he eat a steeple,
He eat the priest and all the people !

LIX.

PEG, Peg, with a wooden leg,
Her father was a miller :
He tossed the dumpling at her head,
And said he could not kill her.

LX.

[THE tale of Jack Horner has long been appropriated to the nursery. The four lines which follow are the traditional ones, and they form part of "The pleasant History of Jack Horner, containing his witty Tricks and pleasant Pranks, which he plaied from his Youth to his riper Years," 12mo. a copy of which is in the Bodleian Library.]

LITTLE Jack Horner, sat in the corner,
Eating of Christmas pie :
He put in his thumb, and took out a plum,
And said, "What a brave boy am I !"

[THIS nursery song may probably commemorate a part of Tom Thumb's history, extant in a little Danish work, treating of "Swain Tomling, a man no bigger than a thumb, who would be married to a woman three ells and three quarters long." See Mr. Thoms' Preface to "Tom à Lincoln," p. xi.]

I HAD a little husband,
 No bigger than my thumb;
I put him in a pint pot,
 And then I bade him drum:
I bridled him, and saddled him,
 And sent him out of town:
I gave him a pair of garters
 To tie up his little hose;
And a little silk handkerchief,
 To wipe his little nose.

LXII.

THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipped them all well and put them to bed.

LXIII.

[The following is a Scotch version of the same song.]

THERE was a wee bit wifie,
Who lived in a shoe ;
She had so many bairns,
She kenn'd na what to do.
She gaed to the market
To buy a sheep-head ;
When she came back
They were a' lying dead.
She went to the wright
To get them a coffin ;
When she came back
They were a' lying laughing.
She gaed up the stair,
To ring the bell ;
The bell-rope broke,
And down she fell.

LXIV.

TAFFY was a Welchman, Taffy was a thief ;
Taffy came to my house, and stole a piece of beef :
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home ;
Taffy came to my house, and stole a marrow-bone.

I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not in ;
 Taffy came to my house, and stole a silver pin :
 I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
 I took up a poker and flung it at his head.

LXV.

OLD Dr. Foster went to Gloster,
 To preach the word of God :
 When he came there, he sat in his chair,
 And gave all the people a nod.

LXVI.

MARY had a pretty bird,
 Feathers bright and yellow,
 Slender legs,—upon my word
 He was a pretty fellow.

The sweetest note he always sung,
 Which much delighted Mary ;
 She often where the cage was hung,
 Sate to hear her canary.

LXVII.

THE carrion crow, he sat upon an oak,
And he called the tailor a cheating folk ;
“ Sing heigho, the carrion crow,
Fol de rol, de rol, de rol, de rhino.”

Wife, fetch me my good strong bow,
That I may kill the carrion crow.
“ Sing heigho,” &c.

The tailor shot, and missed his mark,
And shot the old sow through the heart.
“ Sing heigho,” &c.

LXVIII.

[Another version of one given p. 23.]

THERE was an old woman sat spinning,
And that 's the first beginning ;
She had a calf,
And that 's half ;
She took it by the tail,
And threw it over the wall,
And that 's all !

LXIX.

SOME little mice sat in a barn to spin ;
 Pussy came by, and she popped her head in :
 " Shall I come in, and cut your threads off ?"
 " Oh ! no, kind sir, you will snap our heads off !"

LXX.

THREE blind mice, the three blind mice,
 They all ran after the farmer's wife,
 Who cut off their tails with the carving-knife.

LXXI.

ST. DUNSTAN, as the story goes,
 Once pulled the devil by the nose,
 With red-hot tongs, which made him roar,
 That he was heard ten miles or more.

LXXII.

As I was walking o'er little Moorfields,
 I saw St. Paul's a running on wheels,
 " With a fee, fo, fum.
 Then for further frolics I'll go to France,
 While Jack shall sing and his wife shall dance,
 With a fee, fo, fum.

LXXIII.

TOMMY TROT, a man of law,
Sold his bed and lay upon straw :
Sold the straw and slept on grass,
To buy his wife a looking-glass.

LXXIV.

THERE was a lady lov'd a swine,
Honey, quoth she,
Pig, Hog, wilt thou be mine ?
Hoogh, quoth he.

I'll build thee a silver sty,
Honey, quoth she ;
And in it thou shalt lie,
Hoogh, quoth he.

Pinn'd with a silver pin,
Honey, quoth she ;
That you may go out and in,
Hoogh, quoth he.

Wilt thou have me now, •
Honey ? quoth she ;
Hoogh, hoogh, hoogh, quoth he,
And went his way.

LXXV.

THERE was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell ;
She went to market all on a market day.
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

There came by a pedlar whose name was Stout,
He cut her petticoats all round about ;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

When this little woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake,
She began to wonder and she began to cry,
“Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I !

“But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me ;
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail !”

Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog, and he began to bark ;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
“Lauk a mercy on me, this can't be I !”

LXXVI.

LITTLE Mary Ester sat upon a tester,
Eating curds and whey ;
There came a spider, and sat down beside her,
And frightened little Mary Ester away !

LXXVII.

[This nursery rhyme is quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's
Bonduca, Act. v. sc. 2.]

SING a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye ;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie ;

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing ;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king ?

The king was in the parlour
Counting out his money ;
The queen was in her closet
Eating bread and honey ;

The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes,
Up comes a little blackbird,
And snaps off her nose.

LXXVIII.

A CARRION crow sat on an oak,
 Watching a tailor shape his cloak.
 "Wife," cried he, "bring me my bow,
 That I may shoot you carrion crow."

The tailor shot and miss'd his mark,
 And shot his own sow through the heart.
 "Wife, bring me some brandy in a spoon,
 For our old sow is in a swoon."*

LXXIX.

[THIS apparently alludes to the celebrated General Monk; but as it seems to be altogether apocryphal, I have not admitted it into the historical class.]

LITTLE General Monk
 Sat upon a trunk,
 Eating a crust of bread;
 There fell a hot coal
 And burnt in his clothes a hole,
 Now Little General Monk is dead.
 Keep always from the fire:
 If it catch your attire,
 You too, like Monk, will be dead.

* See p. 42.

LXXX.

LITTLE Jenny Wren fell sick upon a time,
When in came Robin Red-breast, and brought her
bread and wine ;
“ Eat, Jenny, drink, Jenny, all shall be thine !”
Then Jenny she got better, and stood upon her feet,
And says to little Robin, “ I love thee not a bit !”
Then Robin he was angry and flew upon a twig,
“ Hoot upon thee, fie upon thee, ungrateful chit !”

LXXXI.

THE STORY OF CATSKIN.

[As related by an old nurse, aged eighty-one. The story is of oriental origin ; but the song, as recited, was so very imperfect, that a few necessary additions and alterations have been made.]

THERE once was a gentleman grand,
Who lived at his country-seat ;
He wanted an heir to his land,
For he'd nothing but daughters yet.

His lady's again in the way,
So she said to her husband with joy ;
“ I hope some or other fine day,
To present you, my dear, with a boy.”

The gentleman answered gruff,
 "If 't should turn out a maid or a mouse,
 For of both we have more than enough,
 She shan't stay to live in my house."

The lady at this declaration,
 Almost fainted away with pain;
 But what was her sad consternation,
 When a sweet little girl came again!

She sent her away to be nurs'd,
 Without seeing her gruff papa;
 And when she was old enough,
 To a school she was packed away.

Fifteen summers are fled,
 Now she left good Mrs. Jervis;
 To see home she was forbid,—
 She determined to go and seek service

Her dresses so grand and so gay,
 She carefully rolled in a knob;
 Which she hid in a forest away,
 And put on a Catskin robe.

She knock'd at a castle gate,
 And pray'd for charity;
 They sent her some meat on a plate,
 And kept her a scullion to be.

My lady look'd long in her face,
And prais'd her great beauty ;
I'm sorry I've no better place,
And you must our scullion be.

So Catskin was under the cook,
A very sad life she led,
For often a ladle she took,
And broke poor Catskin's head.

There is now a grand ball to be,
When ladies their beauties show ;
"Mrs. Cook," said Catskin, "dear me !
How much I should like to go."

"You go with your Catskin-robe,
You dirty impudent slut !
Among the fine ladies and lords,
A very fine figure you'd cut !"

A basin of water she took,
And dashed in poor Catskin's face ;
But briskly her ears she shook,
And went to her hiding place.

She washed every stain from her skin,
In some cristal waterfall ;
Then put on a beautiful dress,
And hasted away to the ball.

When she entered, the ladies were mute,
Overcome by her figure and face ;
But the lord, her young master, at once
Fell in love with her beauty and grace !

He pray'd her his partner to be,
She said, " Yes," with a sweet smiling glance ;
All night with no other lady
But Catskin, our young lord would dance.

" Pray tell me, fair maid, where you live,"
For now was the sad parting time ;
But she no other answer would give,
Than this distych of mystical rhyme,—

" Kind sir, if the truth I must tell,
At the sign of the basin of water I dwell."

Then she flew from the ball-room, and put
On her Catskin robe again ;
And slipt in unseen by the cook,
Who little thought where she had been.

The young lord the very next day,
To his mother his passion betray'd,
And declared he never would rest,
Till he'd found out his beautiful maid !

There's another grand ball to be,
Where ladies their beauty show ;

“Mrs. Cook,” said Catskin, “dear me,
How much I should like to go.”

“You go with your Catskin robe,
You dirty, impudent slut !
Among the fine ladies and lords,
A very fine figure you’d cut !”

In a rage the ladle she took,
And broke poor Catskin’s head ;
But off she went shaking her ears,
And swift to her forest she fled.

She washed every blood stain off,
In some cristal waterfall ;
Put on a more beautiful dress,
And hasted away to the ball.

My lord at the ball-room door,
Was waiting with pleasure and pain ;
He longed to see nothing so much,
As the beautiful Catskin again.

When he asked her to dance, she again
Said “Yes,” with her first smiling glance ;
And again all the night my young lord,
With none but fair Catskin did dance !

“Pray tell me,” said he, “where you live ;”
For now ’twas the parting time ;

But she no other answer would give,
Than this distych of mystical rhyme,—

“Kind sir, if the truth I must tell,
At the sign of the broken ladle I dwell.”

Then she flew from the ball, and put on
Her Catskin robe again ;
And slipt in unseen by the cook,
Who little thought where she had been.

My lord did again the next day,
Declare to his mother his mind,
That he never more happy should be,
Unless he his charmer should find.

Now another grand ball is to be,
When ladies their beauty show :
“Mrs. Cook,” said Catskin, “dear me,
How much I should like to go.”

“You go with your Catskin robe,
You impudent, dirty slut !
Among the fine ladies and lords,
A very fine figure you’d cut !”

In a fury she took the skimmer,
And broke poor Catskin’s head !
But heart-whole and lively as ever,
Away to her forest she fled !

She washed the stains of blood,
In some cristal waterfall ;
Then put on her most beautiful dress,
And hasted away to the ball.

My lord at the ball-room door,
Was waiting with pleasure and pain ;
He longed to see nothing so much,
As the beautiful Catskin again.

When he asked her to dance, she again
Said " Yes," with her first smiling glance ;
And all the night long, my young lord
With none but fair Catskin would dance !

" Pray tell me, fair maid, where you live ;"
For now was the parting time :
But she no other answer would give,
Than this distych of mystical rhyme,—

" Kind sir, if the truth I must tell,
At the sign of the broken strimmer I dwell."

Then she flew from the ball, and threw on
Her catskin-cloak again ;
And slipt in unseen by the cook,
Who little thought where she had been.

But not by my lord unseen,
For this time he follow'd too fast ;

And hid in the forest green,
Saw the strange things that past !

Next day he took to his bed,
And sent for the doctor to come ;
And begg'd him no other than Catskin,
Might come into his room !

He told him how dearly he lov'd her,
Not to have her his heart would break ;
Then the doctor kindly promis'd,
To the proud old lady to speak.

There's a struggle of pride and love,
For she fear'd her son would die ;
But pride at the last did yield,
And love had the mastery !

Then my lord got quickly well,
When he was his charmer to vow ;
And Catskin before a twelvemonth,
Of a young lord was brought to bed.

To a way-faring woman and child,
Lady Catskin one day sent an alms ;
The nurse did the errand, and carried
The sweet little lord in her arms.

The child gave the alms to the child,
This was seen by the old lady mother ;

“ Only see,” said that wicked old woman,
“ How the beggars’ brats take to each other !”

This throw went to Catskin’s heart,
She flung herself down on her knees,
And pray’d her young master and lord,
To seek out her parents would please.

They set out in my lord’s own coach,
And travell’d ; but nought befell,
Till they reach’d the town hard by,
Where Catskin’s father did dwell.

They put up at the head inn,
Where Catskin was left alone ;
But my lord went to try if her father,
His natural child would own.

When folks are away, in short time
What great alterations appear !
For the cold touch of death had all chill’d,
The hearts of her sisters dear.

Her father repented too late,
And the loss of his youngest bemoan’d ;
In his old and childless state,
He his pride and cruelty own’d !

The old gentleman sat by the fire,
And hardly looked up at my lord ;

He had no hopes of comfort,
A stranger could afford.

But my lord drew a chair close by,
And said, in a feeling tone,
“Have you not, sir, a daughter I pray,
You never would see or own?”

The old man alarm'd, cried aloud,
“A hardened sinner am I!
I would give all my worldly goods,
To see her before I die!”

Then my lord brought his wife and child,
To their home and parents' face;
Who fell down and thanks return'd
To God, for his mercy and grace!

The bells ringing up in the tower,
Are sending a sound to the heart;
There's a charm in the old church bells,
Which nothing in life can impart!

LXXXII.

SAYS Robin to Jenny, “if you will be mine,
We'll have cherry tart, and drink currant wine.”
So Jenny consented,—the day was nam'd,
The joyful news the cock proclaim'd:

Together came the Rook and Lark,
One was parson, the other clerk :
The goldfinch gave the bride away,
Who promised always to obey :
The feathered tenants of the air,
Towards the feast gave each a share ;
Some brought grain, and some brought meat,
Some brought savours, some brought sweet :
And as it was most pleasant weather,
The jovial party dined together ;
And long did Robin and his mate,
Live in the happy married state.
Till, doleful to relate ! one day
A hawk with Jenny flew away,
And Robin, by the cruel sparrow,
Was shot quite dead with bow and arrow.

LXXIII.

[The tale of Simple Simon forms one of the chap-books, but the following verses are those generally sung in the nursery.]

SIMPLE Simon met a pieman,
Going to the fair :
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
“ Let me taste your ware.”

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
 "Shew me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
 "I have not got any."

Simple Simon went to town,
 To buy a piece of meat:
He tied it to his horse's tail,
 To keep it clean and sweet.

Simple Simon went out fishing,
 For to catch a whale:
All the water he had got
 Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
 If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much,
 Which made poor Simon whistle.

LXXIV.

THERE was an old woman of Norwich,
Who lived on nothing but porridge!
 Parading the town,
 She turned cloak into gown!
This thrifty old woman of Norwich.

LXXXV.

THERE was an old woman of Leeds,
Who spent all her time in good deeds ;
 She worked for the poor,
 Till her fingers were sore,
This pious old woman of Leeds !

LXXXVI.

OLD mother Hubbard,
Went to the cupboard,
 To get her poor dog a bone ;
But when she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
 And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
 To buy him some bread,
But when she came back
 The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
 To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back
 The poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe,
But when she came back
He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the ale-house
To get him some beer,
But when she came back
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red,
But when she came back
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
But when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit,
But when she came back
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
But when she came back
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the sempstress
To buy him some linen,
But when she came back
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back
He was dress'd in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow ;
The dame said, your servant,
The dog said, bow, wow.

LXXVII.

OLD King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he ;
And he called for his pipe,
And he called for his glass,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
And every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he ;
“ Tweedle dee, tweedle dee,” said the fiddlers.
Oh there’s none so rare,
As can compare,
With King Cole and his fiddlers three !

LXXIX.

TOM he was a piper’s son,
He learn’d to play when he was young,
And all the tunes that he could play,
Was “ Over the hills and far away ;”
Over the hills, and a great way off,
And the wind will blow my top-knot off.

Now Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleas’d both the girls and boys,
And they stopp’d to hear him play,
“ Over the hills and far away.”

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,
That those who heard him could never keep still ;
Whenever they heard they began for to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began for to play ;
So Doll and the cow danced the Cheshire round,
Till the pail was broke and the milk ran on the ground.

He met old dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He used his pipe and she used her legs ;
She danced about till the eggs were all broke,
She began for to fret, but he laughed at the joke.

He saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and glass ;
He took out his pipe and played them a tune.
And the jackass's load was lightened full soon.

LXXXIX.

THERE was a lady all skin and bone,
Sure such a lady was never known :
This lady went to church one day,
She went to church all for to pray.

And when she came to the church stile,
She sat to rest a little while:
When she came to the church-yard,
There the bells so loud she heard.

When she came to the church door,
She stopt to rest a little more;
When she came the church within,
The parson pray'd 'gainst pride and sin.

On looking up, on looking down,
She saw a dead man on the ground:
And from his nose unto his chin,
The worms crawl'd out, the worms crawl'd in.*

Then she unto the parson said,
Shall I be so when I am dead?
Oh yes! oh yes! the parson said,
You will be so when you are dead.

XC.

LITTLE John Jiggy Jag,
He rode a penny nag,
And went to Wigan to woo:

* This line has been adopted in the modern ballad of "Alonzo and the fair Imogene." The version given above was obtained from Lincolnshire, and differs slightly from the one in "Gammer Garton's Garland," 8vo. Lond. 1810, p. 29-30.

When he came to a beck,
He fell and broke his neck,—
Johnny, how dost thou now ?

I made him a hat,
Of my coat-lap,
And stockings of pearly blue :
A hat and a feather,
To keep out cold weather ;
So, Johnny, how dost thou now ?

XCI.

SATURDAY-night my wife did die,
I buried her on the Sunday,
I courted another a coming from church,
And married her on the Monday.
On Tuesday night I stole a horse,
On Wednesday was apprehended,
On Thursday I was tried and cast,
And on Friday I was hanged.

XCII.

LITTLE Tom Trigger,
Before he was bigger,
Thought he would go out with his gun ;

Left off bow and arrows,
With which he shot sparrows,
And said he would have some fun.

He shot at a pig,
That was not very big,
But pig away did run ;
Says he, to be sure,
I am not very poor,
I'll put some more shot in my gun.

He shot at a cat,
That had caught a rat,
And hit her right on the pate ;
I'll have your furry skin
To put my powder in,
Your venison, no matter for that.

He started a hare,
The people did stare,
Says he, I'll have you for my dinner ;
It being almost dark,
He missed his mark,
For he was a young beginner.

He came to a stile,
A man all the while
A pitchfork had in his hand ;
Says he, give me the gun,
But he began to run,
All over the ploughed land.

Unhappy was his lot,
Into a hedge he got,
The man came behind to beat him ;
Tom cannot get through,
He had the man in view,
But he contrived to cheat him.

A house was in the vale,
And Margery sold ale,
Says he, I'll have some beer ;
Soon it will be night,
And not a bit of light,
My roundabout way home to cheer.

A sow in the sty,
As Tommy came by,
Was calling her pigs to repose ;
Says Tom, I love fun,
And at the pigs did run,
But fell down and hurt his nose.

Margery came out,
To see what it was about,
And she said, Master Tommy, O fye !
He took up his gun,
And he began to run,
From the pigs that were in the sty.

Tom at last got home,
He would no longer roam,
And his mother began to scold ;

Now he plays at taw,
Sometimes at see-saw,
And is not quite so bold.

Tom and his dog Tray,
In the month of May,
Went to play with a ball,
Which he threw up to the sky,
Yet not so very high,
It soon came down with a fall.

He had a little stick,
It was not very thick,
He hit the ball to make it go faster ;
His little dog Tray,
Soon scampered away,
To bring the ball back to his master.

He got up a tree,
As high as may be,
Some eggs from a nest to obtain ;
A bough bent in two,
(You see it in the view),
And he fell to the ground in great pain.

A doctor they did call
To cure him of the fall,
A long while he kept his bed ;
At last he got well
Of all that him befel,
So this time he shall not be dead.

Tom has now got better,
Writes a pretty letter,
And is always reading his book ;
He is not quite so wild,
As when he was a child
And no pains with his learning he took.

XCIII.

THERE was a frog liv'd in a well,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
There was a frog liv'd in a well,
Kitty alone, and I.
There was a frog liv'd in a well,
And a farce* mouse in a mill,
Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

This frog he would a wooing ride,
Kitty alone, &c.
This frog he would a wooing ride,
And on a snail he got astride.
Cock me cary, &c.

* Merry.

He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse hall,
Kitty alone, &c.

He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse hall,
And there he did both knock and call,
Cock me cary, &c.

Quoth he, Miss Mouse, I'm come to thee,
Kitty alone, &c.

Quoth he, Miss Mouse, I'm come to thee,
To see if thou canst fancy me,
Cock me cary, &c.

Quoth she, answer I'll give you none,
Kitty alone, &c.

Quoth she, answer I'll give you none,
Until my uncle Rat come home,
Cock me cary, &c.

And when her uncle Rat came home,
Kitty alone, &c.

And when her uncle Rat came home,
Who's been here since I've been gone?
Cock me cary, &c.

Sir, there's been a worthy gentleman,
Kitty alone, &c.

Sir, there's been a worthy gentleman,
That's been here since you've been gone,
Cock me cary, &c.

The frog he came whistling through the brook,
Kitty alone, &c.

The frog he came whistling through the brook,
And there he met with a dainty duck.

Cock me cary, &c.

This duck she swallow'd him up with a pluck,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,

This duck she swallow'd him up with a pluck,
So there's an end of my history book.

Cock me cary, Kitty alone,

Kitty alone and I.

XCIV.

THERE was an old woman toss'd up in a blanket,
Ninety-nine times as high as the moon :
But where she was going no mortal could tell,
For under her arm she carried a broom.

Old woman, old woman, old woman, said I,
Whither, ah ! whither, whither so high ?
Oh ! I'm sweeping the cobwebs off the sky,
And I'll be with you by and by.

XCV.

THERE was an old woman,
And she sold puddings and pies :
She went to the mill,
And the dust flew in her eyes :
Hot pies and cold pies to sell !
Wherever she goes,
You can follow her by the smell.

XCVI.

OLD Mother Niddity Nod swore by the pudding-bag,
She would go to Stoken Church fair ;
And then old Father Peter, said he would meet her,
Before she got half way there.

XCVII.

GILES Collins he said to his old mother,
Mother, come bind up my head ;
And send to the parson of our parish,
For to-morrow I shall be dead, dead,
For to-morrow I shall be dead.

His mother she made him some water-gruel,
And stirred it round with a spoon ;
Giles Collins he ate up his water-gruel,
And died before 'twas noon,
And died before 'twas noon.

Lady Anna was sitting at her window,
Mending her night-robe and coif ;
She saw the very prettiest corpse,
She'd seen in all her life, life,
She'd seen in all her life.

What bear ye there, ye six strong men,
Upon your shoulders so high ?
We bear the body of Giles Collins,
Who for love of you did die, die,
Who for love of you did die.

Set him down ! set him down ! Lady Anna she cry'd,
On the grass that grows so green ;
To-morrow before the clock strikes ten,
My body shall lie by his'n, his'n,
My body shall lie by his'n.

Lady Anna was buried in the east
Giles Collins was buried in the west ;
There grew a lily from Giles Collins,
That touch'd Lady Anna's breast, breast,
That touch'd Lady Anna's breast.

There blew a cold north-easterly wind,
And cut this lily in twain ;
Which never there was seen before,
And it never will again, again,
And it never will again.

XCVIII.

LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them :
Let them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating :
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they still were all fleeing.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determin'd for to find them ;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left all their tails behind 'em.

It happen'd one day, as Bo-peep did stray,
Unto a meadow hard by :
There she espy'd their tails side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

She heav'd a sigh, and wip'd her eye,
And over the hillocks went stump-o ;
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
To tack again each to its rump-o.

XCIX.

JOHN COOK had a little grey mare ; he, haw, hum !
Her back stood up, and her bones they were bare ; he,
haw, hum.

John Cook was riding up Shuter's bank ; he, haw, hum :
And there his nag did kick and prank ; he, haw, hum.

John Cook was riding up Shuter's hill ; he haw, hum :
His mare fell down, and she made her will ; he, haw, hum.

The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf ; he, ha, hum :
If you want any more you may sing it yourself ; he,
haw, hum.

C.

THERE was a mad man and he had a mad wife,
And they liv'd in a mad town :
And they had children three at a birth,
And mad they were every one.

The father was mad, the mother was mad,
And the children mad beside ;
And they all got on a mad horse,
And madly they did ride.

They rode by night and they rode by day,
Yet never a one of them fell ;
They rode so madly all the way,
Till they came to the gates of hell.

Old Nick was glad to see them so mad,
And gladly let them in :
But he soon grew sorry to see them so merry,
And let them out again.

CL

THERE was an old man, and he liv'd in a wood ;
And his lazy son Jack would snooze till noon :
Nor followed his trade, although it was good,
With a bill and stump for making of brooms, green
brooms ;
With a bill and a stump for making of brooms.

One morn in a passion, and sore with vexation,
He swore he would fire the room,
If he did not get up and go to his work,
And fall to the cutting of brooms, green brooms, &c.

Then Jack arose and slipt on his clothes,
And away to the woods very soon,
Where he made up his pack, and put it on his back,
Crying, Maids, do you want any brooms? green
brooms, &c.

Third Class.—Jingles.

CII.

HUB a dub dub,
Three men in a tub ;
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick-maker,
They all fell out of a rotten potato.

CIII.

LITTLE Jack-a-dandy,
Loved plum cake, and sugar-candy,
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he came, hop hop hop.

CIV.

DING, dong, bell,
Puss is in the well !
Who put her in,
Little Tommy Lin :

Who pulled her out,
Dog with long snout ;
What a trick was that,
To drown my granny's cat,
Who never did any harm,
But catch the mice in the barn.

CV.

DINGTY diddledy,
My mammy's maid,
She stole oranges,
I am afraid ;
Some in her pocket,
Some in her sleeve,
She stole oranges,
I do believe.

CVI.

Cock a doodle doo,
My dame has lost her shoe ;
And master's lost his fiddling stick,
And don't know what to do.

Cock a doodle doo,
What is my dame to do ?
Till master finds his fiddling stick
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock a doodle doo,
My dame has found her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling stick,
Sing doodle doodle doo.

Cock a doodle doo,
My dame will dance with you,
While master fiddles his fiddling stick,
For dame and doodle doo.

CVII.

HEY ding a ding, what shall I sing?
How many holes in a skimmer?
Four-and-twenty,—my stomach is empty;
Pray, mamma, give me some dinner.

CVIII.

DEEDLE, deedle, dumpling, my son John,
Went to the bed with his trousers on;
One shoe off, the other shoe on,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.

CIX.

FEEDUM, fiddledum fee,
The cat's got into the tree.
Pussy come down,
Or I'll crack your crown,
And toss you into the sea.

CX.

YANKEE Doodle came to town,
Upon a Kentish poney;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called him Macaroni.

CXI.

COME dance a jig
To my Granny's pig,
With a raudy, rowdy, dowdy;
Come dance a jig,
To my 'Granny's pig,
And Pussey cat shall crowdy [i. e. fiddle.]

CXII.

[From Devonshire.]

DRIDDLETY drum, driddlety drum,
There you see the beggars are come ;
Some are here and some are there,
And some are gone to Chidlely fair.

CXIII.

[The following may possibly be a game, but I am without any
evidence for so attributing it.]

INTERY, mintery, cutery-corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn ;
Wine, brier, limber-lock,
Five geese in a flock,
Sit and sing by a spring,
O-U-T, and in again.

CXIV.

A CAT came fiddling out of a barn,
With a pair of bag-pipes under her arm ;
She could sing nothing but fiddle cum fee.
The mouse has married the humble bee ;
Pipe cat, dance mouse,
We'll have a wedding at our good house.

CXV.

HEY, dorolot, dorolot !
Hey dorolay, dorolay !
Hey, my bonny boat, bonny boat,
Hey, drag away, drag away !

CXVI.

SEEK a thing, give a thing,
The old man's gold ring ;
Lie butt, lie ben,
Lie among the dead men.

CXVII.

HIE ! diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon,
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
While the dish ran after the spoon.

CXVIII.

CRIPPLE Dick upon a stick,
And Sandy on a sow,
Riding away to Galloway,
To buy a pound o' woo.

CXIX.

FIDDLE-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee,
The fly shall marry the humble bee.
They went to the church, and married was she,
The fly has married the humble bee.

CXX.

[*Magot-pie* is the original name of the chattering and ominous bird. See *Macbeth*, Act iii. sc. 4, where the same word is used.]

ROUND about, round about,
Maggotty pie,
My father loves good ale,
And so do I.

CXXI.

DOODLEDY, doodledy, doodledy, dan,
I'll have a piper to be my good man;
And if I get less meat, I shall get game,
Doodledy, doodledy, doodledy, dan.

CXXII.

[From Shropshire.]

ONE, two, three,
I love coffee,
And Billy loves tea.
How good you be,
One, two, three,
I love coffee,
And Billy loves tea.

CXXIII.

DICK and Tom, Will and John,
Brought me from Nottingham.

CXXIV.

ONE-ERY, two-ery,
Ziccary zan ;
Hollow bone, crack a bone,
Ninery ten :
Spittery spot,
It must be done ;
Twiddleum twaddleum,
Twenty-one.

Hink spink, the puddings stink,
The fat begins to fry,
Nobody at home, but jumping Joan,
Father, mother and I.
Stick, stock, stone dead,
Blind man can't see,
Every knave, will have a slave,
You or I must be he.

CXXV.

TOMMY Tibule, Harry Wibule,
Tommy Tissile, Harry Whistle,
Little wee, wee, wee.

CXXVI.

[A Scottish ditty, sung on whirling round a piece of lighted
paper to a child.]

DINGLE, dingle, doosey;
The cat's in the well;
The dog's away to Bellingin,
To buy the bairn a bell.

CXXVII.

[Water-skimming.]

A DUCK and a drake,
A nice barley cake,
With a penny to pay the old baker :
A hop and a skotch,
Is another notch,
Slitherum, slatherum, take her.

CXXVIII.

GILLY Silly Jarter,
Who has lost a garter ?
In a shower of rain,
The miller found it,
The miller ground it,
And the miller gave it to Silly again.

CXXIX.

SEE, saw, Margery Daw,
Jackey shall have a new master ;
He shall have only a penny a-day,
Because he can work no faster.

CXXX.

[See Jamieson's *Glossary*, voc. zickety, and Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine*, Aug. 1821, p. 36.]

ZICKETY, dickety, dock,
The mouse ran up the nock ;
The nock struck one,
Down the mouse run,
Zickety, dickety, dock.

CXXXI.

SEE, Saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed and lay upon straw ;
Was not she a dirty slut,
To sell her bed and lie upon dirt ?

CXXXII.

DING, dong, darrow,
The cat and the sparrow ;
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he shall be hang'd tomorrow.

CXXXIII.

PUSSICAT, wussicat, with a white foot,
When is your wedding, and I'll come to't.
The beer's to brew, the bread's to bake,
Pussy cat, pussy cat, don't be too late !

CXXXIV.

RIDE to the market to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, jiggety-jig;
Ride to the market to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.

CXXXV.

LEG over leg,
As the dog went to Dover ;
When he came to a stile,
Jump he went over.

Fourth Class.—Riddles.

CXXXVI.

[A HEDGEHOG.]

As I went over Lincoln bridge,
I met mister Rusticap ;
Pins and needles on his back,
A going to Thorney fair.

CXXXVII.

[A BED.]

FORMED long ago, yet made to day,
Employed while others sleep ;
What few would like to give away,
Nor any wish to keep.

CXXXVIII.

[A CINDER.]

A RIDDLE, a riddle, as I suppose,
A hundred eyes, and never a nose.

CXXXIX.

[A WELL.]

As round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
And all the king's horses can't pull it up.

CXL.

[AN EGG.]

HUMPTY DUMPTY sate on a wall,
Humpti dumpti had a great fall ;
Three score men and three score more,
Cannot place Humpty dumpty as he was before.

CXLI.

Goosy goosy gander !
Where shall I wander ?
Up stairs and down stairs,
And in my lady's chamber ;
There I met an old man,
That would not say his prayers.
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him down stairs.

CXLII.

[A RAINBOW.]

[The allusion to Oliver Cromwell satisfactorily fixes the date of this riddle to belong to the seventeenth century.]

PURPLE, yellow, red and green,
The king cannot reach it nor the queen ;
Nor can old Noll, whose power's so great,
Tell me this riddle while I count eight.

CXLIII.

[A CANDLE.]

LITTLE Nancy Etticoat,
In a white petticoat ;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

CXLIV.

[PAIR OF TONGS.]

Long legs, crooked thighs,
Little head and no eyes.

CXLV.

[ONE LEG IS A LEG OF MUTTON ; TWO LEGS, A MAN ; THREE
LEGS, A STOOL ; FOUR LEGS, A DOG.]

Two legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg in his lap ;
In comes four legs,
And runs away with one leg.
Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring back one leg.

CXLVI.

As I was going to sell my eggs,
I met a man with bandy legs,
Bandy legs and crooked toes,
I tripped up his heels and he fell on his nose.

CXLVII.

PEASE-porridge hot, pease-porridge cold,
Pease-porridge in the pot, nine days old.
Spell me *that* in four letters.

CXLVIII.

[TEETH AND GUMS.]

THIRTY white horses on a red hill.
Now they tramp, now they champ, now they stand still,

CXLIX.

[A CHERRY.]

As I went through the garden gap,
Who should I meet but Dick Red-cap !
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat.
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a groat.

CL.

ELIZABETH, Elspeth, Betsy and Bess,
They all went together to seek a bird's nest.
They found a bird's nest with five eggs in,
They all took one, and left four in.

CLI.

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits :
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives ?

CLII.

SEE, see ! what shall I see ?
A horse's head where his tail should be.

CLIII.

I HAD a little castle upon the sea-side,
One half was water, the other was land ;
I open'd my little castle door, and guess what I found ;
I found a fair lady with a cup in her hand.
The cup was gold, filled with wine ;
Drink fair lady, and thou shalt be mine.

CLIV.

WHEN I went up sandy-hill,
I met a sandy boy ;
I cut his throat, I sucked his blood,
And left his skin a hanging-o.

CLV.

[THE HOLLY TREE.]

HIGHTY, tighty, paradighty clothed in green,
The king could not read it, no more could the queen ;
They sent for a wise man out of the East,
Who said it had horns, but was not a beast !

CLVI.

I HAD a little sister, they call'd her peep, peep,
She waded the waters deep, deep, deep,
She climbed up the mountains high, high, high,
Poor little creature she wanted an eye.

NURSERY RHYMES.

Fifth Class.—Proverbs.

CLVII.

A SEMPSTRESS that sews,
And would make her work redde [i.e. scarce],
Must use a long needle,
And a short thread.

CLVIII.

[The following old saw is generally believed to refer to the Teutonic method of numbering. See Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, edited by Sir H. Ellis, vol. ii. p. 324.]

FIVE score of men, money, and pins,
Six score of all other things.

CLIX.

SEE a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck ;
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all the day !

CLX.

A SWARM of bees in May,
Is worth a load of hay ;
A swarm of bees in June,
Is worth a silver spoon ;
A swarm of bees in July,
Is not worth a fly.

CLXI.

St. Swithin's day if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain :
St. Swithin's day if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain na mair.

CLXII.

To make your candles last for aye,
You wives and maids give ear-o !
To put 'em out 's the only way,
Says honest John Boldero.

CLXIII.

THE taylor of Bisiter,
He has but one eye;
He cannot cut a pair of green galagaskins,
If he were to try.

CLXIV.

NEEDLES and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins.

CLXV.

RIDDLE me, riddle me, riddle me ree!
None are so blind as those that won't see.

CLXVI.

[ONE version of the following song, which I believe to be the genuine one, is written on the last leaf of MS. Harl. 6580, in a hand of the end of the seventeenth century, but unfortunately it is scarcely adapted for the "ears polite" of modern days. See also MS. Sloane, 406, where it is also quoted.]

A MAN of words and not of deeds
Is like a garden full of weeds;

And when the weeds begin to grow,
It's like a garden full of snow ;
And when the snow begins to fall,
It's like a bird upon the wall :
And when the bird away does fly,
It's like an eagle in the sky ;
And when the sky begins to roar,
It's like a lion at the door ;
And when the door begins to crack,
It's like a stick across your back ;
And when your back begins to smart,
It's like a penknife in your heart ;
And when your heart begins to bleed,
You're dead, and dead, and dead, indeed.

Sixth Class.—Lullabies.

CLXVII.

HUSH a bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock ;
When the bough bends, the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.

CLXVIII.

Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a hunting,
To get a little hare's skin,
To wrap a baby bunting in.

CLXIX.

HUSHY baby, my doll, I pray you don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread and some milk by and bye;
Or, perhaps you like custard, or may-be a tart,—
Then to either you're welcome, with all my whole heart.

CLXX.

BYE, O my baby,
When I was a lady,
O then my poor baby didn't cry ;
But my baby is weeping,
For want of good keeping,
Oh, I fear my poor baby will die.

CLXXI.

Hush thee, my babby,
Lie still with thy daddy,
Thy mammy has gone to the mill,
To grind thee some wheat,
To make thee some meat,
And so my dear babby lie still.

CLXXII.

HUSH a bye a ba lamb,
Hush a bye a milk cow,
You shall have a little stick,
To beat the naughty bow-wow.

CLXXIII.

CRY, baby, cry,
Put your finger in your eye,
And tell your mother it was I.

Seventh Class.—Charms.

CLXXV.

[The three following charms are for the hiccup, and each one must be said thrice in one breath, to render the specific of service.]

WHEN a twister twisting would twist him a twist,
For twisting a twist three twists he will twist;
But if one of the twists untwists from the twist,
The twist untwisting untwists the twist.

CLXXVI.

ROBERT ROWLEY rolled a round roll round,
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round;
Where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?

CLXXVII.

PETER Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper;
A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper,
Where is the peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked?

CLXXVIII.

[Ady, in his "Candle in the Dark," 4to. Lond. 1655, p. 58, :
that this is a charm used for making butter come from
the churn. It was to be said thrice.]

COME, butter, come,
Come, butter, come !
Peter stands at the gate,
Waiting for a butter'd cake ;
Come, butter, come !

CLXXIX.

I WENT to the toad that lies under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call ;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owl before,
I tore the bat's wing, what would you have more ?

CLXXX.

[A charm somewhat similar to the following may be seen in the
Townley Mysteries, p. 91. See a paper in the *Archæologia*,
vol. xxvii. p. 253, by the Rev. Launcelot Sharpe, M.A.]

MATTHEW, Mark, Luke, and John,
Guard the bed that I lay on !
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head !
One to watch, one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away !

CLXXXI.

[THE present charm, which appears to be only another version of the one just given, is preserved by Aubrey, in MS. Lansd. 231, fol. 114. It may likewise be found in Ady's "Candle in the Dark," 4to. Lond, 1655, p. 58.]

MATTHEW, Mark, Luke, and John,
 Bless the bed that I lye on !
 And blessed guardian-angel, keep
 Me safe from danger whilst I sleep !

CLXXXII.

[The following charm was learnt by the late Sir Humphrey Davy, when a boy, as a cure for the cramp.]

MATTHEW, Mark, Luke, and John, ease us, I beg !
 The devil has tied up a knot in my leg.
 Crosses three ✠ ✠ ✠ we make to ease us ; •
 Two for the robbers, and one for Christ Jesus.

Eighth Class.—Games.

CLXXXIII.

WE are three brethren out of Spain,
Come to court your daughter Jane.
My daughter Jane she is too young,
And has not learn'd her mother-tongue.

Be she young, or be she old,
For her beauty she must be sold.
So fare you well, my lady gay,
We'll call again another day,

Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight ;
And rub thy spurs till they be bright.
Of my spurs take you no thought,
For in this town they were not bought.
So fare you well, my lady gay,
We'll call again another day.

Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight,
~~And~~ take the fairest in your sight.
The fairest maid that I can see,
Is pretty Nancy, come to me.

Here comes your daughter safe and sound,
Every pocket with a thousand pound;
Every finger with a gay gold ring;
Please to take your daughter in.

CLXXXIV.

HERE we come a piping,
First in spring and then in May,
The queen she sits upon the sand,
Fair as a lilly, white as a wand;
King John has sent you letters three,
And begs you'll read them unto me;
We can't read one, without them all,
So pray Miss Bridget deliver the ball!

CLXXXV.

SIEVE my lady's oatmeal,
Grind my lady's flour,
Put it in a chesnut,
Let it stand an hour;
One may rush, two may rush,
Come, my girls, walk under the bush.

CLXXXVI.

GIRLS and boys, come out to play,
The moon does shine as bright as day ;
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And come with your play-fellows into the street.
Come with a whistle, come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all.
You find milk, and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.

CLXXXVII.

I won't be my father's Jack,
I won't be my mother's Gill,
I will be the fiddler's wife,
And have music when I will.
T'other little tune,
T'other little tune,
Pr'ythee, love, play me
T'other little tune.

CLXXXVIII.

RIDE a cock horse,
To Banbury Cross,
To see what Tommy can buy ;

A penny white loaf,
A penny white cake,
And a two-penny apple pie.

CLXXXIX.

SEE saw, Jack in a hedge,
Which is the way to London bridge?
One foot up, and one foot down,
That is the best way to London town.

CXC.

THERE were two black-birds,
Sitting on a hill,
The one nam'd Jack,
The other nam'd Jill;
Fly away Jack!
Fly away Jill!
Come again Jack!
Come again Jill!

CXCI.

TOM Brown's two little Indian boys,
One ran away,
The other wouldn't stay,—
Tom Brown's two little Indian boys.

CXCII.

[The following is a song to a nursery dance.]

GAY go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London Town.

Bull's eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's.

Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles.

Halfpence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.

Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells at St. Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells at Whitechapel.

Old Father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells at St. Helen's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells at Old Bailey.

When I shall grow rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

Pray, when will that be?
Say the bells at Stepney.

I am sure I don't know,
Says the great bell at Bow.

CXCIII.

SNAIL, snail,
Come out of your hole,
Or else I will beat you
As black as a coal.

CXCIV.

[One child holds a wand to the face of another, repeating these lines, and making grimaces, to cause the latter to laugh, and so to the others; those who laugh paying a forfeit.]

BUFF says Buff to all his men,
And I say Buff to you again;
Buff neither laughs nor smiles,
But carries his face
With a very good grace,
And passes the stick to the very next place!

CXC.V.

DANCE, Bumpkin, dance, .
 (*Keep the thumb in motion.*)

Dance, ye merry men, every one ;
 (*All the fingers in motion.*)

For Bumpkin, he can dance alone,
 (*The thumb only moving.*)

Bumpkin, he can dance alone. (*Ditto.*)

Dance, Foreman, dance,
 (*The first finger moving.*)

Dance ye merry men every one ;
 (*The whole moving.*)

But Foreman, he can dance alone,
 Foreman, he can dance alone.

And so on with the others—naming the 2d finger *Middleman*—the 3d finger *Ringman*—and the 4th finger *Littleman*. *Littleman cannot dance alone.*

CXC.VI.

QUEEN Anne, queen Anne, you sit in the sun,
 As fair as a lily, as white as a wand.
 I send you three letters, and pray read one,
 You must read one, if you can't read all,
 So pray, Miss or Master, throw up the ball.

CXC VII.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
To buy little Johnny a galloping-horse.
It trots behind, and it ambles before,
And Johnny shall ride till he can ride no more.

CXC VIII.

RIDE a cock-horse to Coventry cross ;
To see what Emma can buy ;
A penny white cake I'll buy for her sake,
And a twopenny tart or a pie.

CXC IX.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury cross,
To see an old lady upon a white horse,
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes,
She will have music wherever she goes.

CC.

To market ride the gentlemen,
So do we, so do we ;
Then comes the country clown,
Hobbledey gee, Hobbledey gee !

CCL.

THIS is the key of the kingdom.

In that kingdom there is a city.

In that city there is a town.

In that town there is a street.

In that street there is a lane.

In that lane there is a yard.

In that yard there is a house.

In that house there is a room.

In that room there is a bed.

On that bed there is a basket.

In that basket there are some flowers.

Flowers in the basket, basket in the bed, bed in the
room, &c. &c.

CCL.

[Song set to five toes.]

1. LET us go to the wood, says this pig ;
 2. What to do there ? says that pig ;
 3. To look for my mother, says this pig ;
 4. What to do with her ? says that pig ;
 5. Kiss her to death, says this pig.
-

CCIII.

Eggs, butter, cheese, bread,
Stick, stock, stone, dead,
Stick him up, stick him down,
Stick him in the old man's crown.

CCIV.

[I believe the following is only a portion of a dialogue, but I
have not been able to recover it.]

HERE comes a poor woman from baby-land,
With three small children in her hand:
One can brew, the other can bake,
The other can make a pretty round cake.

CCV.

[A string of children, hand in hand, stand in a row. A child (A) stands in front of them, as leader; two other children (B and C) form an arch, each holding both the hands of the other]

A. DRAW a pail of water,
For my lady's daughter;
My father's a king, and my mother's a queen,
My two little sisters are dress'd in green,
Stamping grass and parsley,
Marigold leaves and daisies.

B. One rush, two rush,

Pray thee, fine lady, come under my bush.

[A passes under the arch, followed by the whole string of children, the last of whom is taken captive by B and C. The verses are repeated, until the whole are taken.]

CCVI.

ELEVEN comets in the sky,
Some low and some high ;
Nine peacocks in the air,
I wonder how they all came there.
I do not know and I do not care ;
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish ;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple-stall ;
Four horses stuck in a bog,
Three monkeys tied to a clog ;
Two pudding-ends would choke a dog,
With a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

CCVII.

[A Scotch version of the song already given at p. 109.]

LAZY dukes, that sit in your neuks,
And winna come out to play ;

Leave your supper, leave your sleep,
Come out and play at hide-and-seek.
I've a cherry, I've a chess,
I've a bonny blue glass,
I've a dog among the corn,
Blow Willie Buckhorn.
Three score of Highland kye,
One booly-backed,
One blind of an eye,
An' a' the rest hawkit.
Laddie wi' the shelly-coat
Help me owre the ferry-boat ;
The ferry-boat is owre dear,
Ten pounds every year.
The fiddler's in the Canongate,
The piper's in the Abbey,
Huzza ! cocks and hens,
Flee awa' to your cavey.

CCVIII.

THERE were three jovial Welshmen,
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St. David's day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other he said, nay ;
The third said it was a house,
And the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other he said, nay ;
The third said it was a cheese,
And half o't cut away.

CCIX.

[Song set to five fingers.]

1. THIS little pig went to market ;
2. This little pig staid at home ;
3. This little pig had a bit of bread and butter ;
4. This little pig had none ;
5. This little pig said, Wee, wee, wee !
I can't find my way home.

CCX.

[A game at ball.]

Cuckoo, cherry tree,
Catch a bird, and give it to me ;
Let the tree be high or low,
Let it hail, rain, or snow.

CCXI.

I CAN make diet bread,
Thick and thin ;
I can make diet bread,
Fit for the king.

CCXII.

[The following lines are sung by children when starting for a
race.]

Good horses, bad horses,
What is the time of day ?
Three o'clock, four o'clock,
Now fare you away.

CCXIII.

[The following is the Oxfordshire version of the game of the Confessional, as shown in shadows on the wall.]

FATHER, O father, I'm come to confess,
Well, my daughter, well !
Last night I call'd the cat a beast.
Shocking, my daughter, shocking !
What penance ? my father, what penance ?
What penance ! my daughter, what penance !
What penance shall I do ?
Kiss me.

CCXIV.

[The Kentish version of the same game.]

Good morning, father Francis.
Good morning, Mrs. Sheckleton. What has brought
you abroad so early, Mrs. Sheckleton ?
I have come to confess a great sin, father Francis.
What's it, Mrs. Sheckleton ?
Your cat stole a pound of my butter, father Francis !
O, no sin at all, Mrs. Sheckleton.
But I kill'd your cat for it, father Francis.
O a very great sin indeed, Mrs. Sheckleton, you must
do penance.
What penance, father Francis ?
Kiss me.
O no, O yes, O no, O yes, &c. *ad libitum*.

CCXV.

[Children hunting bats.]

BAT, bat (*clap hands*),
Come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of bacon ;
And when I bake,
I'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.

CCXVI.

[THIS is acted by two or more girls, who walk or dance up and down, turning, when they say, "turn, cheeses, turn." The "green cheeses," as I am informed, are made with sage and potatoe-tops. Two girls are said to be "cheese and cheese."]

GREEN cheeses, yellow laces,
Up and down the market-places,
Turn, cheeses, turn !

CCXVII.

[Two of the strongest children are selected, A and B. A stands within a ring of the children, B being outside.]

- A. Who is going round my sheepfold ?
- B. Only poor old Jacky Lingo.
- A. Don't steal any of my black sheep.

B. No, no more I will, only by one,
Up, says Jacky Lingo. (*Strikes one.*)

[The child struck leaves the ring, and takes hold of B behind; B in the same manner takes the other children, one by one, gradually increasing his tail on each repetition of the verses, until he has got the whole. A then tries to get them back; B runs away with them; they try to shelter themselves behind B; A drags them off, one by one, setting them against a wall, until he has recovered all. A regular tearing game, as children say.]

CCXVIII.

[CHILDREN stand round, and are counted one by one by means of this rhyme, which I have already given in a different form at p. 89. The child upon whom the last number falls is *out*, for "Hide or Seek," or any other game where a victim is required. A cock and bull story of this kind is related of the historian Josephus.]

HICKORY (1), Dickory (2), Dock (3),
The mouse ran up the clock (4),
The clock struck one (5),
The mouse was gone (6);
O (7), U (8), T (9), spells OUT !

CCXIX.

[A number of boys and girls stand round one in the middle, who repeats the following lines, counting the children until one is counted out by the end of the verses.]

RING me (1), ring me (2), ring me rary (3),
As I go round (4), ring by ring (5),

A virgin (6) goes a maying (7),
 Here's a flower (8), and there's a flower (9),
 Growing in my lady's garden (10);
 If you set your foot awry (11),
 Gentle John will make you cry (12),
 If you set your foot amiss (13),
 Gentle John (14) will give you a kiss.

[The child upon whom (14) falls, is then taken out and forced to select one of the opposite sex. The middle child then proceeds.]

This [lady or gentleman] is none of ours,
 Has put [his or her] self in [the selected child's] power,
 So clap all hands, and ring all bells, and make the
 wedding o'er. [*All clap hands.*]

[If the child taken by lot joins in the clapping, the selected child is rejected, and, I think, takes the middle place. Otherwise, I think, there is a salute.]

CCXX.

SEE-SAW, sacradown;
 Which is the way to London town?
 One foot up, and the other down,
 And that is the way to London town.
 1, 2, 3, 4, 5,
 I caught a hare alive;
 6, 7, 8, 9, 10,
 I let him go again.

CCXXI.

HIGHTY cock O!
To London we go,
To York we ride;
And Edward has pussy-cat tied to his side;
He shall have little dog tied to the other,
And then he goes trid trod to see his grandmother.

CCXXII.

SEE-saw, jack a daw,
What is a craw to do wi' her;
She has not a stocking to put on her,
And the craw has not one for to gi' her.

CCXXIII.

[Another version of No. 219.]

As I go round ring by ring,
A maiden goes a maying,
And here 's a flower and there 's a flower,
As red as any daisy. If you set your foot awry,
Gentle John will make you cry;
If you set your foot amiss,
Gentle John will give you a good kiss.

CCXXIV.

ONE old Oxford ox opening oysters ;
 Two tee totums totally tired of trying to trot to Tad-
 berry ;
 Three tall tigers tippling ten-penny tea ;
 Four fat friars fanning fainting flies ;
 Five frippy Frenchmen foolishly fishing for flies ;
 Six sportsmen shooting snipes !
 Seven Severn salmons swallowing shrimps ;
 Eight Englishmen eagerly examining Europe ;
 Nine nimble noblemen nibbling nonpareils ;
 Ten tinkers tinkling upon ten tin tinder-boxes with ten
 tenpenny tacks ;
 Eleven elephants elegantly equipt ;
 Twelve typographical topographers typically translating
 types.

CCXXV.

[A stands with a row of girls (her daughters) behind her ;
 B, a suitor advances.]

- B. TRIP trap over the grass ; If you please will you
 let one of your [eldest] daughters come,
 Come and dance with me ?
 I will give you pots and pans, I will give you brass,
 I will give you anything for a pretty lass.
- A says " No."
- B. I will give you gold and silver, I will give you
 pearl,
 I will give you anything for a pretty girl.

- A. Take one, take one, the fairest you may see.
B. The fairest one that I can see
Is pretty Nancy, come to me.

[B carries one off, and says:]

You shall have a duck, my dear,
And you shall have a drake,
And you shall have a young man apprentice for
your sake.

(Children say:)

If this young man should happen to die,
And leave this poor woman a widow,
The bells shall all ring, and the birds shall all sing,
And we'll all clap hands together.

[So it is repeated until the whole are taken.]

The verses of the Three Knights of Spain are played in nearly
the same way.

CCXXVI.

THE first day of Christmas,
My mother sent to me,
A partridge in a pear-tree.
The second day of Christmas,
My mother sent to me,
Two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear-tree.
The third, &c.
Three French hens, two turtle doves, and a partridge, &c.

The fourth, &c.

Four canary birds, three French hens, two turtle, &c.

The fifth, &c.

Five gold rings, &c.

The sixth, &c.

Six geese a laying, &c.

The seventh, &c.

Seven swans a swimming, &c.

The eighth, &c.

Eight ladies dancing, &c.

The ninth, &c.

Nine lords a leaping, &c.

The tenth, &c.

Ten ships a sailing, &c.

The eleventh, &c.

Eleven ladies spinning, &c.

The twelfth, &c.

Twelve bells ringing, &c.

[Each child in succession repeats the gifts of the day, and forfeits for each mistake. This accumulative process is a favourite with children; in early writers, such as Homer, the repetition of messages, &c. pleases on the same principle.]

Ninth Class.—Paradoxes.

CCXXVII.

O THAT I was where I would be,
Then would I be where I am not ;
But where I am I must be,
And where I would be I can not.

CCXXVIII.

HERE am I, little jumping Joan ;
When nobody's with me,
I'm always alone.

CCLXXIX.

[The conclusion of the following resembles a verse in the
nursery history of Mother Hubbard.]

THERE was an old woman and what do you think ?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink.
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
And yet this old woman could never be quiet.

She went to the baker, to buy her some bread,
And when she came home, her old husband was dead ;
She went to the clerk to toll the bell,
And when she came back her old husband was well.

CCXXX.

THE rule of the road is a paradox quite,
And custom has prov'd it so long :
He that goes to the left is sure to go right,
And he that goes right must go wrong.

CCXXXI.

[The following is quoted in Parkins' Reply to Dr. Stukeley's second number of *Origines Roystoniana*, 4to. Lond. 1748, p. 6.]

PETER White will ne'er go right,
And would you know the reason why ?
He follows his nose where'er he goes,
And that stands all awry.

Tenth Class.—Literal.

CCXXXII.

A, B, C, tumble down dee,
The cat's in the cupboard, and can't see me

CCXXXIII.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5,
I caught a hare alive;
6, 7, 8, 9, 10,
I let her go again.

CCXXXIV.

GREAT A, little a,
Bouncing B,
The cat's in the cupboard,
And she can't see.

CCXXXV.

ONE, two,
Buckle my shoe ;
Three, four,
Shut the door ;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks ;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight ;
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen ;
Eleven, twelve,
Who will delve ?
Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a courting ;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids a kissing ;
Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a waiting ;
Nineteen, twenty,
My stomach's empty.

CCXXXVI.

PAT-a-cake, pat-a cake, baker's man :
So I will master as fast as I can :
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
Put in the oven for Tommy and me.

CCXXXVII.

[The following is taken from MS. Sloan. 2497, of the sixteenth century.]

N. for a word of deniance,
E. with a figure fiftie,
Spelleth his name that newer
Will be thriftie.

CCXXXVIII.

Miss one two and three, could never agree,
While they gossiped round a tea caddy.

CCXXXIX.

ONE's none ;
Two's some ;
Three's a many ;
Four's a penny.
Five is a little hundred.

Eleventh Class.—Scholastic.

CCXL.

A DILLER, a doller,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You us'd to come at ten o'clock,
And now you come at noon.

CCXLI.

MISTRESS Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle shells, and silver bells,
And cowslips all a row.

CCXLII.

Donkey walks on four legs,
And I walk on two;
The last I saw,
Was very like you.

CCXLIII.

LIAR, liar, lick spit,
Turn about the candlestick.
What's good for liar?
Brimstone and fire.

CCXLIV.

WHEN I was a little boy my mammy kept me in,
But now I am a great boy I'm fit to serve the king ;
I can hand a musket, and I can smoke a pipe,
And I can kiss a pretty girl at twelve o'clock at night.

CCXLV.

TELL tale, tit !
Your tongue shall be slit,
And all the dogs in the town
Shall have a little bit.

CCXLVI.

MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
Division is as bad ;
The rule of three does puzzle me,
And practice drives me mad,

Twelfth Class.—Customs.*

CCXLVII.

[The following is sung at the Christmas mummings in
Somersetshire.]

HERE comes I,
Liddle man Jan,
Wi my 3word
In my han !

If you don't all do,
As you be told by I,
I'll 3end you all to York,
Vor to make apple-pic.

CCXLVIII.

DIBBITY, dibbity, dibbity, doe,
Give me a pan-cake
And I'll go.
Dibbity, dibbity, dibbity, ditte,
Please to give me
A bit of a fritter.

* This class might be extended to great length, but I shall content myself with giving a few, and referring to Sir H. Ellis's edition of Brand's Popular Antiquities for more.

CCXLIX.

[It was probably the custom, on repeating these lines, to hold the snail to a candle, in order to make it quit the shell. In Normandy it was the practice at Christmas for boys to run round fruit trees, with lighted torches, singing these lines :

Taupes et mulots,
Sortez de vos clos,
Sinon vous brulerai et la barbe et les os.]

SNAIL, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal.

CCL.

I SEE the moon, and the moon sees me,
God bless the moon, and God bless me.

CCLI.

[AUBREY, in his "Remaines of Gentilisme and Judaisme," gives another version of this song, as current in the seventeenth century, very curious, but unfortunately much too indelicate to be printed in a book emanating from the Percy Society, or indeed any other.]

WHEN I was a little girl,
I wash'd my mother's dishes ;
I put my finger in my eye,
And pull'd out little fishes.

CCLII.

HERRINGS, herrings, white and red,
Ten a penny, Lent's dead.
Rise dame and give an egg,
Or else a piece of bacon.
 One for Peter, two for Paul,
 Three for Jack a Lent's all,
 Away, Lent, away.

CCLIII.

[The unmarried ladies in the north address the new moon in the following lines :]

ALL hail to the moon ! all hail to thee !
I prithee, good moon, declare to me
This night who my husband must be !

Thirteenth Class.—Songs.

CCLIV.

PARSON Darby wore a black gown,
And every button cost half a crow;
From port to port, and toe to toe,
Turn the ship and away we go!

CCLV.

I HAD a little pony,
His name was Dapple-grey,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away;
She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire.

CCLVI.

As Tommy Snooks, and Bessy Brooks,
Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks,
"Tomorrow will be Monday."

CCLVII.

[A north-country song.]

SAYS t'auld man tit oak tree,
Young and lusty was I when I kenn'd thee;
I was young and lusty, I was fair and clear,
Young and lusty was I mony a lang year,
But sair fail'd am I, sair fail'd now,
Sair fail'd am I sen I kenn'd thou.

CCLVIII.

[The following song is given in Whiter's *Specimen of a Commentary on Shakespeare*, 8vo. Lond. 1794, p. 19, as peculiar to Cambridge and Norfolk.]

HEIGH, ho! heigh, ho!
Dame what makes your ducks to die?
What a pize ails 'em, what a pize ails 'em?
Heigh, ho! heigh, ho!
Dame, what ails your ducks to die?
Eating o' polly wigs, eating o' polly wigs. [i. e. Tadpoles.]
Heigh, ho! heigh, ho!

CCLIX.

Buz, quoth the blue fly,
Hum, quoth the bee,
Buz and hum they cry,
And so do we:
In his ear, in his nose,
Thus, do you see;
He ate the dormouse,
Else it was thee.

CCLX.

[Out of the many songs relating to the heroine of the following stanza, one only has been deemed eligible for insertion in this volume.]

NANCY DAWSON was so fine,
She wouldn't get up to serve the swine,
She lies in bed till eight or nine,
So its oh! poor Nancy Dawson.

CCLXI.

WE'RE all dry with drinking on't,
We're all dry with drinking on't;
The piper kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
And I can't sleep for thinking on't.

CCXLII.

THERE was an old man who liv'd in Middle Row,
He had five hens, and a name for them, oh !
Bill and Ned and Battock,
Cut-her-foot and Pattock,
Chuck, my lady Prattock,
Go to thy nest and lay.

CCLXIII.

WHO comes here ?
A grenadier.
What do you want ?
A pot of beer.
Where is your money ?
I've forgot.
Get you gone,
You drunken sot.

CCLXIV.

CURLY locks ! curly locks ! wilt thou be mine ?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine :
But sit on a cushion, and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream !

CCLXV.

I'LL sing you a song,
Nine verses long,
 For a pin ;
Three and three are six,
And three are nine ;
You are a fool,
 And the pin is mine.

CCLXVI.

THE quaker's wife got up to bake,
Her children all about her,
She gave them every one a cake,
And the miller wants his moulter.

CCLXVII.

BARBER, barber, shave a pig,
How many hairs will make a wig ?
"Four and twenty, that's enough."
Give the poor barber a pinch of snuff.

CCLXVIII.

WE'LL go a shooting, says Robin to Bobbin ;
We'll go a shooting, says Richard to Robin ;
We'll go a shooting, says John all alone ;
We'll go a shooting, says every one.

What shall we kill, says Robin to Bobbin ;
What shall we kill, says Richard to Robin ;
What shall we kill, says John all alone ;
What shall we kill, says every one.

We'll shoot at that wren, says Robin to Bobbin ;
We'll shoot at that wren, says Richard to Robin ;
We'll shoot at that wren, says John all alone ;
We'll shoot at that wren, says every one.

She's down, she's down, says Robin to Bobbin ;
She's down, she's down, says Richard to Robin ;
She's down, she's down, says John all alone ;
She's down, she's down, says every one.

How shall we get her home, says Robin to Bobbin ;
How shall we get her home, says Richard to Robin ;
How shall we get her home, says John all alone ;
How shall we get her home, says every one.

We'll hire a cart, says Robin to Bobbin ;
We'll hire a cart, says Richard to Robin ;
We'll hire a cart, says John all alone ;
We'll hire a cart, says every one.

Then hoist, boys, hoist, says Robin to Bobbin ;
Then hoist, boys, hoist, says Richard to Robin ;
Then hoist, boys, hoist, says John all alone ;
Then hoist, boys, hoist, says every one.

So they brought her away, after each pluck'd a feather,
And when they got home, shar'd the booty together.

CCLXIX.

Up hill and down dale ;
Butter is made in every vale ;
And if that Nancy Cock
Is a good girl,
She shall have a spouse,
And make butter anon,
Before her old grandmother
Grows a young man.

CCLXX.

As I was going up Pippen-hill
Pippen-hill was dirty,
There I met a pretty miss,
And she dropt me a curtesy.

Little miss, pretty miss,
Blessings light upon you,
If I had half-a-crown a day,
I'd spend it all upon you.

CCLXXI.

I AM a pretty wench,
And I come a great way hence,
And sweethearts I can get none :
But every dirty sow,
Can get sweethearts enow,
And I, pretty wench, can get never a one.

CCLXXII.

THERE was a little boy and a little girl
Liv'd in an alley ;
Says the little boy to the little girl,
Shall I, oh, shall I ?

Says the little girl to the little boy,
What shall we do ?
Says the little boy to the little girl,
I will kiss you.

CCLXXIII.

TRIP upon trenchers, and dance upon dishes,
My mother sent me for some barm, some barm ;
She bid me tread lightly, and come again quickly,
For fear the young men should do me some harm.

Yet didn't you see, yet didn't you see,
What naughty tricks they put upon me :

They broke my pitcher,
And spilt the water,
And huff'd my mother,
And chid her daughter,
And kiss'd my sister instead of me.

CCLXXIV.

I'LL sing you a song :
'The days are long,
The woodcock and the sparrow :
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he must be hang'd to-morrow.

CCLXXV.

THE cat sat asleep by the side of the fire,
The mistress snored loud as a pig :
Jack took up his fiddle, by Jenny's desire,
And struck up a bit of a jig.

CCLXXVI.

THE sow came in with the saddle,
The little pig rock'd the cradle,
The dish jump'd over the table,
To see the pot with the ladle.
The broom behind the butt
Call'd the dish-clout a nasty slut :
Odds-bobs, says the gridiron, can't you agree ?
I'm the head constable,—come along with me.

CCLXXVII.

AROUND the green gravel the grass grows green,
And all the pretty maids are plain to be seen ;
Wash them with milk, and clothe them with silk,
And write their names with a pen and ink.

CCLXXVIII.

[The song of a boy while passing his hour of solitude in a
corn-field.]

Awa' birds, away,
Take a little and leave a little,
And do not come again ;
For if you do,
I will shoot you through,
And there is an end of you.

CCLXXIX.

THOMAS a Didymus, king of the Jews,
Jumped into the fire and burned both his shoes.

CCLXXX.

WHAT care I how black I be,
Twenty pounds will marry me ;
If twenty won't, forty shall,
I am my mother's bouncing girl.

CCLXXXI.

A LITTLE old man and I fell out ;
How shall we bring this matter about ?
Bring it about as well as you can,
Get you gone, you little old man !

CCLXXXII.

BOBBY SHAFT is gone to sea,
With silver buckles at his knee ;
When he'll come home he'll marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaft !

Bobby Shaft is fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair ;
He's my love for evermore !
Pretty Bobby Shaft !

CCLXXXIII.

RIDE, baby, ride,
Pretty baby shall ride,
And have little puppy-dog tied to her side,
And little pussy-cat tied to the other,
And away she shall ride to see her grandmother.
To see her grandmother,
To see her grandmother.

CCLXXXIV.

THE rose is red, the violet's blue,
The honey's sweet, and so are you.
Thou art my love, and I am thine;
I drew thee to my Valentine;
The lot was cast, and then I drew,
And fortune said it should be you.

CCLXXXV.

ONE misty moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
There I met an old man
Clothed all in leather;
Clothed all in leather,
With cap under his chin.
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again?

CCLXXXVI.

I LOVE sixpence, pretty little sixpence,
I love sixpence better than my life.
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And took fourpence home to my wife.

Oh, my little fourpence, pretty little fourpence,
I love fourpence better than my life ;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took twopence home to my wife.

Oh, my little twopence, my pretty little twopence,
I love twopence better than my life ;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took nothing home to my wife.

Oh, my little nothing, my pretty little nothing,
What will nothing buy for my wife?
I have nothing, I spend nothing,
I love nothing better than my wife.

CCLXXXVII.

OF all the gay birds that e'er I did see,
The owl is the fairest by far to me ;
For all the day long she sits on a tree,
And when the night comes away flies she.

CCLXXXVIII.

I HAD a little hobby-horse, and it was well shod,
It carried me to the mill-door, trod, trod, trod ;
When I got there I gave a great shout,
Down came the hobby-horse, and I cried out.
Fie upon the miller, he was a great beast,
He would not come to my house, I made a little feast ;
I had but little, but I would give him some,
For playing of his bagpipes and beating his drum.

CCLXXXIX.

DANCE, little baby, dance up high,
Never mind, baby, mother is by ;
Crow and caper, caper and crow,
There, little baby, there you go ;
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backwards and forwards, round and round ;
Dance, little baby, and mother will sing,
With the merry coral, ding, ding, ding.

CCXC.

If all the seas were one sea,
What a *great* sea would that be !
And if all the trees were one tree,
What a *great* tree that would be !

And if all the axes were one axe,
What a *great* axe that would be !
And if all the men were one man,
What a *great* man he would be !
And if the *great* man took the *great* axe,
And cut down the *great* tree,
And let it fall into the *great* sea,
What a splish splash *that* would be !!

CCXCI.

JOHN BALL shot them all ;
John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

John Block made the stock,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

John Crowder made the powder,
And John Block made the stock,

And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

John Puzzle made the muzzle,
And John Crowder made the powder,
And John Block made the stock,
And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

John Clint made the flint,
And John Puzzle made the muzzle,
And John Crowder made the powder,
And John Block made the stock,
And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

John Patch made the match,
John Clint made the flint,
John Puzzle made the muzzle,
John Crowder made the powder,
John Block made the stock,
John Wyming made the priming,
John Brammer made the rammer,
John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

CCXCII.

LITTLE Tommy Tacket,
Sits upon his cracket ;*
Half a yard of cloth will make him coat and jacket ;
Make him coat and jacket,
Breeches to the knee.
And if you will not have him, you may let him be.

* A little three-legged stool seen by the ingle of every cottage in the north of England.

Fourteenth Class.—Fragments.

CCXCIII.

LITTLE boy, pretty boy, where was you born?
In Lincolnshire, master: come blow the cow's horn.
A half-penny pudding, a penny pie,
A shoulder of mutton, and that love I.

CCXCIV.

WHEN I was a little boy, I had but little wit,
It is some time ago and I've no more yet;
Nor ever ever shall, until that I die,
For the longer I live, the more fool am I.

CCXCV.

Cross patch,
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup,
And drink it up,
And call your neighbours in.

CCXCVI

ROCK-A-BYE, baby, the cradle is green ;
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen ;
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring ;
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the king.

CCXCVII.

SHAKE a leg, wag a leg, when will you gang ?
At midsummer, mother, when the days are lang.

CCXCVIII.

How many miles is it to Babylon ?
Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle-light ?
Yes, and back again,
If your heels are nimble and light,
You may get there by candle-light.

CCXCIX.

[The following stanza is of very considerable antiquity, and is common in Yorkshire. See Hunter's Hallamshire Glossary, p. 56.]

LADY-COW, lady-cow, fly thy way home,
Thy house is on fire, thy children all gone,
All but one that ligs under a stone,
Fly thee home, lady-cow, ere it be gone.

CCC.

SING jigmijole, the pudding-bowl,
The table and the frame ;
My master he did cudgel me,
For kissing of my dame.

NOTES.

P. 1, l. 1. *When Good King Arthur.* There is a similar song on king Stephen, which is introduced in an old play; but this is the genuine one recorded in the nursery.

P. 2, l. 16. *The house that Jack built.* The Hebrew tale which I have given, may possibly be the original of all accumulative stories of the same kind. The tale of the old woman and the crooked sixpence is one of this class, and I here insert two versions of it:

“AN old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence. What, said she, shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market, and buy a little pig. As she was coming home, she came to a stile: but piggy would not go over the stile.

“She went a little further, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog, Dog! bite pig; piggy won’t go over the stile; and I shan’t get home to night. But the dog would not.

“She went a little further, and she met a stick. So she said, Stick! stick! beat dog; dog won’t bite pig; piggy won’t get over the stile; and I shan’t get home to night. But the stick would not.

“She went a little further, and she met a fire. So she said, Fire! fire! burn stick; stick won’t beat dog; dog won’t bite pig; (and so forth, always repeating the foregoing words.) But the fire would not.

“She went a little further; and she met some water. So she said, Water! water! quench fire: fire won’t burn stick. But the water would not.

“She went a little further, and she met an ox. So she said, Ox! ox! drink water, water won’t quench fire, &c. But the ox would not.

"She went a little further, and she met a butcher. So she said, Butcher ! butcher ! kill ox ; ox won't drink water, &c. But the butcher would not.

"She went a little further, and she met a rope. So she said, Rope ! rope ! hang butcher ! butcher won't kill ox, &c. But the rope would not.

"She went a little further, and she met a rat. So she said, Rat ! rat ! gnaw rope ; rope won't hang butcher, &c. But the rat would not.

"She went a little further, and she met a cat. So she said, Cat ! cat, kill rat ; rat won't gnaw rope, &c. But the cat said, to her, If you will go to yonder cow, and fetch me a saucer of milk ; I will kill the rat. So away went the old woman to the cow.

"But the cow said to her, If you will go to yonder haystack,* and fetch me a handful of hay ; I'll give you the milk. So away went the old woman to the haystack ; and she brought the hay to the cow.

"As soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman the milk ; and away she went with it in a saucer to the cat.

"As soon as the cat had lapped up the milk, the cat began to kill the rat ; the rat began to gnaw the rope ; the rope began to hang the butcher ; the butcher began to kill the ox ; the ox began to drink the water ; the water began to quench the fire ; the fire began to burn the stick ; the stick began to beat the dog ; the dog began to bite the pig ; the little pig in a fright jumped over the stile ; and so the old woman got home that night."

"THERE was an old woman, that lived in a house : and, sweeping under her bed, she found a silver penny. So she went to

* Or, haymakers, proceeding thus in the stead of the rest of this paragraph :—"and fetch me a wisp of hay, I'll give you the milk. So away the old woman went, but the haymakers said to her, If you will go to yonder stream, and fetch us a bucket of water, we'll give you the hay. So away the old woman went, but when she got to the stream, she found the bucket was full of holes. So she covered the bottom with pebbles, and then filled the bucket with water, and away she went back with it to the haymakers ; and they gave her a wisp of hay."

market and bought a pig : but as she came home, the pig would not go over the stile.

"She went a little further, and she met a dog; and she said to the dog, Good dog! bite pig: pig won't go; and it's time that I was at home an hour and a half ago. But the dog would not. (*And so forth, as in the other story, mutatis mutandis, to the Rat.*)

"She went a little further, and she met a cat. So she said to the cat, Good cat! kill rat; rat won't bite rope; rope won't hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat pig; pig won't go. And it's time that I was at home an hour and a half ago.

"The cat began to kill the rat; the rat began (*and so forth, as in the other story;*) the pig began to go. And so the old woman got home at last."

It will be observed that these two versions, for which I am indebted to Mr. Black, are much more like the Hebrew tale than *The House that Jack built*; but as our collection would scarcely be complete without this latter, I shall insert a copy of it:

1. THIS is the house that Jack built.
2. This is the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
3. This is the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
4. This is the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
5. This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
6. This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,

That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

7. This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
8. This is the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
9. This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
10. This is the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That wak'd the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

11. This is the farmer sowing his corn,
 That kept the cock that crow'd in the morn,
 That wak'd the priest all shaven and shorn,
 That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
 That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
 That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn.
 That tossed the dog,
 That worried the cat,
 That killed the rat,
 That ate the malt,
 That lay in the house that Jack built.

P. 9, l. 10. *The rose is red.* The tune to this may be found in the "English Dancing Master," 1650.

P. 11, l. 5. *Little.* Sometimes, *pretty.*

P. 11, l. 12. *To gern.* That is, to cry as a child.

P. 12, l. 1. *The king of France.* In a little tract, called "The Pigges Corantoe, or Newes from the North," 4to. Lond. 1642, this is called "Old Tarlton's Song." This fact is mentioned in Mr. Collier's *Hist. Dram. Poet.* vol. ii. p. 352, and also in the preface to Mr. Wright's *Political Ballads*, printed for the Percy Society. It is perhaps a parody on the popular epigram on Jack and Jill:

"Jack and Jill went up the hill,
 To fetch a pail of water;
 Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
 And Jill came tumbling after."

There was an old play, now lost, called "Jack and Jill." I may here take the opportunity of inserting the following, which was accidentally omitted in the historical class:

"High diddle ding!
 Did you hear the bells ring?
 The parliament soldiers are gone to the king.
 Some they did laugh, some they did cry,
 To see the parliament soldiers pass by."

P. 13, l. 7. *There was a man in Thessaly.* Sometimes, "There dwelt a man in Babylon," and is so quoted in "Twelfth Night," act ii. scene 3.

P. 14, l. 8. *Deuce take the.* Sometimes, "down came."

P. 16, l. 9. *There was a little man.* Sung to the same tune as No. 52. The following version is taken from a broad-side printed at Strawberry Hill in the last century :

"There was a little man, and he woo'd a little maid,
And he said, my little maid, will you wed?
I have little more to say, than will you yea or nay?
For little said is soon mended.

"Then this little maid she said, little sir, you've little said,
To induce a little maid for to wed;
You must say a little more, and must add a little dower,
E'er I make a little print in your bed.

"Then this little man reply'd, if you'll be my little bride,
I'll raise my love note a little higher;
Tho' I little love to prate, yet you'll find my heart is great,
With the little God of Love all on fire.

"Then the little maid she said, your fire may warm the bed,
But what shall we do for to eat?
Will the flames you're only rich in, make a fire in the kitchen,
And the Little God of Love turn the spit?

"Then this little man he sigh'd, and some say a little cry'd,
And his little heart was big all with sorrow;
I'll be your little slave, and if the little that I have
Be too little, little dear, I will borrow.

"Then this little man so shent, made the little maid relent,
And set her little soul a-thinking;
Tho' his little was but small, yet she had his little all,
And could have of a cat but her skin."

P. 17, l. 1. *I had a little moppet.* This is a game.

P. 19, l. 8. *Three children sliding on the ice.* Sung to the tune of Chevy Chase.

P. 19, l. 18. *Some Christian people.* Music in D'Urfeys "Pills to purge Melancholy." Alluded to in Gay's *Trivia*.

P. 25, l. 5. *There was an old woman.* The first two lines are the same with those of a song in D'Urfeys "Pills to purge Melancholy."

P. 25, l. 15. *Kyloe.* Query, *Kerry*.

P. 26, l. 10. *MS. Lansd.* The reference to this MS. should be No. 762. See "Reliq. Antiq." vol. i. p. 288. A broadside of this states that it is "sung to the tune of the London Prentice."

P. 28, l. 14. *Faustus.* Perhaps Foster.

P. 36, l. 1. *Lucy Locket.* Lucy Locket and Kitty Fisher were two celebrated courtezans of the time of Charles II.

P. 36, l. 13. *Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.* These two stanzas are founded on the well-known Scotch story.

P. 38, l. 13. The merriment of *Jack Horner* has, I believe, long since departed from the modern series, and I therefore give the following copy of it from Douce's collection: "The History of Jack Horner, containing the witty pranks he play'd, from his youth to his riper years, being pleasant for Winter Evenings."

I.

Of his birth and education.

JACK HORNER was a pretty lad,
near London he did dwell,
His father's heart he made full glad,
his mother loved him well:

She often sat him on her lap,
to turn him dry beneath,
And fed him with sweet sugar-pap,
because he had no teeth.

While little Jack was sweet and young,
if he by chance should cry,
His mother pretty sonnets sung,
with lulla-baby-by.

A pretty boy, a curious wit,
all people spoke his praise,
And in the corner he would sit,
on Christmas holidays.

And said, Jack Horner in the corner,
eats good Christmas pye :
With his thumbs pulls out the plums,
crying what a good boy was I.

These pretty verses which he made
upon his Christmas cheer,
Did gain him love, as it is said,
of all both far and near ;

For lasses lov'd his company,
each day above another ;
For why? they knew that he would be
a man before his mother.

He grew, I say, at any rate
both proper, straight, and trim,
So that young Nancy, Sue, and Kate,
were all in love with him.

Happy was she that could enjoy
from him one kind embrace ;
Though once he was a little boy,
yet now he grows apace.

So few were like him far and near,
and match for him was none ;
As being thirteen inches high,
a giant to Tom Thumb.

Whene'er he took a sword in hand,
he made his foes to bleed,
As you shall come to understand,
when you this story read.

II.

Jack frights a tailor for cabbaging clouth out of his coat.

JACK being twenty years of age,
liv'd with a worthy knight.
In manner of a pretty page,
to yield him much delight :

The knight right generous and free,
did for a taylor send,
For to make Jack a livery,
so much he was his friend,

Of half a yard of good broad cloth
the coat was to be made,
But yet the taylor he was loth
to quit his thievish trade.

The knavish taylor was to blame,
(a crafty cunning wag,)
Be pinch'd as much out of the same
as made a marble bag.

His coat was spoil'd then being made,
it came not to his knee :
Jack in a raging passion said,
I'll be revenged on thee.

The knight he having kill'd a goat,
whose skin was full as black
I do declare as any soot ;
this project pleased Jack.

He wrapt it round him like a gown
at twelve o'clock at night,
And then he rambled thro' the town,
this taylor to affright.

He through a window did advance,
near to the taylor's bed ;
And round the room did skip and dance
with horns upon his head.

He growl'd and grumbled like a bear,
and did such anticks play ;
As made the taylor then to stare,
and tremble where he lay.

Seeing the horns hang o'er his head,
his body short and thick,
The taylor said, speak who art thou ?
quoth Jack, thy friend old Nick :

Thou hast obey'd my order well
I find in each degree :
And therefore in my gloomy cell,
I have a place for thee.

For you have been a friend indeed,
I such a taylor lack :
Therefore come away with speed,
I'll bear thee on my back :

Sweet Mr. Devil then he cry'd,
O pardon me I pray ;
I can't, I won't, he then reply'd,
make haste and come away.

The taylor naked to the skin,
his bed he did refrain,
And down the town thro' thick and thin,
he ran with might and main.

III.

*How he served the cook-maid, who broke his head with a ladle,
for making a sop in the dripping-pan.*

ANOTHER pleasant prank he play'd,
upon a holiday,
Unto his master's servant maid,
which was a bloody fray.

Now she was lusty Jane by name,
and was their constant cook :
And when he to the kitchen came,
she would him overlook.

Upon a certain day young Jack,
a slice of bread did take,
And threw it in the dripping-pan,
that he a sop might make.

So soon as she the same did see,
it put her in a rage,
And with the basting ladle she
Jack Horner did engage.

She gave him cracks upon the crown,
so hard and struck so fast,
That he at length did tumble down,
and gasping at the last.

But though he did at first retreat,
he soon returned again ;
For standing fast upon his feet,
he fought with might and main.

He was but thirteen inches high,
and she full six times more,
Yet, by his ingenuity,
he brought her to the floor.

So cruel hard he made her roar,
she cry'd, Let me alone,
And I will ne'er offend thee more,
Jack, while my name is Joan.

Why, then, said Jack, if it be so,
that you'll not me offend,
I will this minute let you go,
and so the fray did end.

IV.

An old hermit gives Jack an invisible coat and a pair of enchanted pipes, with which he plays many tricks.

UPON a pleasant holiday,
Jack, going to a fair,
And as he pass'd along the way,
he saw a wonder there ;

An aged man sat in a cave,
that could not stand nor go,
His head wore blossoms of the grave,
And look'd as white as snow ;

He call'd to Jack, and this did say,
come hither lad to me,
And if thou dost my will obey,
rewarded thou shalt be ;

Bring me a fairing from the town,
at thy own proper cost,
A jug of nappy liquor brown,
thy labour shan't be lost.

Jack made the hermit this reply,
who then sat in the cell,
What's your request I'll not deny,
and so old dad farewell.

At night he being stout and strong
this lad he did not fail,
But at his back lugged along
a swinging jug of ale :

NOTES.

Which when the hermit he beheld,
it pleas'd him to the heart,
Out of the same a cup he fill'd,
and said before we part,

I have a pipe which I'll bestow
upon you,—never doubt,
Whoever hears the same you blow,
shall dance and skip about;

I have a coat for thee likewise,
invisible I mean;
And it shall so bedim their eyes,
that thou shalt not be seen :

If thou should with an hundred meet
when thus you pass along,
Although upon the open street,
not one of all the throng

Shall ever see you in the least,
but hear the music sound;
And wonder that both man and beast
is forc'd to dance around.

Jack took the coat and bag-pipes too,
and thankfully did say,
Old Father I will call on you,
whene'er I come this way.

V.

*Of his making six fiddlers dance over hedge and ditch, till they
broke all their glasses and crowds.*

THIS coat and pipe he having got,
he homewards trudg'd with speed;
At length it was his happy lot
to cross a pleasant mead;

Where he six fiddlers soon espy'd
returning from the fair;
Under their coats crowds by their sides,
with many others there.

Jack presently his coat put on,
that screen'd him from their sight,
Saying I'll do the best I can
to plague them all this night;

His pipes he straight began to play,
the crowders they did dance;
The tradesmen too, as fast as they,
did caper, skip and prance.

Still he play'd up a merry strain
on his pipes loud and shrill,
So they danc'd and jump'd amain,
tho' sore against their will.

Said they this is enchanted ground,
for though no soul we see,
Yet still the music's pleasant sound,
makes us dance veh'mently.

Jack Horner danc'd and piping went,
straight down into the hollow,
So all these dancers by consent,
they after him did follow.

He led them on thro' bogs and sloughs,
nay, likewise ponds and ditches,
And in the thorny briary boughs,
poor rogues, they tore their breeches!

At last it being somewhat late,
Jack did his piping leave,
So ceas'd, seeing their wretched state
which made them sigh and grieve.

Sure this same is old Nick, I know,
the author of this evil:
And others cry'd if it be so,
he is a merry devil.

Jack Horner laugh'd and went away,
and left them in despair:
So ever since that very day,
no crowders would come there,

VI.

*Jack's kindness to the innkeeper, who he puts in a way to pay
his debts.*

AN honest man, an innkeeper
a friend to honest Jack,
Who was in debt alas ! so far
that he was like to crack ;

Now this man had a handsome wife,
sweet, fair, and beauteous too,—
A Quaker lov'd her as his life,
And this Jack Horner knew.

The Quaker was an esquire born,
and did in wealth abound :
Said he, I'll catch him in the corn,
and put him in the pond.

First to the innkeeper I'll go,
and when I do him find,
He soon shall understand and know
that I'll be true and kind.

He met him in a narrow lane,
and said, my friend, good morrow .
But the innkeeper reply'd again,
my heart is full of sorrow ;

Two hundred pounds I am in debt,
which I must pay next week,
It makes me sigh, lament, and fret,
having the coin to seek.

Quoth Jack, if you'll be rul'd by me
I'll put you in a way,
How you yourself from debts may free
and all the money pay.

Nay, this is joyful news he cry'd,
thou art a friend indeed,
Thy wit shall be my rule and guide
for never more was need.

Go tell thy loving wife said he,
thy joy and hearts' delight,
That thou must ride miles forty-three
and shan't come home to night.

Then mind the counsel I shall give,
and be no whit afraid;
For I can tell you as I live
your debts will soon be paid.

Mount thy bay nag, and take thy cloak,
likewise thy morning gown;
And lodge within a hollow oak
a mile or two from town.

Then you may sleep in sweet content
all night and take your rest,
And leave it to my management,
then Sir, a pleasant jest—

Next morning there you shall behold
the like ne'er seen before;
Which shall produce a sum of gold,
nay, likewise silver store.

Unto his house straightway he went,
and told her he must go
A journey, saying be content,
for why, it must be so.

She seemingly began to weep,
and with sad sighs reply'd—
You know, alas! I cannot sleep
without you by my side.

Cries he, kind wife, do not repine,
why should you sigh and grieve?
I go out to a friend of mine
some money to receive.

This said, with woman fond deceit,
she straightway ceas'd to mourn,
And gave him twenty kisses sweet,
wishing his safe return.

So soon as he was out of sight,
she for the quaker sent,
And ordered him to come at night,
that to their heart's content

They may be merry, sport, and play,
as her husband was from home.
The quaker said, by yea and nay,
I will not fail to come.

Now just about the close of day
they did to supper fall ;
Now Jack was there as well as they,
and walk'd about the hall,

And did her fond behaviour note,
she on her friend did lean,
Jack having his enchanting coat
was not for to be seen.

Who perfectly did hear and see
when they did toy and play ;
Thought he, I'll be reveng'd on ye,
before the morning day.

VII.

Jack slays a monstrous giant, and marries a knight's daughter.

JACK HORNER a fierce giant kill'd,
one Galligantus stout,
As large as ever man beheld
in all the world throughout.

This very giant could with ease,
step fifteen yards in length :
Up by the root he pluck'd oak trees,
so mighty was his strength.

His lips did open like two gates,
his beard hung down like wire,
His eyes were like two pewter plates,
he breathed smoke and fire.

'Tis said that he destroy'd as much
as ten score men could eat ;
So that the people did him grudge
every bit of meat.

His mess was still continually
two bullocks in a dish ;
Then he would drink whole rivers dry,
and thus he starv'd the fish :

He went to drink it seems one day
by a deep river side,
Whereat a lighter fall of straw
did then at anchor ride ;

Besides another full of hay ;
a third with block and billet ;
He cramm'd all these into his maw,
and yet they did not fill it.

He did annoy the nations then,
by night and eke by day ;
Whoever passed by his den,
became his fatal pray.

Hard by these liv'd a noble knight,
who had one daughter dear ;
For youth and splendid beauty bright
but few could her come near.

He preferr'd her to be the wife,
of him that would destroy,
The brutish cruel giant's life,
who did them so annoy.

At length Jack Horner being told,
whoever did him slay,
Might have gold and silver eke,
likewise a lady gay ;

Quoth Jack, now let me live or die,
I'll fight this swinging boar ;
Though I'm but thirteen inches high,
and he ten yards and more.

A sword he got five inches long,
a little cap of steel.
A breast-plate too both stout and strong,
quoth Jack, I'll make him reel.

Upon a badgers back he got,
in order to proceed ;
Thus being mounted cap-a-pee,
away he rode full speed.

With double courage stout and bralle,
he did his valour keep :
Then coming to the giant's cave,
he found him fast asleep.

His mouth it was not open wide,
but stood it seems half-cock,
Jack down his throat with speed did ride,
he never stood to knock.

Jack cut and slash'd his swinging tripes,
this griev'd the giant sore ;
Then did he play upon his pipes,
which made him dance and roar.

He cry'd, I dance, yet I'm not well,
there's no man minds my moan :
At length he died and down he fell,
Then gave a hideous groan.

With that he soon with speed did run,
and did in brief declare,
What by his valour he had done,
and gain'd the lady fair.

He marry'd this fair beauty bright,
her charms he did admire :
And since her father was a knight,
young Jack became a 'squire.

P. 39. l. 11. A couplet is wanting after this line.

P. 39, l. 19. *She whipped them all, &c.* Sometimes this line is thus given :

“She borrow’d a beetle, and she knock’d ’em all o’ th’ head.”

P. 40, l. 18. *Taffy was a Welshman.* Sung on the first of March on the Welsh borders, and other parts of England.

P. 41, l. 9. *Mary had a pretty bird.* This is probably modern.

P. 43, l. 5. *Three blind mice.* The following version is from “Deuteromelia, or the second part of Musicks Melodie, 1609,” where the music is also given :

“Three blinde mice, three blinde mice,
Dame Julian, the miller, and his merry old wife,
Shee scrapte her tripe, take thou the knife.”

P. 46, l. 7. *Sing a song of sixpence.* It is probable that Sir Toby alludes to this nursery song in “Twelfth Night,” act ii. scene 3, when he says, “Come on; there is sixpence for you: let’s have a song.” The following additional stanza was obtained from the Isle of Man :

“Jenny was so mad,
She didn’t know what to do;
She put her finger in her ear,
And crackt it right in two.”

P. 48, l. 1. *Little Jenny Wren.* This is part of the tale given at p. 57, and is taken from a farthing merriment.

P. 60, l. 19. *Laughing.* Probably *loffin*, to complete the rhyme. So in “Midsummer Night’s Dream,” act ii. scene 1 :

“And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe.”

P. 61, l. 1. *She took a clean dish.* Sometimes thus :

“She went to the triper’s.”

P. 63, l. 1. *Old King Cole.* This ought to have been placed in the first class. It is a singular fact that *King Cole* was one of the ancient British kings. The following two versions differ from that which I have printed in the text :

I.

“Old King Coel
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he ;
Old King Coel,
He sat in his hole,
And he call’d for his *fiddlers three*, &c.

“The first, he was an Irishman ;
The second, he was a Scot ;
The third, he was a Welshman ;
And all were rogues, I wot.

“The Irishman lov’d usquebaugh ;
The Scot was drown’d in ale ;
The Welshman had like to be chok’d by a mouse,
But he pull’d her out by the tail.”

II.

“Old King Coel
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he ;
Old King Coel,
He sat in his hole,
And he call’d for his *pipers three*.

“The first, he was a miller ;
The second, he was a weaver ;
The third, he was a tailor ;
And all were rogues together.

“ The miller, he stole corn ;
 The weaver, he stole yarn ;
 The little tailor stole broad-cloth,
 To keep these three rogues warm.

“ The miller was drown'd in his dam ;
 The weaver was hung in his loom ;
 And the devil ran away with the little tailor,
 With the broad-cloth under his arm.”

P. 64, l. 17. *There was a lady all skin and bone.* The following version was obtained from Yorkshire, where it is used in a nursery game :

“ There was an old woman she went to church to pray ;
 And when she got to the church-yard stile,
 She sat her down to think a little while ;
 And when she got to the church-yard door,
 She sat her down, to think a little more ;
 And when she got the church within,
 She knelt her down to pray for sin ;
 She look'd above, she look'd below,
 She saw a dead man lying low ;
 The worms crept in, and the worms crept out ;
 She ask'd the parson, ‘ may I go out ?’
 Yes, you may,” &c.

P. 70, l. 7. *There was a frog liv'd in a well.* The tune to this is given in a scarce work, called “ The Merry Musician, or a Cure for the Spleen,” 12mo., and also in “ An Antidote to Melancholy,” 1719. The well-known song, “ A frog he would a wooing go,” appears to have been borrowed from this. See Dauneys’s “ Ancient Scottish Melodies,” p. 53.

P. 72, l. 12. *There was an old woman.* Sung to the air of *Liliburlero*. See “ Musick’s Handmaid,” 1673, where the air is called, “ Liliburlero, or Old Woman whither so high.”

P. 79, l. 10. *Ding, dong, bell.* The burden to a song in the “ Tempest,” act i. scene 2 ; and also to one in the “ Merchant of Venice.”

P. 80, l. 2. *Dog with long snout.* Sometimes, "Little Johnny Grout."

P. 84, l. 5. Another version runs thus :

" Give a thing,
Take a thing,
That's the devil's golden ring."

P. 86, No. 124. A game.

P. 87, l. 9. *Tommy Tibule.* A game on a child's toes.

P. 90, l. 5. *Ride to the market.* A game on the nurse's knee.

P. 100, l. 1. *Bisiter.* That is, Bicester, in Oxfordshire.

P. 103, l. 19. *Was.* Probably "wasn't."

P. 104, l. 3. This is said to have been written by Dr. Wallis.

P. 105, l. 14. The charm in the *Townley Mysteries*, to which I refer, is as follows:

" For ferde we be fryght a crosse let us kest,
Cryst crosse, benedyght, eest and west,
For dreede.
Jesus o' Nazorus,
Crucyefixus,
Marcus, Andreas,
God be our spede."

P. 106, l. 5. The two last lines of this charm are perhaps imitated from the following in Bishop Ken's *Evening Hymn*:

" Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep."

P. 107, l. 1. *We are three brethren.* Sometimes "knights." The versions of this game vary considerably from each other.

P. 109, l. 1. *Girls and boys.* The tune to this may be found in all the late editions of Playford's "Dancing Master."

P. 112, No. 194. The following is a Scotch version of this game:

- " 1. Buff says Buff to all his men.
- 2. I say Buff to you again.
- 1. Methinks Buff smiles.
- 2. No, Buff never smiles,
But strokes his face
With a very good grace,
And passes the staff to another."

P. 116, l. 1. A game on a slate.

P. 113, l. 17. *Queen Anne.* A different version of No. 184, p. 108.

P. 114, l. 15. *Then comes.* Sometimes, "Then comes down."

P. 117, l. 6. *Eleven comets in the sky.* This ought to be said in one breath. The following is another version of it:

- " Eight ships on the main,
I wish them all safe back again ;
Seven eagles in the air,
I wonder how they all came there ;
I don't know, nor I don't care.
Six spiders on the wall,
Close to an old woman's apple-stall ;
Five puppies in Highgate Hall,
Who daily for their breakfast call ;
Four mares stuck in a bog ;
Three monkies tied to a log ;
Two pudding-ends will choke a dog,
With a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog."

P. 133, l. 5. *The rule of the road.* I am told that this is a very modern composition.

P. 131, l. 1. For "dee," read "D."

P. 131, l. 3, No. 123. See page 124.

P. 133, l. 4. *E. with a figure fiftie.* This ought to be thus :

"E. with a figure of L. fiftie."

This is probably an epigram on one of the family of the Noels, or Nowels.

P. 134, l. 9. *Cowslips.* Some read "muscles." I have a copy of the date 1797, which has "cuckolds," probably the genuine old reading.

P. 137, No. 251. *When I was a little girl.* A friend has kindly furnished me with a different version of these curious lines :

"WHEN I was a little girl,
I wash'd my mammy's dishes :
I put my finger in my eye,
And pull'd out four-score fishes.

"My mammy call'd me good girl,
And bade me do so 'gain :
I put my finger in my eye,
And pull'd out fourscore-ten."

It is a singular fact, that a comparatively modern discovery in physiology was anticipated in the original version of this song.

P. 142, No. 263. This is a game.

P. 144, l. 1. *We'll go a shooting.* This is an English version of a very curious song, used on the occasion of "hunting the wren," on St. Stephen's Day, in the Isle of Man. On that day the children of the villagers procure a wren, attach it with a string to a branch of holly, decorate the branch with pieces of ribbon that they beg from the various houses, and

carry it through the village, singing these lines. An extract from an Irish work, from which it appears that this custom is likewise prevalent in Ireland, is given in Sir Henry Ellis's edition of Brand's "Popular Antiquities," vol. ii. p. 516:—"The Druids represented this as the king of all birds. The great respect shown to this bird gave great offence to the first Christian missionaries, and, by their command, he is still hunted and killed by the peasants on Christmas Day, and on the following (St. Stephen's Day) he is carried about hung by the leg in the centre of two hoops, crossing each other at right angles, and a procession made in every village, of men, women, and children, importing him to be the king of birds." I am glad to be able to give the genuine traditional song, as recited in the Isle of Man:

THE HUNTING OF THE WRAN.

"We'll hunt the wran, says Robin to Bobbin;
We'll hunt the wran, says Richard to Robin;
We'll hunt the wran, says Jack o' th' land;
We'll hunt the wran, says every one.

"Where shall we find him? says Robin to Bobbin;
Where shall we find him? says Richard to Robin;
Where shall we find him? says Jack o' th' land;
Where shall we find him? says every one.

"In yon green bush, says Robin to Bobbin;
In yon green bush, says Richard to Robin;
In yon green bush, says Jack o' th' land;
In yon green bush, says every one.

"How shall we kill him? says Robin to Bobbin;
How shall we kill him? says Richard to Robin;
How shall we kill him? says Jack o' th' land;
How shall we kill him? says every one.

"With sticks and stones, says Robin to Bobbin;
With sticks and stones, says Richard to Robin;
With sticks and stones, says Jack o' th' land;
With sticks and stones, says every one.

“How shall we get him home? says Robin to Bobbin;
 How shall we get him home? says Richard to Robin;
 How shall we get him home? says Jack o’ th’ land;
 How shall we get him home? says every one.

“We’ll borrow a cart, says Robin to Bobbin;
 We’ll borrow a cart, says Richard to Robin;
 We’ll borrow a cart, says Jack o’ th’ land;
 We’ll borrow a cart, says every one.

“How shall we boil him? says Robin to Bobbin;
 How shall we boil him? says Richard to Robin;
 How shall we boil him? says Jack o’ th’ land;
 How shall we boil him? says every one.

“In the brewery pan, says Robin to Bobbin;
 In the brewery pan, says Richard to Robin;
 In the brewery pan, says Jack o’ th’ land;
 In the brewery pan, says every one.”

In the copy which was given to me, there were two additional stanzas, beginning respectively, “How shall we eat him?” and, “With knives and forks:” but these are probably modern interpolations.

P. 149, No. 297. There is another couplet on this sovereign, which runs thus,—

“THOMAS a Didymus had a black beard,
 Kiss’d Nancy Fitchett, and made her afeard.”

P. 149, No. 282. *Bobby Shaft*. This ought to be, “Bobby Shaftoe,” a member of a celebrated family at the end of the seventeenth century.

P. 151, l. 17. *Of all the gay birds*. These four lines are part of an old song, the whole of which may be found in “Deuteromelia,” 4to. Lond. 1609, and it is singular that it should have come down to us from oral tradition. This ver-

sion was obtained from Lincolnshire. The following copy is taken from the work here quoted: but there are considerable variations in later copies, some of which may be more correct.

“OF all the birds that ever I see,
The owle is the fayrest in her degree:
For all the day long she sits in a tree,
And when the night comes, away flies she!
Te whit, te whow!
Sir knave to thou,
This song is well sung, I make you a vow,
And he is a knave that drinketh now.
Nose, nose, nose, nose!
And who gave you that jolly red nose?
Sinamont, and ginger, nutmegs and cloves,—
And that gave me my jolly red nose!”

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Did you not hear of Betty Pringle's pig?	-	-	-	-	-	18
Ding, dong, bell	-	-	-	-	-	79
Ding, dong, darrow	-	-	-	-	-	89
Dingle, dingle, doosey	-	-	-	-	-	87
Dingty diddlety	-	-	-	-	-	80
Dr. Faustus was a good man	-	-	-	-	-	28
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Draw a pail of water	-	-	-	-	-	116
Driddlety drum, driddlety drum	-	-	-	-	-	83
Eggs, butter, cheese, bread	-	-	-	-	-	116
Eleven comets in the sky	-	-	-	-	-	117
Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy and Bess	-	-	-	-	-	95
Father, O father, I'm come to confess	-	-	-	-	-	121
Feedum, fiddledum fee	-	-	-	-	-	82
Fiddle-de-dee, fiddle de-dee	-	-	-	-	-	85
Five score of men, money, and pins	-	-	-	-	-	98
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Four-and-twenty tailors went to kill a snail	-	-	-	-	-	25
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Gay go up and gay go down	-	-	-	-	-	111
Giles Collins he said to his old mother	-	-	-	-	-	73
Gilly Silly Jarter	-	-	-	-	-	88
Girls and boys, come out to play	-	-	-	-	-	100
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Good morning, father Francis	-	-	-	-	-	121
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Great A, little a	-	-	-	-	-	131
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Here comes I	-	-	-	-	-	136
Here we come a piping	-	-	-	-	-	108
Herrings, herrings, white and red	-	-	-	-	-	138
Hey ding a ding, what shall I sing?	-	-	-	-	-	81
Hey dorolot, dorolot	-	-	-	-	-	84
Hickory, dickory, dock	-	-	-	-	-	123
Hie! diddle diddle	-	-	-	-	-	84
Hightly cock O!	-	-	-	-	-	125
Hightly, tightly, paradihty clothed in green	-	-	-	-	-	96
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Hub a dub dub	-	-	-	-	-	79
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall	-	-	-	-	-	92
Hush a bye a ba lamb	-	-	-	-	-	103
Hush a bye, baby, on the tree top	-	-	-	-	-	102
Hush thee, my babby	-	-	-	-	-	103
Hushy baby, my doll, I pray you don't cry	-	-	-	-	-	102
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I can make diet bread	-	-	-	-	-	120
I had a little castle upon the sea-side	-	-	-	-	-	96
I had a little dog, and his name was Blue Bell	-	-	-	-	-	16
I had a little hobby-horse and it was well shod	-	-	-	-	-	152
I had a little husband	-	-	-	-	-	39
I had a little moppet	-	-	-	-	-	17
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I had a little sister, they call'd her peep, peep	-	-	-	-	-	97
I'll sing you a song	-	-	-	-	-	143, 147
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I love sixpence, pretty little sixpence	-	-	-	-	-	151
I see the moon, and the moon sees me	-	-	-	-	-	137
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Intery, mintery, cutery-corn	-	-	-	-	-	83
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Little Nancy Etticoat	-	-	-	-	-	93
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Says Moses to Aaron	-	-	-	-	86
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